Correspondence 1898
Sarah Orne Jewett and her Circle

by

Sarah Orne Jewett

Edited by Terry Heller
Coe College

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Sarah Orne Jewett Press
1296 30th ST
Cedar Rapids, IA 52402

Editorial Practice in Transcriptions

^ ^ : The author has inserted text.

~~abc~~ : The author has deleted text.

[ ] : Editorial comments and descriptions.

{ } : Editorial insertions in pursuit of clarity.

Jewett's periods often appear as dashes, and also often are indistinguishable from commas. Where her intentions seem clear, I have placed commas and periods; when not sure I have given the dashes or included a note.

Like many of her correspondents, Jewett is not consistent in using other punctuation, especially apostrophes. I have presented words needing apostrophes as she and her correspondents present them.

Jewett gradually developed the practice of writing an "a" with a long tail to represent "and." In these transcriptions, I present them as "and" without comment.

As nearly as practical, these transcriptions mirror the appearance of the manuscripts. However, I cannot guarantee they are free of errors. Readers wishing for certainty when working with these letters should consult the manuscripts.

Translations

Several letters in this volume were composed in French. I have included both translations and transcriptions of the French.

With the assistance of Jeannine Hammond, Coe College Professor of French, emerita, I have transcribed and translated these letters using Google Translate. While Professor Hammond's aid was obviously necessary for correcting my crude translations, her sharp eyes and fluency were essential when making out the handwriting of Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc, especially in cross-written passages.

Mme. Blanc sometimes abbreviates "pour" to "pr" and "vous" to "vs." Such instances in her letters are rendered as "pour" and "vous."

Internet Access to this Text

The Internet Archive, and

the Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project

https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/1-jewettpress/index-sojp.html

Sarah Orne Jewett's Principal Correspondents

This list includes people mentioned frequently in this volume. A more fully annotated "Key to Correspondents" appears in a separate volume and on the internet here:

https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/let/Corresp/1-persons.html

Most people mentioned in this volume are identified in that list.

Family

Mary Rice (O.P.) Jewett (1847-1930). Jewett's older sister.

Sarah Orne Jewett's nicknames in these letters are **Sadie, Pin or Pinny, and P.L, for Pinny Lawson.**

Theodore (Thiddy, Stubby and variations) **Jewett Eastman** (1879-1831) is mentioned often, the orphaned son of the youngest Jewett sister, Caroline Eastman.

Friends

Thomas Bailey (T.B. or T.B.A.) Aldrich: (1836-1907), author and editor of *Atlantic Monthly*. Jewett also wrote often to his wife, **Lilian Woodman Aldrich** (1841-1927).

Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc (1840-1907)*,* author, editor and translator of American authors, including Jewett. She published as **Th. Bentzon**.

Dr. Robert (Brother Robert) Collyer (1823-1912), an English-born Unitarian clergyman working in New York City. He was a frequent visitor in the homes of both Fields and Jewett.

Louisa (Loulie) Loring Dresel (1864-1958), painter, photographer, traveler, a neighbor of Annie Fields.

Annie Adams Fields: (1834-1915), social worker, author and Jewett's domestic partner. Jewett often refers to her as **A.F. and T.L.** and addresses her with variations on **Fuff and Mouse**. Letters to and about her frequently refer to her two homes, on Thunderbolt Hill in Manchester by the Sea and at 148 Charles St. in Boston, MA.

Louise Imogen Guiney (1861-1920), poet, essayist and editor.

William Dean Howells: (1837-1920), novelist, critic, editor at *Atlantic Monthly*, an early mentor to Jewett.

Sarah de St. Prix Wyman Whitman: (1842-1904), American artist and designer of several Jewett book covers. She appears often in these letters as **S.W.**

Sarah Orne Jewett to Grace Norton

148 Charles Street
Saturday morning
[*1 January 1898*]*

Dear Miss Norton

I wish you a happy new year, and I thank you from my heart for the kindness and sympathy of your letter -- You understand what I am glad that I can call last year as few friends can. It is impossible to get over the feeling that

[*Page 2*]

something of me died and not the living brightness and affectionateness of my sister. I have been reading Madame Darmestetters Life of Renan* with great pleasure lately and I keep remembering one of the last sentences -- "The important thing in life is not our misery, our despair, however crushing, but the one good moment which outweighs it all" ---- I am looking forward to next Friday and to seeing you again -- and again

Yours with much love

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

1 January 1898: Carrie Jewett Eastman, Jewett's younger sister, died on 1 April 1897. As 1 January 1898 fell on a Saturday, it seems likely that this is the date of composition.

Life of Renan: Agnes Mary F. Robinson, Madame James Darmestetter (1857-1944) published *The Life of Ernest Renan* in 1897. Jewett seems to have misspelled the author's name, and in her quotation, she paraphrases from the last paragraph of *The Life*.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 6, Item 269.

On the back of page 1, is a penciled note:

Harvard College Library
July 15 1914
Collection of
Dr. Rupert Norton
of Baltimore
AB. 1888

Elizabeth Cabot Cary Agassiz to Annie Adams Fields

Jan 2d / 98*
[*Begin letterhead*]
Quincy Street,
Cambridge.
[*End letterhead*]

My dear friend

I am passing pleasant hours with you just now for I am reading with deepest interest your Life and Letters of Mrs Stowe.* It is a delightful book and shows her in all the relations of her life -- daughter, wife, mother, sister & friend with so vivid a truth that one almost forgets [for the moment *?*] [*deletion*] ^her^ work for the country and for a people & race not her own,* by virtue of which she became known of all men, -- her name is a national inheritance{.}

[*Page 2*]

I send you to-day something which should have come to you at Xmas, -- but in the press of the season I put it into the hands of the photographer rather late and it was not finished. I don't know whether you will think it a likeness of Agassiz -- -- it is different from all the others and was taken from an unfinished sketch of him by [*unrecognized name*]. The artist was dissatisfied and threw it away as waste

[*Page 3*]

paper. It was picked up and preserved by an old friend of Agassiz, who was his draughtsman during many years -- At his death it came to me and has always had something very characteristic. I had a few copies made for the family and I send you one -- with my love for the New Year.

Your affectionate friend
E. C. Agassiz

Notes

98: In the upper left corner of page 1 is penciled a large encircled lower case "a."

Stowe: Fields's *The Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe* (1897). For Stowe, Key to Correspondents.

not her own: Agassiz refers most specifically to Stowe's anti-slavery novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852). There appears to be an ink-blot, or perhaps a deletion above the word "own."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, James Thomas Fields papers and addenda mssFI 1-5637, Box 1.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

[*9 January 1898*]

You are good to me, dear Mrs. Fields! Indeed, I will come, and with joy -- The plays begin at eight, on the 18th, do they not? Shall I call at the house for you? I have had several pitched battles with a bad throat lately, but I devoutly hope nothing will

cheat me of this pleasure, for which take the best thanks of your

L. I. G.

9th Jan. 1898.
Auburndale, Masstts --

Note

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 26: mss FI 1614.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

[*12 January 1898*]

Dear Mrs. Fields:

Indeed, I shall be delighted to dine beside you, and sleep above you, on Tuesday! I did not know that was in the plan. So you may look for me, rain or shine, about six, or a quarter past. I have had various disturbances in my throat this winter, but hope to have overcome them all. Love to you, and all thanks, from

Your
L. I. G.

12 Jan'y.
1898.

Note

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 26: mss FI 1615.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

Friday night

[*14 January 1898*]*
[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick.
Maine'
[*End letterhead*]

Dear S.W.

DEAREST S. W., --

I came home to a day or two of illness, the last fling of an officious hanging-on old cold, and here I am writing to you a little more good-for-nothing than common, but mending, and with the tag end of Hope to hold on by. Even for me Things go crosswise -- which one cannot bear to say and I wont say after all! But send my love to you

[*Page 2*]

and beg you to hold on fast to the only certainty in this world which is the certainty of Love and Care -- I can't help feeling that Mary Darmesteter speaks true out of great pain and the deep places of life when she ends that last book -- "The true importance of Life is not misery, [or *written over something*] despair however crushing, but the one good moment which outweighs it all" --* I cannot say how often I have remembered this in the last month. The only thing

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that really helps any of us is love and doing things for love's sake.

-- I wanted to send you some box, dear fellow, but a flurry of snow fastened down its covering of boughs, -- its winter now, you know; but I'll just tell you one thing: its going to be spring and [there's *corrected*] not a great while to wait [*deleted word*], either! Dont you forget it was ~~was~~ I who told you this, and said good-night, as if we were together, with a kiss and a blessing.

S. O. J.

Whenever you want the Darmesteter book, Renan -- send down to 148 for it --. I meant to carry it to you. I am just reading Mrs. Oliphant's Life of Edward Irving* with great delight -- There is a wonderful piece of landscape in the beginning, (like one of your own pictures to me.) where the boy goes over the moors in the early morning to his 'covenanting' church.*

Notes

14 Jan 1898: The date "15 Jan 1898" in another hand appears on the manuscript. This date fell on a Saturday, but is based upon the postmark on the accompanying envelope. The composition date is the previous Friday.

Mary Darmesteter, "Renan": Agnes Mary F. Robinson, Madame James Darmestetter (1857-1944) published *The Life of Ernest Renan* in 1897. The quotation appears in the last paragraph of the biography. Jewett's sadness in this letter suggests that she is dealing still with the loss of her sister, Carrie Eastman, on 1 April 1897. See Correspondents. Jewett routinely spells Darmestetter with just 2 t's.

Oliphant's "Life of Edward Irving": Mrs. Margaret Oliphant (1828-1897) was the author of the *Life of Edward Irving, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London*: *Illustrated by His Journals and Correspondence* (1862), published in two volumes.

Edward Irving (1792-1834), Scottish minister, founded the Catholic Apostolic church, based on his belief in the imminent Second Coming of Christ.

covenanting church: Wikipedia says that Covenanters "were members of a 17th-century Scottish religious and political movement, who

supported a Presbyterian Church of Scotland and the primacy of its leaders in religious affairs."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge. MA: Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904, recipient. 25 letters; 1892-[1900] & [n.d.]. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (126).

Annie Fields Transcription

Fields includes passages from this letter in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911), p. 129-30.

I came home to a day or two of illness, the last fling of an officious hanging-on old cold, and here I am writing to you, a little more good-for-nothing than common, but mending, and with the tag end of Hope to hold on by. Even for me things go crosswise, which one cannot bear to say, and I won't say, after all, but send you love and beg to hold on fast to the only certainty in this world, which is the certainty of Love and Care. I can't help feeling that Mary Darmesteter speaks true, out of great pain and the deep places of life, when she ends that last book, "The true importance of life is not misery or despair, however crushing, but the one good moment which outweighs it all." I cannot say how often I have remembered this in the last month. The only thing that really helps any of us is love and doing things for love's sake. I wanted to send you some sprigs of box, but a flurry of snow fastened down its covering of boughs, -- it's winter now, you know; but I'll just tell you one thing, it's going to be spring and there's not a great while to wait, either. Don't you forget it was I who told you this, and said good-night, as if we were together, with a kiss and a blessing.

Whenever you want the Darmesteter book, "Renan," send down to 148 for it. I meant to carry it to you. I am just reading Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Edward Irving" with great delight. There is a wonderful piece of landscape in the beginning (like one of your own pictures), where the boy goes over the moors in the early morning to his Covenanting Church.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Monday morning
[*17 January 1898*]*

Dearest Annie

I think so much about you and wonder how you are and if things are going well. I know you would miss me Sunday -- -- I send back the Beecher* letter -- one wonders how such an old creatur' as he, (whom I remember at Mrs. Stowe's funeral) could write [any *corrected*] letter at all! All the other notes and letters are interesting and kind -- (* Yesterday I didn't go out, but finished the first volume of Edward Irving* and then read Carlyle's truly wonderful paper about him

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in which, by the way, he says that Mrs. Oliphant's account of Irving's last days* is quite wonderful -- he is really eloquent in writing about it -- but finds the early part of the biography ~~rather~~ ^a little^ untrue to the character of Irving ^as he knew him,^ romantic and idealizing to some extent. You feel that what he says of their various interviews and associations ^is^ exactly as he knows it ~~but that~~ and always most sympathetic and affecting, as you will remember, but to Mrs. Oliphant Irving stands always against the dark background of his fate. ----- Irving seems less great than I expected but very moving, a creature of brilliant natural

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gifts -- especially of <u>speech</u>. He would have made a certain kind of great politician, perhaps after Gladstone's kind,* but I understood part of the reason of his decline when Carlyle says that he was not a reader. Men of his impulsive nature ride off on strange ideas when they fail in what Matthew Arnold tried to teach in Literature and Dogma* -- After all Irving failed through the mistakes of ignorance, and the self confidence which always goes with that kind of ignorance. How we shall talk about this most moving book! (I should send it right back to you

[*Page 4*]

but Mary has been picking it up as soon as I laid it down) Carlyle took no stock in Irving's wife, and is so solemn and regretful about the Gift of Tongues* and the squeals of a lady parishioner one day when he was calling. ~~(~~ The squint of Irving's eye was a sign of something in his brain.

(-- I hope to be summoned about my dress today -- I hurried Miss Chase* the best I could, but I cant do away with the usual processes! I begin to feel better and as if I could be good for something again. So let us hope.

With dearest love and thought
Yours [always *corrected*] Pinny

Notes

17 January 1898: Fields penciled "1897?" in the upper right of page 1. However, there is a firmly dated letter of 14 January 1898, in which Jewett reports to Sarah Wyman Whitman that she is, for the first time, reading Mrs. Oliphant's biography of Edward Irving (see notes below). In that letter, she also reports being ill. Almost certainly, then, this letter was composed on the Monday following 14 January.

Beecher: This probably is one of the brothers of American author, Harriet Beecher Stowe. Key to Correspondents.

Assuming that we have the correct date for this letter, then only two of Stowe's brothers remained alive: Charles (1815-1900) and Thomas Kinnicut (1824-1900).

kind -- (: This and the remaining parenthesis marks in this letter were penciled in by Fields.

Irving ... Carlyle's ... Mrs. Oliphant's: Edward Irving (1792-1834), Scottish minister, founded the Catholic Apostolic church, based on his belief in the imminent Second Coming of Christ. Thomas Carlyle writes about him in *Reminiscences* (1881), edited by James Anthony Froude. Mrs. Margaret Oliphant (1828-1897) was the author of the *Life of Edward Irving, Minister of the National Scotch Church*, *London: Illustrated by His Journals and Correspondence* (1862), published in two volumes.

Gladstone's kind: William Ewart Gladstone (1809-1898) was a British politician who served twelve years as prime minister.

Literature and Dogma: See British author Matthew Arnold's (1822-1888) *Literature and Dogma*, where he argues in part that because much of contemporary religious thought lacks culture -- a knowledge of the best that has been known and thought -- many erroneously read the Bible as an authority on art and science as well as upon conduct.

Gift of Tongues: The Gift of Tongues refers to Pentecost as described in the second chapter of The Acts of the Apostles. Mrs. Irving believed that she could be overcome by the Holy Spirit and speak a foreign language not understood by her.

Miss Chase: In a letter to Mary Rice Jewett tentatively dated 1 April 1899, Jewett implies that Miss Chase is a supplier of fabrics. No other information about her has yet been found.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Annie Fields Transcription

Fields includes passages from this letter in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911), p. 121-2.

Monday morning.

Yesterday I didn't go out, but finished the first volume of Edward Irving and then read Carlyle's truly wonderful paper about him; in which, by the way, he says that Mrs. Oliphant's account of Irving's last days is quite wonderful. He is really eloquent in writing about it, but finds the early part of the biography a little untrue to the character of Irving as he knew him, romantic and idealizing to some extent. You feel that what he says of their various interviews and associations is exactly as he knows it, and always most sympathetic and affecting, as you will remember; but to Mrs. Oliphant, Irving stands almost against the dark background of his fate. Irving seems less great than I expected, but very moving, a creature of brilliant natural gifts, especially of speech. He would have made a certain kind of great politician, perhaps after Gladstone's kind, but I understood part of the reason of his decline when Carlyle says that he was not a reader. Men of his impulsive nature ride off on strange ideas when they fail in what Matthew Arnold tried to teach in "Literature and Dogma." After all, Irving failed through the mistakes of ignorance; and a self-confidence which always goes with that kind of ignorance. How we shall talk about this most moving book.

Carlyle took no stock in Irving's wife, and he is so solemn and regretful about the Gift of Tongues and the squeals of a lady parishioner one day when he was calling. The squint of Irving's eye was a sign of something in his brain.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields
[*20 January 1898*]

Madonna mia,* here is a Gymnastics card, with Miss Maxwell's* own mark thereupon. May it hatch into improved health for you, and into pleasure for me, since I shall see you oftener!

Well, I had such a happy yesterday with those thrice precious books! I wonder if sometime I might bring to see you (and them) a friend of Mr. Day's* and mine, Mr. Whittemore* of Tufts College, who is 'a spirit finely touched',* and a most devout young lover of letters?

Mother sends you her love with mine, and wishes to know whether you and Miss Jewett wouldn't come and spend an afternoon in this wigwam, as soon as ever the

[*Page 2*]

spring tempers the air? If you only will, I think I should run up our best 12 x 9 flag! And doggie-boys would wear ribbons on their silky necks, and shake hands multitudinously!

Be better soon, will you not?

Your ever grateful and devoted

L. I. G.

20th Jan.

1898.

P.S. I find that the original of Mr. Cory-Johnson's lovely 'They Told me, Heraclitus', (translated also by Mr. Lang) is Callimachus.

Εἰπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεὸν μόρον

Notes

Madonna mia: Italian: "my lady."

Gymnastics card ... Miss Maxwell's: Charlotte E. Maxwell (c. 1856-1936) was the owner and operator of St. Botolph Gymnasium in Boston. See *Writing Out My Heart: Selections from the Journal of Frances E. Willard*, p. 392.

Mr. Day's: Fred Holland Day. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Whittemore: American scholar and archaeologist, Thomas Whittemore (1871-1950).

a spirit finely touched: This phrase has been repeated often enough that its origin is not certain.

Mr. Cory-Johnson's …Heraclitus: William Johnson Cory (1823-1892) was an English educator and poet. His best known poem is an English rendering of "Heraclitus" by the ancient Greek poet, Callimachus (BC c. 310-240).

Scottish author and classical scholar Andrew Lang (1844-1912) included in *Grass of Parnassus* (1892), p. 161, his translation of "Heraclitus."

Guiney has quoted the opening words of Callimachus, "They tell me, Heraclitus, that you are dead." (Translation assistance from Angela Ziskowski, Coe College.)

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 26: mss FI 1616.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*23 Jan 1898*]*

Darling. I find there's no use in my talking of Wednesday -- as I rashly did Friday night: for my windows* will not allow me a day off this coming week. -- But on Thursday before the afternoon sets in, I hope that all at 148* will come for luncheon, if perchance Miss Rep-

[*Page 2*]

plier *?*]* will come, [& Else *?*] if she will not. And as you see I write this little note just to tell you how far from freedom I am just now: but hoping to be loved a little all the same.

[*unrecognized word* Thine *?*]

SW

Notes

23 Jan 1898: This date is penciled in another hand in the upper right of page 1, but the associated envelope was cancelled 26 January 1898. The envelope is addressed to Jewett in South Berwick.

windows: In July 1898, Whitman's Civil War Memorial stained glass window was for the south transept of Harvard University's Memorial Hall was dedicated: "Knight, St. Martin and the Beggar, Inscription, Sidney at Zutphen, Scholar." It was funded by Martin Brimmer (Class of 1849) and "Given in memory of the 'sons of Harvard' who gave their lives in the Civil War and whose names are recorded in the tablets in the transept."

In 1900 Whitman completed a second smaller window for Memorial Hall: "Honor and Peace" in Annenberg Hall. It depicts "on the left, a young man in armor with a spear and shield standing in front of an angel. On the right, a young man in armor kneels in front of an angel."

See "Stained Glass Windows" at Harvard University, Office for Arts at Harvard.

Also at this time, Whitman likely was at work on the central panel of the Lowell Memorial Window at First Parish Unitarian in Brookline, MA, "donated by Judge John Lowell and Lucy Buckminster Lowell in memory of their three deceased children," completed in 1899.

Repplier: Whitman probably refers to Agnes Repplier (1855-1950) an American author, noted for her essays.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904. 92 letters; [1884]-[1903] & [n.d.] Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1:107.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Henry Green

148 Charles Street
Boston 26 Janʸ
[*1898*]*

Dear Elder Henry

I return the letter of Madame de Boffle.* As you say, you must have her answer in regard to the price of the cloak which she quite misunderstands -- and by that time I can tell you whether the friends of Madame Blanc will be going over to France, which is not yet decided.

I do not

[*Page 2*]

wonder that you were confused by hearing of Mʳˢ. Bentzon! but Madame Blanc is almost better known as Th. (or Thérèse) Bentzon, which is her writing name as George Eliot was the writing name of Mrs. Lewes.* Only in this case Bentzon was a family name to which our friend had a right.

And she is usually called Madame Blanc-Bentzon, though here in America where double names are not

[*Page 3*]

so common as in Europe she was usually called plain Madame Blanc. She was born Thérèse de Solms, daughter of Count de Solms -- but I must not confuse you with any more French names --

I had a very kind letter from dear Eldress Harriet* not long ago -- [which *corrected*] I answered.

You may be sure that anything which comes to you from France by the way of Madame Blanc will be all right -- She has

[*Page 4*]

no doubt set the fashion for Shaker cloaks -- she was so much pleased with her own which I thought much the prettiest one I have ever seen.

Please remember me affectionately to all my friends, and write whenever [you *corrected*] think I can make things clearer or help you in any way.

Yours very truly

S. O. Jewett.

I should think, in case of further orders that it might be as well to send by express -- there is little trouble with the customs in France, I believe, and it is quicker than waiting for chance travellers.

Notes

Madame de Boffle: This woman has not been identified, but a possibility is Clothilde Danzel de Boffle (1844-1915).

Bentzon: Jewett has underlined this name and, then, underlined the superscript separately.

Cary offers an explanation of the issue in this letter: "Evidently a French lady who so admired the Shaker cloak Madame Blanc purchased on her 1897 visit to the Alfred Shaker colony that she wrote directly to Elder Henry to order one for herself. The dress of the Shaker women is described in detail by Madame Blanc in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* article of November 15, 1897."

Mrs. Lewes: British novelist, George Eliot (1819-1880). Wikipedia.

Richard Cary indicates that Jewett may not have been aware that Evans and Lewes were not legally married. While that may be the case, it is not clear that Jewett was unusual in being ignorant of this fact, as George Eliot's biographers make clear that Evans and Lewes made a point of calling themselves Mr. and Mrs. Lewes.

Eldress Harriet: In photographs of residents at the Alfred Maine Shaker village in the 1890s, at Maine History Online, appear Eldress Harriet Goodwin (1823-1903) and Eldress Harriet Coolbroth (1864-1953). It is not clear to which woman Jewett refers.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1. Richard Cary included his transcription in *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters.* New transcription and notes.

Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc to Annie Adams Fields

Paris 27 January
[*1898*]*

Dear Annie, you have taken my requests too seriously. I am back at work and all goes well. I only meant to ask this, that if you saw some pamphlets that might be useful to me, you would have them sent, -- even better, you would bring them yourself, because I believe you will come soon?

[*Page 2*]

I wish for that with all my heart. This lingering cold worries and upsets me. I just spent 15 days in Paris, caught up in meetings, a new association about the future of women, to assure them of their more than legitimate rights, to their personal property, protection of girls up to 16 years old,

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the guardianship of children less closely related than son or daughter -- for example, nephews, etc. This very interesting work originates with Mrs. Coignet.* Our poor little Alice, daughter of Louis de Solms* is healing, but her eye is lost. This brings more than one sorrow, her father being forced to change

[*Page 4*]

the whole course of his career in order to put the child in the hands of Paris doctors, who will keep a close eye on her for 5 or 6 years. For my son, everything is going wrong. I have neither the time nor the courage to write to our dear Sarah today. Tell her that I've sent her in South Berwick

[*Page 5*]

a manuscript to submit to Mr. Page* if she finds it interesting. My health holds, thank God, in the midst of my many sorrows.

On 19 February, Mr. Doumer* departs, charged by me with a few small commissions. Last Tuesday, he gave an admirable lecture on the Denigration of French society

[*Page 6*]

by our novelists.

Last week was a dinner with the Brunetières.* We talked a lot about you. In addition, during this fortnight in Paris, I am willy-nilly going out every night. Paris is in a state of extraordinary tumult stirred up by this sad Dreyfus affair.* I'm too pro-military not to be revolted by the suspicions that hover over the war department, but this development of anti-Semitic feeling horrifies me; this puts me between these two parties, doubly exposed to wolves.

[*Page 7*]

I've never heard of Professor Bracq,* and what can a professor of the Odeon be, other than an actor ??? -- The Manual * by Mr. Brunetière is indeed very suggestive but his last lecture on Art and Morals had only a limited success, being excessively paradoxical and far too austere. He sometimes takes himself too much for a Bossuet* (this just between us!) { -- }

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one will never persuade the French that art is immoral, even with a whip{.}* Greek art!!! ---

I embrace you most dear Annie, with a thousand compliments for your beautiful book on Mrs. Stowe.* I embrace Sarah. -- to you two with all my heart ----. -- The Abbot Casgrain* hardly notices me. This is getting annoying.

Th Blanc

Thanks for the kind words about my grandchildren.* I regret that they live so far from me.

Notes

1898: As indicated in the notes below, this letter almost certainly was composed in 1898, soon after the publication of Fields's biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe and in anticipation of the trip Fields and Jewett made to France and England in the middle of 1898.

Coignet: French moral philosopher, educator and activist, Clarisse Coignet (1823-1918). Blanc reports her own recent participation in advocating legal reforms to protect not only women's rights to own and retain property, but also to protect young girls from forced marriage, and particularly, from misuses of guardianship that might involve sexual abuse, taking of property and forced marriage. Examples of such abuse are common in 19th-century English fiction, including Jane Austen, Charles Dickens and Anthony Trollope. See, for example, Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* (1847).

Louis de Solms: For Blanc's nephew and other members of her extended family, see Blanc in Key to Correspondents. Blanc's grandniece, Alice, was born in 1897.

Mr. Page: Walter Hines Page. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Doumer: Paul Doumer (1857-1931). See Blanc to Annie Adams Fields of 27 January 1898.

the Brunetières: In 1893, Ferdinand Brunetière (1849-1906) became editor of *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Dreyfus affair: In a letter of 17 September 1898, Blanc wrote at greater length about current developments in the 12-year scandal over the wrongful conviction of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, a Jew, for treason, known as the Dreyfus Affair (1894-1896). There she also points to the antisemitism stirred up by media and politicians. On 13 January 1898, French author Émile Zola (1840-1902) became one of the first high-profile public defenders of Dreyfus, attacking the French minister of war and the general staff for their roles in what amounted to a cover-up of the framing of Dreyfus. It would appear that when Blanc wrote this letter, she was not yet convinced that military officials had acted wrongly.

Professor Bracq: French-born American author and scholar of romance languages, Rev. Jean Charlemagne Bracq (1853-1934). *Vassar Quarterly* 20 (1 May 1935) says that Bracq "served Vassar College with distinction from 1891 to 1918, at first as John Guy Vassar Professor of Modern Languages, afterwards as head of the Department of Romance Languages and Professor of French." See also a profile of Bracq in *Vassar Miscellany News* 2 (21 November 1917), which notes: "In I898 he was called on to deliver a course of lectures at Lowell Institute, Boston, on 'Contemporary French Literature.' Shortly afterwards the French Government decorated him as 'Officier d' Instruction Publique'."

The Lowell Institute lectures were given at this time at a former Boston theatre, named the Odeon.

The Manual: In 1898, Ferdinand Brunetière published *Manuel de l'Histoire de la Littérature Française* (1898).

In the same year, he published *L'Art et la Morale* in Paris. In *Brunetière and The "Monster Banquet"* (*Fortnightly Review,* 2016), Elton Hocking says that Brunetière reversed his artistic philosophy during his career; he argued in *Art and Morals* that art was inherently immoral unless the artist rejected Brunetière's former belief in art for art's sake and strove to achieve social and moral purpose (46).

Bossuet: Jacques-Bénigne Lignel Bossuet (1627-1704) was a French bishop, theologian and

politician, renowned for his oratory. Also relevant to Blanc's reference may be his defense of political absolutism, the "divine right of kings."

whip: The transcription of "fouet" is highly speculative. Blanc may have written this word, and the result makes sense in a playful way, but we are only guessing.

Mrs. Stowe: Harriet Beecher Stowe. Key to Correspondents.

Fields's *Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe* (1897).

Abbot Casgrain: French Canadian Roman Catholic priest, author and historian, Henri-Raymond Casgrain (1831-1904). Blanc's reasons for contacting Casgrain are not yet known. Perhaps she had met him when she had traveled to Quebec in 1897. Perhaps she hoped he would aid her own research or contribute to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

grandchildren: At this time, Blanc had two grandchildren from her son's troubled marriage. See Blanc in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda mss FI 1-5637, Box 5.

Transcription

Paris 27 Janvier

Chère Annie, vous avez
pris trop au sérieux
mes demandes. Je suis
entrée en fonctions et
tout marche à souhait{.}
Ce que j'avais voulu
dire était seulement
ceci, -- que si vous voyiez
[q. q.. *for* quelques] brochures qui
puissent m'être utiles
vous me les fassiez
envoyer, -- ce qui serait
mieux serait encore
de me les apporter
vous-même car
je pense que vous
viendrez bientôt?

[*Page 2*]

Je le souhaite de
tout mon coeur{.}
Ce rhume persistant
m'inquiète et me
désole. Je viens de
[pasfer *for* passer] 15 jours à
Paris prise entre
nos comités, une
nouvelle association
concernant l'avenir
des femmes pour
leur assurer des
droits trop legitimes,
propriété de leur
soin ^personnel^, protection
de la jeune fille
jusqu'à seize ans,

[*Page 3*]

tutelle d'enfants
moins proches que
le fils ou la fille
-- de neveux par exemple ^etc^.
Cette oeuvre très
intéressante a pris
naissance chez Mme
Coignet. --- Notre pauvre
petite Alice, la fille
de Louis de Solms
va de mieux en
mieux mais son
oeil est perdu.
Nous avons là une
source de chagrin
de plus d'une
sorte, le père étant
obligé de modifier

[*Page 4*]

tout le cours de
sa carrière pour
laisser l'enfant
aux maines des
médecins de Paris
qui la surveilleront
pendant 5 ou 6 ans.
Pour mon fils
tout va mal.
Je n'ai ni le
temps ni le courage
d'écrire à notre
chère Sarah aujourd'hui{.}
Dites-lui que je
lui ai envoyé à
South Berwick

[*Page 5*]

un manuscrit
qu'elle soumettra
à M^{r} Page si elle
le trouve intéressant{.}
Mon santé ses
soutient, Dieu
merci au milieu
de bien des peines.
Le 19 février M. Doumer
partira, chargé par

moi de [q.q. *for* quelques] petites
commissions. Il
a fait Mardi dernier
une admirable
conférence sur le
Dénigrement de la
Société française

[*Page 6*]

par nos romanciers.
La semaine dernière
dîner chez les Brunetière.
On a beaucoup
parlé de vous. Du
reste pendant cette
quinzaine parisienne
Je suis bon gré [malgré *for* mal gré]
sortie tous les soirs.
Paris est dans un
état d'effervescence
extraordinaire soulevée
par cette triste affaire
Dreyfus. -- Je suis trop
militaire pour n'être pas
révoltée des soupçons que
l'on fait planer sur le
conseil de guerre mais
le développement du
sentiment anti-sémite
me fait horreur; ce
qui me place entre ces deux
partis, doublement exposée aux loups.

[*Page 7*]

Je n'ai jamais entendu
le nom du prof. Bracq
et que peut être
un professeur de
l'Odéon sinon
un acteur ??? --
Le Manuel de M.
Brunetière est très
suggestif en effet, mais
la dernière conférence
sur l'Art et la
Morale n'a eu que
peu de succés étant
paradoxale à l'excès
et par trop austère.
Il se prend trop pour
Bossuet en personne
par moment (ce fait
entre nous!) jamais

[*Page 8*]

on ne persuadera
à des français que
l'art soit immoral
même au [fouet *?*]
l'art grec!!! ----
Je vous embrasse
bien chère Annie,
avez mille
compliments à
votre beau livre
sur M^rs^ Stowe. [J'embrafe *for* J'embrasse]
Sarah. - -à vous
deux de tout
coeur ----. -- L'Abbé
Casgrain ne me
guette presque pas
cela devient compromettante !!!
Th Blanc
Merci de ce que vous dites d'aimable
sur mes petits enfants. Je regrette
bien qu'ils vivent si loin de moi.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Edward Henry Clement

148 Charles Street
29 [Jan^y^ -- *?*]
[*1898*]*

[*Begin deleted letterhead*]
~~South Berwick.~~
~~Maine.~~
[*End deleted letterhead*]

Dear Mr. Clement

I am taking you at your kind word about the note in regard to Mrs. Prince's paper in the Chap-book* -- And I venture another note, longer and still nearer my heart, in regard to another subject. It seems to me that I have never been so eager for the success of any book ^as The Life of H.B.S.^* -- Success, it has had

[*Page 2*]

in being the book that it is, but I long to have more and more readers and to make it catch the widest possible public attention. It holds such lessons for its readers. But I have no need to persuade you of its value -- your own praise revealed much of that to me. It always seems very odd that the publishers do less to make the public remind itself of books in this quiet reading season of long evenings and dull

[*Page 3*]

days than [on any *?*] other time -- One would think ^ [*several unrecognized words*]* ^ that there was no possible use of good books except to make Christmas presents of them! -- But I was glad to hear that the London publishers were just sending out another edition -- -- If you could find a place at the end of your page -- on separate days -- for these notes I should be very grateful.

[*Upward slanting line before the beginning of the next paragraph*]

Dear Mr. Clement, I was very sorry to find, so late that I could not ask to be presented to her, that Mrs. Russell* was

[*Page 4*]

with you the other day at Mr Day's* exhibition. May not I give you my best wishes, both of you? I was sincerely glad to hear of your happiness -- I wish that you may be very happy in making your home together. Pray believe me always

Yours most kindly
S. O. Jewett

Notes

1898: This date is based upon the date of Mr. Clement's second marriage. See notes below.

Chap-book: *The Chap-Book* (1894-1898) was a fortnightly literary magazine. Probably Mrs. Prince is the novelist Helen Choate Pratt Prince. Key to Correspondents.

Perhaps Jewett refers to her "From a French River" from Vol. 8 No. 2 (1 December 1897), pp. 72-6.

The Life of H.B.S.: For Harriet Beecher Stowe, Key to Correspondents.

Confusion about this title is easy. Jewett could refer to *The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe* (1889) by H. B. Stowe and Charles Edward Stowe; a memorial edition was published in London in 1896.

However, it is more likely that she refers to Annie Fields's *Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe* (1897), which was reprinted by her London publisher as well as by Houghton, Mifflin in 1898.

unrecognized words: In the case of this manuscript, I have only a scan of a photocopy, and parts of it are not sharp enough to read with confidence. This insertion in small handwriting may read something like: from advertisements of the present editions.

Mrs. Russell: According to Family Search, Clement's second wife was Josephine Annunsiata Hill (1869-1964). She had first married Charles Gilbert Russell (1869-1896) on 24 December 1895. Clement and Mrs. Russell were married in March 1898. See also Back Bay Houses.

Mr. Day's: Almost certainly American photographer Fred Holland Day. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection, Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Box 3 Folder 190c.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sara Norton

148 Charles Street
Tuesday
[*February 8, 1898*]*

[*Begin deleted letterhead*]

~~South Berwick Maine~~

[*End deleted letterhead*]

Dear Sally

Could you come and spend Wednesday night the 16th and bring the fiddle?* Miss O'Brion was here on Saturday and she can come then, but if you are busy that day -- (Evening) we must look for another.* I

[*Page 2*]

write for Mrs. Fields who sends her love.

I am hoping to see you on Friday.

Yours affectionately
S. O. Jewett

Notes

1898: This date comes from the envelope accompanying the letter, addressed to Shady Hill in Cambridge, MA, which was the Norton family residence.

the fiddle: Sara Norton was an accomplished amateur cellist, though other letters suggest that she also played the violin.

Miss O'Brion: Mary Eliza O'Brion (1859-1941?), Boston-based concert pianist, private teacher, and instructor at Wellesley College. Her name appears regularly on programs as a piano soloist and accompanist with various groups and orchestras. She often performed with the Latvian immigrant composer and pianist Olga von Radecki (1858-1933). Among von Radecki's compositions is a setting of Jewett's poem, "Boat Song." Possibly her grave.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University. Norton Family, recipient. Letters Received by the Norton Family. 5 letters to Sara Norton; [1897-1908]. MS Am 1088.1 (870-874).

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

[*15 February 1898*]

Dear Mrs. Fields:

An idea, most cannily contrived to my own delight and advantage, has just struck me, to wit: Might I possibly sleep in dear 'Charley Street'* on Wed. the 23^{d} ? That evening is set, as we know, for the W.R.T.A.* meeting, and there's our

Gymnasium orgie on the following morning; so that I should be happy as a King, if I might stay over with you; and 'upon that hint I spake.'* Besides, I might see Miss Jewett! to say naught of bringing in my few nice Cowden-Clarke* letters.

Your lover and beggar,
L. I. G.

15th Feb. '98
Auburndale, Mass.

Notes

Charley Street: 148 Charles Street, Fields's Boston home.

W.R.T.A.: Mary Alice Houghton Blake (1863-1919) was married to Dr. Clarence John Blake (1843-1919), Professor of Otology (anatomy of the ear) at Harvard University Medical School and the author of several books. They founded and supported the Women's Rest Tour Association.
In 1891, Guiney produced *A Summer in England. A hand-book for the use of American women*, published by the WRTA.

Gymnasium orgie: This is Guiney's spelling. See her letter to Fields of 20 January 1898.

Cowden-Clarke: Mary Victoria (Novello) Cowden Clarke (1809-1898) was a British author and Shakespeare scholar.

spake: See British playwright William Shakespeare's *Othello* (Act 1, Scene 3).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 26: mss FI 1617.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sara Norton Fragment

South Berwick, Maine, 23 *February* [*1898*]*

How delightful it was to see you! I cannot help thinking that yesterday morning is a very dear hour to put away and remember. I got home at half-past three in the afternoon, to a world of snow, which surprised me very much, with the rain raining on it as hard as it can and a general outlook toward a tremendous month of March. Tomorrow we are looking for some friends who mean to come down from town to look at the old house I have often told you about, and of which they had heard. I can't imagine a drearier moment, but there are the big elms high and dry, and some other attractions, and they must take their chances and make their choices. Berwick always seems a little sad, even to me! in the wane of winter. The old houses look at each other as if they said, "Good heavens! the things that we remember!" But after the leaves come out they look quite prepared for the best and quite touchingly cheerful.

Note

1898: This date is based on the likelihood that Jewett writes of a visit by Emily Tyson to examine the historic Hamilton House in South Berwick. According to Historic New England: " In 1898, Jewett convinced her friend Emily Tyson, widow of the president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and her stepdaughter Elise Tyson (later Mrs. Henry G. Vaughan) to purchase the house." See also Jewett to Norton of 8 February 1898.

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sophie de Beaulaincourt to Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Adams Fields

[*February 1898*]*
[*Printed on a visitor card*]
Comtesse de Beaulaincourt
née Castellane

157 Bd. [*Boulevard*] Haussmann.

[*Handwritten note on the front and back of the card*]

I send these modest flowers of [*unrecognized word*]* to Mrs. Fields and Miss Jewett. Grateful as I am for their kind gift, I can send only this very small box, following Mme. Blanc's instructions and not

[*Back*]

wanting to impose on M. Doumic,* whom I have not the pleasure of knowing. I would be very pleased should Mrs. Fields and Miss Jewett ever return to Paris. I would like to know them. Our mutual friend, Mme. Blanc has spoken to me about them so often that I feel as if I am almost their friend as well. I can write only these few words, being somewhat ill, and in my bed. I beg these ladies to accept this expression of my warmest regard.

[*SdB?*]

Notes

February 1898: When Jewett and Fields traveled to France in the late spring of 1898, they met Mme. Beaulaincourt, visiting and taking meals at her home. It seems clear that this note and its accompanying gift were sent before that first meeting. That they were sent by means of René Doumic (see note below) makes it quite likely that Jewett and Fields sent Mme. de Beaulaincourt some sort of gift, perhaps around the 1897-8 holidays, before Doumic departed for the U.S. to present a series of lectures at Harvard University; the lectures were under way in March 1898, according to the New York *Times* (6 March 1898).

word: According to Richard Cary in, "Miss Jewett and Madame Blanc," *Colby Library Quarterly* 7 (1967): 466-488, Madame de Beaulaincourt's hobby was making artificial flowers. Presumably, then, the word we cannot recognize refers to the material of which the flowers were made.

Doumic: French critic, René Doumic (1860-1937), a regular contributor to and then editor of *Revue des Deux Mondes*. (Wikipedia)

An envelope apparently associated with this card is addressed to Madame Fields, et Miss Jewett, at 148 Charles Street, Boston. In the bottom left corner appears a circled note:

"aux bon [soins ?] de Monsieur Doumic"
["in the good care of Mr. Doumic"]

Penciled In the top right corner, probably in another hand: "Beaulaincourt".

A photocopy of the manuscript of this letter is held by Maine Women Writers Collection of the University of New England, Portland, ME: Burton Trafton Collection Box 2, Folder 90. The original is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA: b MS Am 1743, Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, Beaulaincourt-Marles, Ruth Charlotte Sophie de (Castellane) Comtesse de. 1 letter; [n.d.]. Identifier: (18).

Transcription

[*This appears in the photocopy to be a visiting card. On the front side is printed*:]

Comtesse de Beaulaincourt
née Castellane
157 Bd. Haussmann.

[*Handwritten text*]

Je charge ces modestes fleurs de
[soie?], à Madame Fields, et à
Miss Jewett. Combien j'ai été
sensible à leur si aimable
envoi, je ne puis qu'envoyer une
très petite boite d'après les
indications de Madame Blanc et ne

[*Page 2*]

voulant pas être indiscrète vis-à-vis
ce M. Doumic que je n'ai pas le plaisir
de connaître. Je serais bien
contente si mesdames Fields et Jewett
reviennent jamais à Paris. J'aimerai à
les connaître. Notre commune amie
Mme Blanc m'a si souvent parlé d'elles
et de telle manière qu'il me semble
que je suis un peu leur amie aussi {.}
Je ne puis écrire que ces quelques mots
étant un peu malade, et dans mon
lit, je prie ces dames agréer l'expression
de mes meilleurs sentiments

[*SdB ?*]

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Monday night.
[*28 February 1898*]*

Dear Sarah:

While this family is being kept up waiting for [Joes *?*] I will begin a letter by stating that we have had a busy day since you left. Augusta* ensued to call on us soon after eleven and then announced that it was her 73^{d} birthday with every clever,* so she had a birthday ride to call on Mrs. Morton.* After John took Uncle Will to the depot, I got conveyed also to Mrs. Shep Butlers, and also did up Mrs.

[*Page 2*]

Ferguson & Margaret Foote after which Rebecca was collected and we made a solemn progress to the Stevens'. I really feel as if I had had the good of the meetin's tonight in consequence. We went to a little call on Mrs. Tyler and later still Rebecky went to see Mrs. Rollins who is better. She has been to meeting this evening and didn't get home until later!

I happened to [think *corrected*] of some [Hyomir *?*] for Uncle Will's cold and he went off greatly delighted with the good effects of that and the quinine. Mrs. Tyler told me that George wrote about Clinton Kidner's having been operated on for appendicitis last Thursday but I do not believe

[*Page 3*]

Theodore could have known about it because he does not say anything about it in his letter you see. The operation was successful they say, but what a dreadful fright for those poor little people{.}

John* says that the Hamilton house valuation is $2660, and Andrews house $250. Mrs. Tyson* wanted to know, but that will seem a very small sum beside the $1000. that [True *?*] asked Mrs. Dexter, so you can do as you think best about telling her. Even with the other third added it would only make about half the asking price you set.

[*Page 4*]

Arthur Denny* came tonight but of course I have not seen him yet. I hope you had a prosperous journey, and didn't get too tired with the [veast *so it appears*]. My best love to Helen,* and a very good wish for her voyage.

Always affly

M.R.J.

Notes

1898: This letter apparently was composed on Augusta Denny Tyler's 73rd birthday, 28 February 1898. 28 February fell on a Monday in 1898. Further, in 1898 Emily Tyson purchased Hamilton House in South Berwick, ME. Key to Correspondents.

Associated with the letter is an envelope addressed to Sarah Orne Jewett at 148 Charles St. Boston, cancelled in South Berwick on 1 December, but this envelope almost certainly does not belong with this letter.

Augusta: Probably this is Augusta Maria Denny Tyler. Key to Correspondents.

every clever: In other family letters, this appears to be a nickname for William, the child of Frances and Albertus Dudley. Frances was the daughter of Jewett correspondent, Aunt Lucretia Perry. However, the uncapitalized reference here seems uncertain.

Mrs. Morton: This may be Mary J. Shackford Morton (1829-1917), third wife of William H. Morton (1814-1904), residents of Rollinsford, NH.

John ... Uncle Will: John Tucker and, probably, William Gilman Perry. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs Shep Butlers ... Mrs Ferguson & Margaret Foote ... Rebecca ... Stevens': Of these people Jewett visited, the following have been identified.

Rebecca Young. Key to Correspondents.

Margaret Foote (1832-1915), local historian in South Berwick. Old Berwick Historical Society.

While the others have not been identified, they are likely to be among a large number of people sharing their surnames buried in South Berwick in the decade after 1898, particularly in the spring of 1905, which seems to have been a plague year. The Old Berwick Historical Society Cemetery Database lists those buried in South Berwick. Though it is not certain that all the people Jewett visited in 1898 were residents of South Berwick or died in 1905, the mortality that year is interesting in itself.

Butler: At least 18 burials between March and July.

Ferguson: At least 11 burials between February and May.

Stevens: At least 12 burials between April and July.

Mrs. Rollins: Among the Jewett family's South Berwick area friends was Ellen Augusta Lord Rollins (1835-1922).

George ... Clinton Kidner's: In Theodore Eastman's class at Harvard University was Frederick Clinton Kidner (1879-1950). According to *Who's Who in Orthopedics* he became an orthopedic surgeon and established orthopedic service at the Children's Hospital of Michigan in Detroit.

George has not yet been identified.

Tyson: Emily Davis Tyson. Key to Correspondents. Mrs. Tyson purchased the Hamilton house in 1898. See Jewett to Sara Norton of 23 February 1898.

Arthur Denny: This person has not yet been identified, but probably he was related to Augusta Tyler and her sister, Hattie Denny. Key to Correspondents.

Helen: The Jewetts knew many Helens, and it is not yet known which this could be.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908.

This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 100, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*3 March 1898*]*

Dear Sarah;

The new mornings seem to come very fast lately so fast that I have hard work to keep up sometimes!

Your tale of the party was very engaging and I wish I could have viewed the 'veast'. It was a relief to know that Dan 'came to' finally or I should have hated to have Helen go away and leave him! My day didnt amount to a great deal yesterday though I was kept hopping about the greater

[*Page 2*]

part of the time.

Mrs. Tyler* came over in the morning and in the course of her remarks mentioned that they should not go back to their house next winter, and that their income was so reduced that they doubted if they ever should. Hattie was much broken up apparently over the state of their affairs, but she said she considered themselves very lucky to have so comfortable and pleasant a home afforded them, though they didn't wish to be hanging on our necks &c{.} She said that Hattie was coming to talk to me about it, but evidently

[*Page 3*]

it was the most enormous relief when we told Arthur we hoped they would stay. He seems to

have come down to talk over their affairs with them and the tale was evidently a hard one for them to hear poor things{.} I must try to get hold of Hattie more, [but *corrected*] this is probably what has been worrying her and making {her} seem restless and brusque. Yesterday afternoon we had a nice drive round the Junkins road and garrison,* and I meant to go out this morning, but it seems pretty raw and chilly, though the thermometer is above 'freezing'.

What a pleasant letter from Mrs. Harris* who I remember as you do very pleasantly.

[*Page 4*]

What do they think is really the matter with Mrs. Haven* now for they have had every kind of a doctor to her Helen Doe* says? I went to visit my schools yesterday and have now a vacation for a week or two. ^Mr. Matthew Arnold!^*

Miss Smith seems to have had better luck with Harold than with anything else, though it was partly because she was less scared by my presence yesterday. They have almost finished the book, and are thinking of your Story of the Normans for the next go.

Helen Sewall* ensued with the little 'Pastures Lady' who is a very pleasant little thing with a devout admiration for you in her heart, so I [tries *so it appears*] to give her a

[*Page 5*]

good time. She had hardly gone when the Free Will Pastures Lady appeared with an appeal from a Foxcroft friend for information about you{,} she having been set to write a paper. So it being Foxcroft you know, she went away with what information I could afford.

There was my day except that all the cracks got filled with small affairs, and Becky* and I stayed in and read our books in the evening. Here are the days letters{.} It was good to know that Uncle Will's cold was none the worse{.} Becky has just departed, but she always desires her love sent, though I rarely think of it{.}

[*Page 6*]

Has any word come from Mrs. Tyson or Mrs Dexter* yet. Of course there could hardly be anything final so soon, but I wonder if she liked the idea the more she thought of it. You must let me know as soon as you can if Mrs. Emerson* will come down with you from Exeter so that I may tell the girls about a good tea before I go away.

My love to you both, and now I must say a word to Mr Stubs.

Affly

M.R.J.

Thursday

Notes

1898: This date is a guess with some foundation. In this letter, Jewett speaks of an anticipated visit of Mrs. Emerson. This topic seems to be developed further in Mary to Sarah Jewett, incorrectly dated Friday 5 March 1898. This letter also expresses concern for the health of Mrs. Haven, as do several letters from this period before her death in early April.

Dan ... Helen: Helen Bigelow Merriman, like Sarah O. Jewett, traveled to Europe in the spring of 1898. Her husband was Daniel Merriman. Key to Correspondents.

Tyler ... Hattie ... Arthur: Augusta Maria Denny Tyler, a widow, and her sister Hattie Denny. Back Bay Houses indicates that at some point in the 1890s, the sisters moved with their brother into a Boston apartment, having sold their Boston house.

Arthur has not yet been identified, though he often is mentioned in connection with the sisters. One wonders whether their brother, Robert, or another of the surviving brothers, was called Arthur. FamilySearch shows an 1850 census, listing the Denny family of nine living together in Westborough, MA, none named Arthur.

garrison: The historical Robert Junkins Garrison House on York Road in York County, ME, was often a subject for artists visiting the area in the 19th Century.

Mrs. Harris: This person has not yet been identified.

Mrs. Haven: Probably this is Susan Halliburton Haven, step-mother of Jewett correspondent, Edith Bell Haven Doe. She died in Portsmouth, NH on 9 April 1898. Key to Correspondents and Find a Grave.

Helen Doe: Daughter of Edith Bell Haven Doe. Key to correspondents.

Arnold: Matthew Arnold earned his living as Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools. Key to Correspondents and Wikipedia. What Jewett did when she visited schools is not yet known.

Smith ... Harold: Miss Smith has not yet been identified. It appears that Jewett is reporting on some sort of book or reading club. Perhaps they have been reading Edward Bulwer Lytton's *Harold: The Last of the Saxon Kings* (1848), which would explain why they could be considering Sarah Orne Jewett's *The Story of the Normans* (1887) for their next book. However this all is speculative.

Free Will Pastures Lady ... a Foxcroft friend: The meaning for the Jewetts of the term "pastures

lady" is not known. Foxcroft may then have been a town in Maine, about 175 miles north of South Berwick. Why Jewett emphasizes this is not yet known. The Freewill Baptist Church of South Berwick stands near the Jewett homestead.

Becky: Rebecca Young. Key to correspondents.

Uncle Will's: Dr. William Gilman Perry (1823-1910) was the spouse of Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Tyson or Mrs Dexter: Emily Tyson and Josephine Anna Moore Dexter. In 1898, Tyson was considering purchasing the historic Hamilton House in South Berwick. Key to correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908.

This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 100, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Miss Katharine Hamer Shute

Boston -- Friday 4th March 1898

[*Begin deleted letterhead*]
~~South Berwick.~~
~~Maine.~~
[*End deleted letterhead*]

My dear Miss Shute*

You do not know how much I thank you for your most kind letter, or how well I remember what you said at Denison House!* And I remember all Miss Dickey's kindness too* -- it went to my heart to find such a friend of Martha's Lady.* I hope that I shall some day

[*Page 2*]

see you both again. You must remember that a story-writer does not have her readers before her with their eager faces as a teacher (I was going to say, the other kind of teacher) does! And there was something very dear and delightful to me -- something very unusual in my life, too, on Monday afternoon in seeing so many friends of my stories. I am glad to know that you found it pleasant too.

With my best thanks
Yours most sincerely

S. O. Jewett.

Notes

Shute: An envelope associated with this letter is addressed to Miss K. H. Shute, 13 Laurel Street, Roxbury. This was the address of a Boston Public School in Roxbury, MA.

Denison House: Wikipedia says: "Denison House was a woman-run settlement house in Boston's old South Cove neighborhood. Founded in 1892 by the College Settlements Association, it provided a variety of social and educational services to neighborhood residents, most of whom were immigrants."

Miss Dickey: Miss Dickey has not yet been identified.

Martha's Lady: Jewett's story appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* in October 1897.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Small Library, University of Virginia, Special Collections MSS 6218, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers.

Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell to Mary Rice Jewett

[*Begin Letterhead*]
UNDER THE ELM.
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.
[*End letterhead*]

[*4 March (Friday) 1898*]*

Dear Mary --

I have not written any formal invitation to Mrs Emerson* to come with Sarah -- and she would not expect it would she? I thought she would understand and come informally -- but will if you think I ought -- and give her number.

We feel defrauded not to have you longer than that night{.} May* said "I thought we were to have a good old fashioned visit" and so I hoped{.} Perhaps you'll give an extension. I have to

[*Page 2*]

go to Boston on Friday and had planned for you to be my companion -- but I know how much you and Sarah must have to plan about so will be reasonable if sorry -- only it will have to be made up to us at L.B.H.*

[*Page 3*]

I have just been writing the Judge* -- for it was on my conscience that I had not written him since the new year came in -- but I suppose he will not remember -- so it wont make any difference.

[*Page 4*]

I took a small sheet so as not to write much to you -- and am going to stop here and now -- and say the rest when we greet you on Tuesday morning.

Do not fail us in any kind of weather -- but I hope it will not be of same pattern as your last visit.

Yours affec'ly
Mary E. Bell
Friday aft --

Notes

1898: Mary Rice Jewett writes to Sarah Orne Jewett about this letter in her letter dated on "Friday March 5," which probably was written either on 4 March or on Saturday 5 March 1898.

Emerson: This may be Sylvia Hathaway Watson Emerson. Key to Correspondents.

May: May is often mentioned in family letters, but her identity remains elusive. A likely candidate is Mary Long Gilman (1860-1917), step-daughter of Mary E. Gray Bell. Another possible candidate would be Helen Gilman Nichols (1872-1907), granddaughter of Helen Augusta Williams Gilman. Key to Correspondents.

L.B.H.: Little Boars Head, NH, where the Bell family summered.

Judge: The Jewett-Bell clan had several judges in their family and among their connections. A likely candidate in this case would be Mellen Chamberlain. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 7, Item 331, IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Friday March 5th 98*

Dear Sarah:

Here is a note from Aunt Bell* and I have told her that I didn't think Mrs. Emerson* would need a formal bidding, as it was understood that you were to bring her down as a visiting friend. To Frances letter I have made answer that I will spend the night Monday with pleasure, for it will save going again right away{.}

I thought you said you were coming home Wed night so said I was coming too in that

[*Page 2*]

case. I don't wonder you want to keep up your lessons.

It seems a little rough on your poor knees to jump so much on them doesnt it? Cannot you get something that would demand less of those worthy members until your cricks get better?

I do not know when I have ever laughed so hard as at a tale Rebecca* just told of that old Aunt Polly Keags of Lucys who got queer in her wits and used to go and drive home the cows at any hour of the day when the idea struck her. Becky said she was all buried in a big

[*Page 3*]

cape bonnet, being all dead up and as she was apt to do it oftener when Lucy had company it was such a mortification to her in her younger days. Somehow a vision of those patient mooleys coming along with a look of surprise at [finding *?*] the day so short seemed to come over me, and I could seem to see them arriving before dinner as Becky says they often did with that funny little figure shambling along after them. I am afraid you wont laugh as I did when the tale was told{.} Rebecky has just gone to pass the night with Mrs Rollins* who has a bad cold, and would

[*Page 4*]

have been quite alone as her lodgers are away for the night. Mrs Tyler* and I had a lovely drive this morning, Hattie being at that moment [busy) *so it appears*] We went up to Andrew Grants and across to Beaver Dam{.} From there back to the Clarks the road was perfectly hard and smooth almost all of the way, but almost everywhere it is bad beyond words for great holes have broken through the ice and the horses and runners drop down to very uncertain depths. It is trying to ones nerves and body alike to go anywhere now. I had a delightful little

[*Page 5*]

walk in the woods after some pine boughs for in the early morning you can go on the crust anywhere with only an occasional slump. I only got one foot in and that was under a tree. The woods were full of sunshine and the air like brine, so that I hated to come out to the road again.

The dogs went, there they found two hounds so there was a lovely run for a few minutes with much barking and yelping.

[*Page 6*]

I sent a little case for Helens* nightgown [or *?*] to her just by way of remembrance today{.} How soon she will be off now and how soon she will be back again. I was wondering if we found out the Canada or her sister ship didnt go until a day or two late in September if T.J. couldn't get a leave of absence for [the *corrected*] time{.} I think they were let off that way sometimes, and a possible delay of two or three days in arriving home may give him a week longer over there. [N.O. *?*] with him on the subject. I see that the Canada's

[*Page 7*]

sailing for the month of Sept is on the 7th from Liverpool so that wouldnt do, but if the other one is put on it might do better. The Pavonia sails the 20th of September so perhaps that would do better if Stubby can get his leave as I am quite sure he can. It came into my mind that we could perhaps bring Mary Woods* back with us as maid! If we registered her as maid she could be useful to us, and at the same time get into better quarters part of every day, however --- we might get an inside room on the Canada. I do not think

[*Page 8*]

there are any on the Pavonia that are desirable, for they are really inside and not like the double ones on the newer ships, as I remember -- but so dark that you have to keep the electric lights going{.} It has just come to my mind that we ought to take an offering to little Aunt* besides the flowers that I will get in Exeter. How would Mrs Brownings letters do? People seem to like them very much. If you will get William to get a good bookatee and bring it with you it will be safer than for me to send at this late hour. I thought about it last week and then quite forgot to speak -- more shame to me. Here we have several inches more of light snow, but that will carry off the rest in this bright sunshine. Much

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

love from an affectionate sister. We were in New York this time last year weren't we?

Notes

98: 5 March fell on a Saturday in 1898.

Aunt Bell: Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Emerson: This may be Sylvia Hathaway Watson Emerson. Key to Correspondents.

Frances: Probably Frances Perry, daughter of Lucretia Fisk Perry. Key to Correspondents.

Rebecca: Rebecca Young. Key to Correspondents.

The identities of Lucy and of Polly Keags have not yet been discovered.

Rollins: Probably this is Ellen Augusta Lord Rollins (1835-1922), a South Berwick friend of the family.

Tyler: Augusta Tyler and her sister, Hattie Denny. Key to Correspondents.

Andrew Grants: This may be Andrew Grant (1810-1905). Old Berwick Historical Society.

Clarks: A number of Clarks resided in South Berwick. It is not yet known which this may have been.

Helen ... T.J.: Jewett is preparing for traveling in Europe. S. O. Jewett planned to depart in early April, and Mary Jewett and Theodore Eastman planned to join her in the summer. Helen Bigelow Merriman (Key to Correspondents) also traveled to Europe in the spring of 1898.

T.J / Stubby is Theodore Jewett Eastman.

The *SS Canada* (1896) was a British Dominion Line passenger liner between Liverpool and Montreal. Wikipedia.

Mary Woods: Mary Woods has not yet been identified. Residing in nearby Rollinsford, NH at this time was Mary L. Woods (1865-1937).

little Aunt: This is Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell. Key to Correspondents. Perhaps the family is planning for an early birthday celebration, for Aunt Bell's birthday on 14 April comes after the planned departure for Europe of Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Adams Fields.

Mrs Brownings letters: Perhaps Jewett is suggesting *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, 2 vols., ed. Frederic G. Kenyon. London (1897). Browning (1806-1861) was a British poet. Wikipedia.

William: Probably William Perry Fiske. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 100, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Exeter Mch. 7th 98

Dear Sarah:

I am speechless with sleep so its but little of a letter that you will get but it shall be made up in talk tomorrow. The little visit with Frances* is a great pleasure, and I am so glad I came{.} Uncle Will came to the station for me, and presently Uncle John ensued very quiet and nice so that I am sure his companion as he calls her must

[*Page 2*]

have a good influence!

I saw her a few minutes this afternoon at a Cooking Club lecture that I went to with Frances, and she seems a nice woman. I only hope that nothing will get her away for what we should do to get so proper a person again I do not know.

Frances and I have indulged in much talk, and there's more to follow, all the subjects not being exhausted yet{.}

I fell in with Mrs. John Hobbs and Bessie* in the cars this

[*Page 3*]

morning. I havent seen the latter for several years. That is a place where we must go for a call soon.

How nice about the steamer{.} It seems to me the very thing of all others. Here's a letty from Thider who seems to be having a good season of recreation after his late severe labors [*mark*] Didnt M Doumer* come yesterday? I thought you said he was bidden, but you didn't say he came.

I left the family well this morning, and all cheerful except Toes* who was very solemn

[*Page 4*]

when he saw the trunk as usual. No. I do not believe I shall go to town now except on Friday with Aunt Bell as I promised for the day, and then go home Saturday. I wondered if you couldn't fetch a compass and lunch at the Mayflower Club, but we will talk about that Wednesday. I must see about little Aunts* flowers tomorrow. This is a poor letty, but if you knew how sleepy I am!

Affly
M.R.J.

Notes

Frances ... Uncle Will ... Uncle John: Frances Perry and her father Dr. William Perry.

Jewett's uncle, John Taylor Perry, lost his wife, Sarah Chandler Perry, in 1897. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. John Hobbs and Bessie: Probably these are Elizabeth T. Kittredge Hobbs (1835-1913) and her daughter, Elizabeth Kittridge Hobbs (1876-1967). Mr. Hobbs was John E. Hobbs (1829-1919).

Doumer: French politician, mathematician and educator, Paul Doumer. (1857-1931). See Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc to Annie Adams Fields of 27 January 1898.

Toes: Toes or Toesy is described in a letter from Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Jewett of 9 July 1901 as a "little dog."

Aunt Bell: Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell. Key to Correspondents.

little Aunts: This is Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 100, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Rebecca Young to Sarah Orne Jewett

So Berwick. Me.
March 10. 1898.

My dear Sarah.

Such a beautiful week as we are having for birthdays & trips to the [post *?*] of Portland, & a general settlings of every thing from the appropriation for our "national defence"* to the snow-drifts before our [windows *?*].

[*Page 2*]

I saw Annie Baskin* a moment this morning & the visit was a great pleasure, & it will be fully reported later. She came in the bank to ask me to go to the society with her this afternoon, but I had promised to have tea with Mrs. Tyler & Miss Denny,* & to be honest, I was glad to have such a pretty reason for declining.

[*Page 3*]

I began this at noon, & soon John* came in to ask me to ride a little way with him & I went at once. And now it is "after four" & your nice letter has come for which with its interesting items I am deeply grateful. I am so glad the birthday was so pleasant in all ways -- & you & Mary could be in it & also add so much to the happiness

[*Page 4*]

of the dear little aunt.

Charley has just told me of the death of his uncle Mr. Alexander Plumer.* I knew he was quite sick in Florida. His wife was bitter when they heard of his illness --

Later

I have just had a nice call from Mrs. [Greenlaw *?*]* & went with her to introduce her {to} Mrs. Tyler & Miss Denny & now must hurry this to the mail. I will give your messages to John & the girls.* Please give my love to Mrs. Fields thanking her for her kind [rembrance *so it appears*] of me. With dear love. Rebecca

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

Carrie & Mrs Pierce* wish me to thank you & Mrs. Fields for your congratulations & kind messages.

Notes

national defence: Young probably refers the impending Spanish-American War. Wikipedia.

Annie Baskin: This transcription is uncertain, and this person has not yet been identified.

Mrs. Tyler & Miss Denny: Augusta Maria Denny Tyler and her sister, Mary Harriet Denny. Key to Correspondents.

John: Probably, this is Jewett family employee, John Tucker. Later, when Young mentions John and the girls, she probably refers to the Jewett family household staff. Key to Correspondents.

Birthday ... Mary: Mary Rice Jewett. Probably the birthday they have celebrated is that of Mary Olivia Gilman Long, born 9 March 1810. Key to Correspondents.

Charley ... Plumer: Rev. Alexander Roberts Plumer (1827 - 7 March 1898) died in Deland, FL and was buried in the Portland Street Cemetery in South Berwick. Charley, his nephew, probably was Charles H. Wentworth (1866-1924). Find a Grave.

Mrs. Greenlaw: This transcription is uncertain. She appears to be a resident of South Berwick, but she has not yet been identified. See Jewett to Caroline Jewett Eastman of "Monday Morning" August 1896.

Carrie & Mrs Pierce: These people have not yet been identified. A Mrs. Pierce was a South Berwick dressmaker, mentioned in Jewett family letters of 1900.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. bMS Am 1743 (246). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Friday night
[*11 March 1898*]*

Dear Sarah:

What a beautiful day this has been! We journeyed home in great peace of mind, full of happiness to the brim and had no misadventures from beginning to end of our journey. Minnie Gilman came into the car and took the next seat to Aunt Mary* without ever seeing who it was so we had much friendly talk on the way down. She had been up to the opera which she said

[*Page 2*]

was hopelessly late in letting out last night by the way.

Uncle Will has been up this evening with every clever,* the dear soul. He brought this letter from Augusta, and I found one from Rebecca.* It's a great relief that Alex Plumer's dead I should think for he was almost helpless in body, and pretty far gone in mind, besides his wife is very feeble and probably cannot live long. Do tell Mrs. Emerson* what a good time we had. It was truly kind of her to give us the pleasure and we were both so glad to

[*Page 3*]

see Mrs. Fields,* for I supposed the Board Meeting would rise up and snatch her away.

I hope you found Mrs. Haven* better. Did you get to Eva's also? There isnt any news from Mrs. Tyson* is there yet? Meant to have spoken with you but forgot it, for it seems as if they must have come to something like a decision before this.

Anyway it would have been civil if she had sent a little bread & butter letter to us, if no more!

Tomorrow we hope to call on Cousin Fanny,* unless the

[*Page 4*]

promised rain comes, and I also wish to speak with John* if I can get a chance.

Aunt Mary just came along with more things to say about her good time, especially wishing her love sent to you{.} I send mine to you both and now good night,

Always affly

MRJ

We found four excellent kittens had arrived during our absence!

Notes

11 March 1898: This date is supported by Jewett's mentioning the death of Alexander Plumer, which occurred on 7 March 1898. However, the letter may have been composed a few weeks later. Another undated letter from Mary to Sarah seemingly closely related to this one is tentatively dated near 14 April.

Minnie Gilman ... Aunt Mary: This Aunt Mary probably was Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell. While this is not certain, Minnie Gilman may be Mary G. Gilman, daughter of Alice Dunlap Gilman. Key to Correspondents.

every clever: This appears to be a nickname for William, the infant child of Frances and Albertus Dudley. Frances was the daughter of Jewett correspondent, Aunt Lucretia Perry.

Uncle Will ... Rebecca: Rebecca Young and, probably, Dr. William Gilman Perry (1823-1910). Key to Correspondents.

Augusta ... Alex Plumer: Augusta may be Augusta Maria Denny Tyler. Key to Correspondents.

Rev. Alexander Roberts Plumer (1827- 7 March 1898). His obituary at Find a Grave says he died of "paralysis, in DeLand, Fla."

Mrs. Emerson: Probably Sylvia Hathaway Watson Emerson. Key to Correspondents.

Haven: This may be Susan M. P. H. Haven, wife of George Wallis Haven. She died 9 April 1898.

Eva's: Eva von Blomberg. Key to Correspondents.

Tyson: Emily Davis Tyson. Key to Correspondents. Jewett wonders whether Tyson will purchase the Hamilton mansion in South Berwick, as she eventually did.

Cousin Fanny: Probably Frances Fisk Perry Dudley. John may be John Tucker. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 100, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Rebecca Young to Mary Rice Jewett

S. Berwick Me.
March 11, 1898.

My dear Mamie --

I have heard about the success of the birthday -- from your letter to Mrs. Tyler* & from Sarah's nice letter which came yesterday. Sarah enjoyed it all, & it was a pleasure having a friend to take the voyage with her.

[*Page 2*]

I had commenced a letter to Sarah at noon when John* came in and asked me {to} take a turn with him up the Junction ^road^ & I hurried off, & was well underway again "after four," and Nora [Gunlaw *?*]* came for a call on us both & which I monopolized this time. Then I went over to Mrs Tyler's* to introduce her to the ladies, & it was a good time, & I afterward succeeded in

[*Page 3*]

getting my writing signed sealed & delivered before six.

A letter from Annie* said she had just finished her [month *?*] at Mrs Pierce's, and they both wept at the parting. Mrs P. thinks she is as well as ever, & William is a dear boy who already smiles!

Mr Alexander Plumer* died in Florida the first of this week & Charley never told me until I

[*Page 4*]

heard it from Mrs Jaques on the street & asked him. Mr. Wentworth had told me he was very sick.

There is a great cheerfulness in the house, & you are expected to-morrow. I have not yet told them you might stay until Monday, but I will later to-day if a letter does not come from you telling me your plans definitely. Do stay if you would enjoy it -- Everything is all right here as far as I can tell.

With dear love always
Rebecca

[*Up the right side of page 4*]

Timmy* has just come in speaking so pretty!

Notes

Tyler: Augusta Maria Tyler and Sarah Orne Jewett.

Jewett apparently has reported on the birthday celebration of her aunt, Mary Olivia Gilman Long on 9 March. See Young's letter to Sarah Orne Jewett of 10 March 1898.

John: John Tucker. Key to Correspondents.

Gunlaw: This transcription is uncertain. Young mentions a Mrs. Greenlaw in her letter of 10 March 1898.

Mrs. Pierce's: A Mrs. Pierce was a South Berwick dressmaker, mentioned in Jewett family letters of 1900. Annie was Anna Simpson Barker (1834-1921), a close friend of Jewett and Young.

William seems to be connected with Mrs. Pierce, but he has not yet been identified.

Plumer ... Charley ... Jaques ... Wentworth: Rev. Alexander Roberts Plumer (1827 - 7 March 1898) died in Deland, FL and was buried in the Portland Street Cemetery in South Berwick. Charley, his nephew, probably was Charles H. Wentworth (1866-1924). Emma D. Jaques (1849-1937) and her husband Dr. Edwin D. Jaques, M.D. (1841-1932) also are buried at Portland St. Cemetery. Find a Grave.

Timmy: A Jewett family dog.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 8, Item 388,

IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*12 March 1898*]*

Dear Sarah:

I'll begin my letter because there wont be time in the morning probably to say much before the mail goes, and I desire to state how much pleasure your visit gave everyone of us, and Aunt Bell* has said over and over what a pleasure it was to see Mrs. Emerson{.} She has quite fallen at her feet you see. Cousin Fanny stayed on for some time and was urged to stay to tea but declined.

Dear little Aunt* was full of delight in her pleasure with

[*Page 2*]

the flowers &c, and held out nobly to the end, but we all laughed until we cried over a most ridiculous thing that happened. She looked at her watch and said it was time for August* so her outer garments were set on, and she sat down to wait but no August appeared for some time. Then Mary went and looked at the clock to find that it was an hour too soon! You should have seen the fun that flashed out in Aunt Marys face when she found it out. August said that there were many more flowers waiting for her, so she must have had another celebration when she got home. Tomorrow night

[*Page 3*]

Aunt Mary has asked the Greens* (her parson) and Frances to dine and we are going to do some errands in the morning{.}

I hope you weren't dead tired when you got home, after all your days work, but I hardly see why you should not have been.

Dear little Aunt said tonight "I haven't any children dear, but my nieces are just as good," which sounded so very cheerful. It really was wonderful how she kept quite straight about things, and only once or twice had to ask about the same thing.

[*Page 4*]

Both Aunt Bell and Mary said that she seemed far stronger in [mind *corrected*] and body than last year. Isn't it delightful? Little Mary has decided not to try to supply Minnie's place this summer, but that nice Margaret here will look after her at the beach, and Lizzie will do it until she goes down after Minnie is gone, and in the meantime they can be looking about for the right person.

Love to Mrs. Fields & I shall be looking forward to seeing you [Tuesday *?*] Affly

MRJ.

Notes

12 March 1898: This letter seems to follow upon that Mary Jewett's letter to Sarah Orne Jewett tentatively dated 11 March 1898.

Aunt Bell ... Mrs. Emerson ... Cousin Fanny: Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell, Sylvia Hathaway Watson Emerson, and probably Frances Fisk Perry Dudley. Key to Correspondents.

Little Aunt: Aunt Mary Long's birthday was 9 March, suggesting that the celebration mentioned here is related to her birthday. In 1898, she would have been 88 years old.

August: This person has not yet been identified. Aunt Bell's sister, Maria Gray, married Augustus Lord Soule (1827-1887). Find a Grave.

Little Mary ... Minnie's ... Margaret ... Lizzie: Little Mary may be Aunt Bell's daughter, Mary Long Gilman (1860-1917). Minnie may be Mary G. Gilman, daughter of Alice Dunlap Gilman. Lizzie is Elizabeth Cutts Parks (1831-1918), mentioned in *The Placenames of South Berwick*, pp. 72, 82, a near Jewett neighbor. According to this account, her family helped to found the First Baptist Church of South Berwick in the early 19th century.

Margaret has not yet been identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 100, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Sunday [*unrecognized abbreviation*]
[13 *March 1898*]*

Dear Sarah:

I wish you were here for it is so dear and pleasant and still. Even with the [five *?*] small boys in the house for they are over in May's room very happy with some books and four small kittens.

Aunt Mary and I went to church this morning and then Johnny and Fanny came to [visit *?*] with every pleasant particular after which Aunt Bell and I went to dinner at Dannys, and as we were coming home we heard

[*Page 2*]

Will Chadwick* playing so as the door stood wide open we walked in and seated ourselves behind him until he had finished. You ought to have seen his astonished face when [he *written over* we] turned and saw us. Yesterday I went up to Aunt Mary's and found her very glad to see a friend because it was too damp for her to go out in the morning. After that I had a nice call over the river, and Cousin Fanny showed the house with great glee. Isnt it delightful to see them so comfortable and happy? [Saidy *?*]* got home from

[*Page 3*]

his annual journey last night which didn't extend beyond New York and Philadelphia this time I believe.

Late in the morning I called on Uncle and so ends these days, except that Minnie came to dinner. She is always so friendly and pleasant that we forgive her for the things she is not and Danny too. They are so cordial in their welcome always.

I do not believe Ned is at home for he has not appeared all the week. He stays in Boston most of the time now, only coming back for Sundays. I got a chance yesterday to tell Uncle John how much we

[*Page 4*]

liked Miss Simmons* which seemed to gratify him, but he is a queer child.

Here is a letter from Aunt Helen, and I wonder if we cannot go down for a night while you are at home?

You will want to go sometime [before *written over something*] you go away. We can settle that when you come though. I am going tomorrow at five, and shall hope [*mark*] to see you next day. Love would be sent if it was known that I am writing, but here's enough of mine to make up.

Affly yours
MR.J.

Notes

1898: If Edward Gilman is identified correctly, then this letter was composed before his death in 1901. That the other Jewett sister is not mentioned suggests that this letter is from after Caroline Jewett Eastman's death in 1897. Further, Jewett announces the arrival of four kittens in her letter of 11 March 1898 and notes here that Sarah Jewett expects to go away soon. On this slender foundation, I have placed this letter in the month before Sarah Jewett's departure for her 1898 tour in Europe.

May's: Jewett probably was visiting family, probably in Exeter, MA. Known members of the family mentioned are:

Aunt Mary Olivia Gilman Long, probably also called May (d. October 1904).

Aunt Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell (d. February 1904).

Ned may be her son, Edward Harrison Gilman (d. 1901).

Danny probably was her son, Daniel Gilman (1851-1923). Minnie Crawford Gilman (1861-1933) was his wife. Their son, also Daniel (b. 1889), may be present.

Fanny is likely to be an adopted daughter of Aunt Bell, Fanny Gilman, but this is not certain.

Great Aunt Helen Williams Gilman (d. December 1904).

"Uncle" may be her son-in-law John Taylor Gilman Nichols.

Johnny has not yet been identified.

Will Chadwick: This person has not been identified. Perhaps he was the American painter, William Chadwick (1879-1962). Wikipedia.

Saidy: This transcription is doubtful, and the person has not yet been identified.

Miss Simmons: This person has not yet been identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908.

This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 100, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Helen Cross Knight to Sarah Orne Jewett

March 14, 1898

Sarah, my dear, all winter your kind letter, appreciating and approving [my *corrected*] [*unrecognized word or words*] has been simmering in my heart, and of late I have taken "my pen in hand" on the strength ^of it^ to put into a readable and publishable form a paper on "Trust" and "Ought", which I wrote for a club, a little brochure

[*Page 2*]

for autumn sales --

If shaped in a form satisfactory to myself, may I send it to you to see how it strikes you. It can be easily read, tho' I detest reading manuscript myself, but the [loss *?*] of Love, which I expatiate on, teaches us to do much which the natural man does not take kindly to --

The winter has passed with a slumberous swiftness, as time [does *?*] the nearer we come

[*Page 3*]

to the end of it -- and I feel very near the [unseen *?*], which give me more and more a profound interest in currents of life [surging *?*] around and over me -- It is delightful to live and death is but an incident of life --

But where are they who have gone? [*unrecognized passage*]* as the spring opens -- all who knew her do. How inexpressibly sad is Mrs. Haven's* serious illness.

Oh, dear! will she never come

[*Page 4*]

back to her beautiful home.

I wonder where you are -- your [*unrecognized word*] gift, Mrs. Stowe,* has found admiring readers. Her autobiography was too big to send -- Mrs. Fields has done her work gracefully and [kindly *?*] -- Have I thanked you and dear Mary for it. I hope your [sweet *?*] words to me did not rob me of my manners -- With love, born and [cherished *?*] by a long [past *?*]

H.C.K.

Notes

"Trust" and "Ought": As with many words in this challenging manuscript, I am not certain of these transcriptions. It is not yet known whether Knight completed and published papers with these titles.

It is possible that one unrecognized word is "Jane." In that case, Knight may refer to her book, *Jane Taylor: Her Life and Letters* (American Tract Society, 1868).

passage: Knight has revised this passage, increasing the difficulty of making out her eccentric hand. The passage *may* read: "Susie is mourning for precious Bessie / Jessie." However, "mourning" appears to be deleted, and inserted are three words I've failed to recognize, except for the 2nd: "is."

Mrs. Haven's: Probably this is Susan Manning Peters Halliburton Haven (1830- 9 April 1898), the mother, by her first marriage, of Jewett's close friend, Georgina Halliburton. Key to Correspondents, and Mrs. Haven's entry at Find a Grave.

Mrs. Stowe: Harriet Beecher Stowe. Annie Adams Fields published her *Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe* in 1897. Key to Correspondents for Stowe and Fields.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: bMS Am 1743 (128), Knight, H. G. 2 Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett; 1898-1903.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

[*15 March 1898*]*

Dearest Mrs. Fields:

I am so sorry not to use the precious ticket, and much more sorry not to be with you and Miss Jewett on Thursday. But every hour of that day is used up, and marked off, for me; not with such charming things either! I am even tempted to stay over night in town, (with Mrs. Blake,)* so that I may discharge a morning errand, without two intervening journeys by rail. Even! But I do thank you heartily. Dear, dear! (which must be you, as well as the Abstract,) did I say the "Hancock" Lamb*? I was wrong;

[*Page 2*]

for yours, from the etching on copper, is most certainly the Pulham,* done, I think, about 1826. I will correct this, in the proof. The Hancock ^drawing,^ also a profile, is much earlier, and much bonnier; though everybody who knew C.L. approved the other, almost grotesque as it is. -- All this reminds me to slip in, with candor and confidence, a note not from the post. Do, please, let the deserving Critic have its way, just this once! Unless you really won't! Je vous salue, tout deux, de bon coeur.

L. I. G.

Tues. P.M.

[*Page 3*]

How should I have forgotten my just-given message of thanks to you, from a Mrs. Mother who does not get out these days, though she is quite well otherwise, owing to a troublesome left foot? I hope Mr. Copeland may do all honor to Rudyard Rex.*

Notes

15 March 1898: The Huntington Library assigned to this letter the date of 20 March 1898. As the notes below indicate, the letter almost certainly was composed not long before 4 June 1898. Guiney's 20 March 1898 letter to Fields continues the discussion in this letter of portraits of Charles Lamb and mentions Guiney participating in the celebration of St. Patrick's Day on Thursday 17 March. This letter, therefore, seems likely to have been composed on the previous Tuesday, 15 March.

Mrs. Blake: Mary Alice Houghton Blake (1863-1919). See Guiney to Fields of 15 February 1898.

"Hancock" Lamb: British engraver, Robert Hancock (1730-1817) produced portraits of many contemporaries, including British author, Charles Lamb (1785-1834). See Meisterdrucke Fine Art Prints.

British artist James Brook Pulham (1791-1860) also produced a portrait of Lamb.

Critic: Guiney refers to her own essay in a series of "Authors at Home": "Mrs. James T. Fields in Boston," *The Critic* 29 (4 June 1898) pp. 367-9. In this piece, Guiney specifies that Fields's portrait of Lamb is by Hancock. See Guiney to Fields of 20 March 1898.

coeur: French: I greet both of you with a good heart.

Copeland ... Rudyard Rex: Probably, Guiney refers to Charles Townsend Copeland (1860-1952), a publisher and critic and a professor of English at Harvard University. It appears that she believes Copeland is writing about or perhaps planning a publication on British author, Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 26: mss FI 1549.

Annie Adams Fields to Sara Norton

148 Charles St. Boston
March 16th
[*1898 or 1904*]*

Dear Sally:

I have asked Mme Hopekirk for Sunday the 27th and we hope you can come in, the previous Saturday, and so give us two nights --

If I hear the lady (not of the lute! but) of the [piano *corrected*], cannot come I will let you know [and *corrected*] seek for another date because we are not willing to lose your visit --

What a pleasant party at your house! -- Affectionately yours

Annie Fields*

Notes

1898 or 1904: Sunday fell on 27 March in 1898 and 1904, dates that come between the year Helen Hopekirk joined the New England Conservatory and Jewett's death. When Fields speaks of "we," she almost certainly means to include Sarah Orne Jewett.

I have arbitrarily placed the letter in 1898, but 1904 seems just as likely.

Mme Hopekirk: Scottish-born pianist and composer, Helen Hopekirk (1856-1945) was head of the piano department at the New England Conservatory from autumn 1897, though she had toured in the United States in the 1880s and again in 1891-2.

It would appear they also hope a "lady of the lute" will attend, but the identity of this person is unknown. Norton was a cellist.

Fields: Below the signature are characters, probably in another hand and reading "797" which appears to have been at one time part of the Houghton's identification number.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Letters received by the Norton family VII. Letters to Sara Norton, Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. MS Am 1088.1.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett
Fragment

March 18, 1898.

The last of the four quatrefoils is done to-day:* and I have a momentary sensation like Christian's when the pack fell off. . . .* There's that in the Spring which makes a strange tumult and lends wings to the Dream.

Notes

quatrefoils: A conventionalized representation of a flower with four petals or of a leaf with four leaflets. This was one of Whitman's favorite forms, appearing in many of her stained-glass windows and in other designs as well.

Christian's when the pack fell off: Christian appears in *Pilgrim's Progress* (1678, 1684), a popular allegory by John Bunyan, (1628-1688). Christian tries in many ways to relieve himself of the burden he carries in his search for salvation, but finally it falls from his back when he follows the straight and narrow path of salvation and comes to the cross and a sepulcher, signs of the death and resurrection of Christ.

This transcription appears in *Letters*, Sarah Wyman Whitman. Cambridge, MA: Riverside Press, 1907, "Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett: 1882-1903," pp. 61-109.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

[*20 March 1898*]*

Dearest Mrs. Fields:

Please let me have one little soft barnyard crow! because you see it was the Academy. And you have stirred me up about Maclise.* If Maclise

drew the Lamb, wasn't it after Brook Pulham's etching on copper? That thin-legged seated Elia,* with the horizontal and perpendicular folios spread before him, was made, I find (by borrowing Canon Ainger's Life) in 1825. There is no portrait of Lamb later than 1829; and Maclise, born in 1806, wouldn't be so likely to be at work on him ^in 1825^ as ^more^ contemporary artists would be: don't you think so? I am very anxious to be put right, after my first mere slip of the pen; but I boggle a little at Maclise,

[*Page 2*]

Why, I know not! I haven't a bit of real 'evidence' against him in the matter.

I missed you last Thursday when I paraded all by myself in front of a select audience, with a green flag* in my hair. May tomorrow bring you to that place we find so good! and to

Yours much and ever,

Louise.

20 March.

Notes

1898: As the notes below indicate, the letter almost certainly was composed not long before 4 June 1898. See Guiney to Fields of 15 March 1898.

Maclise: Daniel Maclise (1806-1870) was an Irish painter and illustrator, working mainly in London, England. His portrait of British author, Charles Lamb (1785-1834) probably was posthumous, 1835 or later.

In Guiney to Fields of 15 March, she seems to be discussing the portrait of Lamb that hung in Fields's drawing room, to be sure of the accuracy of her article in a series of "Authors at Home": "Mrs. James T. Fields in Boston," *The Critic* 29 (4 June 1898) pp. 367-9. In this piece, Guiney specifies that Fields's portrait of Lamb is by British engraver, Robert Hancock (1730-1817). But in that letter, she seems convinced that Fields owns the James Brook Pulham (1791-1860) portrait.

It is not clear why Guiney mentions the *Academy*. Presumably, she refers to the literary magazine published in London from 1869 to 1902.

English biographer Alfred Ainger (1837-1904) published his *Charles Lamb* in 1882.

Elia: A Charles Lamb pen name.

green flag: Presumably, Guiney refers to a celebration of St. Patrick's Day, on Thursday 17 March 1898.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 26: mss FI 1560.

Emily Tyson to Sarah Orne Jewett

314 Dartmouth St

Mch. 22 -- 1898*

Tuesday.

My dear Miss Jewett,

All our roads seem to lead us toward Hamilton House, [thgh *?*] it has taken some time to find it out. Now -- you see what trouble a first kind step leads to -- can you tell me who in Berwick can do the necessary things for me -- making an offer, looking up

[*Page 2*]

2

the title etc etc.. I am advised next to send a broker from Boston. Is that good or bad advice?

I shall never be able to tell you how pleasant my visit to you was! [That and *?*] Hamilton House are very much [mixed *?*] in my mind & [when we begin & the] ends [*one or two unrecognized words*]

[*Page 3*]

[make into *?*]. It is all one grand & [comfortable *?*] whole & I like it, & [thank your pleasant friends *?*]. With kind remembrances to your sister I am

faithfully yours
Emily Tyson

Notes

1898: The date may be penciled in another hand.

Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett in South Berwick, cancelled in Boston on 22 March 1898.

Tyson's handwriting is very challenging, and I have made many guesses. Anyone working seriously with this letter should consult the manuscript.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 5, Item 220. I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

30 Mar.
[*1898*]*

Dearest Mrs. Fields,

I must be very dull! for I did not know until this week that you were off to the old world, and I struggled in vain to reach 'Charley Street'* and leave my love at the door. It is dear good news, too, although it take Berenice out of my sky.* Can't I do something to be useful, either now, or after

you have flown away? (It would make me miss you a bit less!)

It will please you, I think, to know that Mr. Alden* has taken my long, long, semi-dramatic verse about SS. Didymus and Theodora, of Diocletian's time: probably because he can evolve pictures out of it. Such a fat cheque, too! I have hardly recovered my breath. Much love to Miss Jewett and ever to you from

L.I.G.

Notes

1898: This date is based upon Guiney's references to Fields's 1898 trip to Europe and the publication of Guiney's poem, "The Martyrs' Idyl." See notes below.

'Charley Street': Fields's Boston home at 148 Charles Street.

Berenice out of my sky: Guiney refers to the asterism, Coma Berenices, a group of stars in the northern sky named for Queen Berenice II of Egypt.

Mr. Alden: Henry Mills Alden at *Harper's*. Key to Correspondents.

Guiney's "The Martyrs' Idyl" appeared in her 1899 book, *The Martyrs' Idyl and Shorter Poems* (1899), after appearing with many illustrations by E. Grassky in *Harper's Magazine* 98 (December 1898) pp. 130-141.

Her poem concerns the Christian saints and martyrs Theodora and Didymus, who died in Alexandria, Egypt in 304 C.E.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 26: mss FI 1570.

Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc to Annie Adams Fields

[*Before 1 April 1898*]*

No, dear Annie, I'll make no plans until I know yours, because I can so easily change mine! I have been going over many ideas about your visit, first of all to offer you and Sarah my apartment in Paris. I did the same this last summer for a dear Russian friend (the only woman, alas, whom my poor son has loved!) and she simply accepted, without causing me the least inconvenience. I was in La Ferté, just an hour away;

[*Page 2*]

I went to her, and she came to me, and she made her arrangements with the maid I left at her disposal, just as if she were at home. You two will do the same, and then we will spend as much time together as possible in the countryside, and you will avoid hotels and furnished houses. You will have "a home." This will be very little compared to what you provided during my visit,* but we do what we can. Remember that the memory of my time with you is always a consolation

[*Page 3*]

in the darkest moments, and there are many of them in my life, dispossessed of all that I love most: Édouard who is in Meux and who plans to go even further away, and Louis* whose business holds him deep in Auvergne. There is my little girl. But a child, however agreeable, is not enough. One enjoys being her slave, but that's all, at least when, like Miss Lili,* she is only 13 months. And then I leave her mostly to her mother; it is well at least that she has one compensation in the world. Mrs. Gilder and the Vitis* dined at Mr. Blanc's. Of course I was invited too.

[*Page 4*

Cross-written in large script down the lower center of this page: Annie.]

Etta looked delightful in a fluffy and light white dress. Her husband seems nice enough, but not especially intelligent, and, strangely enough, the wife's adoration of her husband seemed rather faint, as sometimes happens in such cases. Our conversation was not very intellectual, the subjects being the wines and Mr. Blanc's art collection. However, like you, she hated the D'Annunzio* novel that her husband also did not like, though he found in it some beautiful parts. I am, I confess, less scandalized. If it was *The Child of Pleasure* by the same author published in the *Revue de Paris* and certainly superior as a work of art, I would agree that this sensual obsession that reigns everywhere is unhealthy.

[*Page 5*]

But *The Triumph of Death* impressed me otherwise. I see in it a terrible moral truth. First of all, this analysis of an inherited but also nurtured and cherished nervous disease will perhaps give certain people the courage to react against a condition so disagreeable and so common, alas! Then don't you appreciate the fatal revenge taken on the selfish man by this creature he has corrupted,

[*Page 6*]

having molded her in his own image for his own pleasure, until he finally felt overtaken and terrified by her, until he is persuaded he has set loose a monster he must destroy. Doubtless, it is jealousy that drives him, the fear that she will bewitch others in the same way, but more than that, there is his dread of the monstrous doppelgänger he has created. What I felt while reading this is

nothing short of high seriousness, I assure you, and part 3, in the countryside, is masterful.

[*Cross-written down from the left margin of page 5*]

But now I speak of literary merit, when I really wanted to talk about the other

[*4 lines not translated*].*

In the next issue of the magazine, you will enjoy Vernon Lee,* who shares your opinion. Love me nevertheless, despite my wickedness.

I embrace you from my heart

Th

Notes

1898: Blanc wrote this letter during the time that Fields and Jewett were planning their extended trip to France and England during April - September, 1898.

my visit: Blanc visited the United States in the spring and summer of 1897, including stays with Fields and with Jewett.

Édouard ... Louis: Blanc's son and her nephew. See Blanc in Key to Correspondents.

Lili: See Blanc in Key to Correspondents. As explained in the correspondents entry, the identity of "Lili" is ambiguous. Almost certainly in this letter Blanc refers to the younger of the two girls she seems to have called "Lili," her grand-niece, Alice de Solms.

Mrs. Gilder ... the Vitis ... Mr. Blanc's: Joseph Louis Alexandre Blanc was Mme. Blanc's estranged husband.

Mrs. Gilder probably is American artist, Helena de Kay Gilder (1846-1916). She married American poet and Jewett correspondent, Richard Watson Gilder. Key to Correspondents.

While this is not certain, it may be that the Vitis were the American-born Italian activist Harriet Lathrop Dunham (1864-1939) and her husband, Italian economist and politician, Antonio de Viti de Marco.

D'Annunzio: Italian author, Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863-1938). His novels included *Il Piacere* (*The Child of Pleasure*, 1889) and *Il Trionfo Della Morte* (*The Triumph of Death*, 1894).

not translated: We are uncertain about much of the text on this cross-written page and, therefore, we have no clear sense of what Blanc may mean.

Vernon Lee: Pen name of Violet Paget. Key to Correspondents. Her essay concerning D'Annunzio's *The Triumph of Death* has not yet been located.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda mss FI 1-5637, Box 5.

Transcription

Non, chère Annie, Je ne ferai
aucuns projets jusqu'à ce que
je connaisse les vôtres
parce que les miens peuvent
si facilement se remettre!
Depuis longtemps je roule
dans ma tête toute sorte de
choses qui vous concernent
et d'abord de mettre à
votre disposition et à celle
de Sarah, quand vous viendrez
mon appartement de
Paris. J'ai fait cela
cet été pour une chère
amie russe (la seule femme,
hélas, que mon pauvre
fils ait aimée!) et elle a
accepté simplement
sans me causer l'ombre
d'un dérangement. J'étais
à La Ferté, à proximité d'une
heure;

[*Page 2*]

J'allais à elle, elle venait
à moi et elle 's'arrangeait
avec ma bonne que
je lui avais laissée comme
si elle eut été chez elle.
Vous ferez de même,
et puis nous passerons
ensemble le plus de
temps possible à la
campagne et vous
éviterez les hôtels, les maisons
meublées, vous aurez un
home. Ce sera bien peu
de chose auprès de ce
que vous m'avez donné
mais on fait a qu'on
peut. Songez que le souvenir
de ma vie chez vous est
une consolation que Je

[*Page 3*]

retrouve toujours aux
moments les plus noirs
et ils sont nombreux dans
ma vie dépossédée de tout
ce que j'aime le plus: Edouard
qui est à [Meux *?*] et qui compte
aller plus loin encore
et Louis que ses affaires
fixent au fond de l'Auvergne.

Il y a bien ma petite fille.
Mais un enfant, si gentil
qu'il soit, ne remplace rien.
On a plaisir à être son esclave,
voilà tout, du moins quand
il a 13 mois comme M^elle Lili.
Et puis je la laisse beaucoup
à sa mère; c'est bien le
moins que celle-ci ait une
compensation au monde.
Mrs Gilder et les Viti ont
diné chez M. Blanc, j'étais
invitée aussi bien entendu.

[*Page 4*]

Cross-written in large script down the lower center of this page: Annie.]

Etta était délicieuse dans une
robe blanche mousseuse et
aérienne. Son mari paraît
très bon; je serais étonnée
qu'il fût un aigle, et, chose
curieuse, il me semble que
l'adoration est surtout marquée
du côté de la femme très éteinte
comme il arrive en pareil
cas. -- Nous avons en une
conversation ^assez^ peu intellectuelle
les vins et les tableaux de M. Blanc
étant surtout en cause;
cependant elle a lapidé comme
vous le roman d'Annunzio
que son mari n'a que peu
défendu tout en y trouvant
de beaux morceaux. je suis,
je l'avoue, moins scandalisée.
S'il s'agissait de l'Enfant de volupté
du même auteur paru dans la
Revue de Paris et certainement
supérieur comme oeuvre d'art,
je conviendrais que cette obsession
sensuelle qui régne partout
est malsaine. Mais le Triomphe

[*Page 5*]

de la Mort m'a impressionnée
autrement. Il s'en dégage pour
moi une moralité terrible.
D'abord cette analyse de la maladie
nerveuse héritée mais aussi
entretenue et chérie donnera
peut-être à certaines gens le
courage de réagir contre un
état si antipathique et si
fréquent hélas! Ensuite ne
sentez-vous pas la revanche
fatale prise sur l'homme égoïste
par cette créature qu'il a [flétrie *?*],

[*Page 6*]

modelée à sa propre image pour
son propre plaisir, jusqu'à se
sentir à la fin avec effroi dépassé
par elle, jusqu'à juger qu'il
a formé un monstre qu'il faut
supprimer? Sans doute c'est la
jalousie qui le pousse, la peur
qu'elle ne verse la même ivresse
à d'autres, mais plus haut que cela
il y a l'effroi du monstre qu'il a
formé semblable à lui. Ce que
j'ai ressenti, en lisant cela n'avait
rien que de sérieux, je vous assure, et la
3e partie dans la compagne est un
chef d'oeuvre.

[*Cross-written down from the left margin of page 5*]

Mais là je [reviens *?*] au
mérite littéraire, et je ne voulais parler que
de l'autre l'autre [dans Annunzio
un assez relamé ?]
[*unrecognized word*], est d'ailleurs
[insouciant *?*].
Vous allez aimer
dans le prochain
no de la revue, Vernon Lee qui pense comme
vous. Aimez-moi
aussi malgré ma wickedness.
Je vous embrasse
le coeur

Th

Caroline Howard King to Sarah Orne Jewett

28 Chestnut St. Salem
Monday April 4th
[*1898*]*

[*Printed letterhead consisting of overlapping initials: CHK*]

My dear Sarah,

I have just heard from Susan Cabot,* that you sail for Europe a week from to-day --. Susie* and I have led the life of dormice all winter, and we did not realize that your flitting was so near --

[*Page 2*]

and now we are filled with dismay, for we long to have a look at your face, and to hear the sound of your voice, once more, before you go --. Can you not come to Salem for an hour or two one day this week? (Of course I mean {"} Can you come?") Choose your own day and if you come by the 12.40 train from Boston and lunch with us, you will not

[*Page 3*]

lose much of your morning, and trains go back to Boston at all hours of the afternoon --. Do come, dear, for we love you, and have felt deeply disappointed not to be able to welcome you here this winter --. Did I lend you a little book of Uncle Gilman's* last summer? The Village Choir and Sir Peabody? I have an

[*Page 4*]

especial value for that copy, and missing it, have a vague remembrance of lending it to you --.

With much love from Susie

always affectionately
your friend and Cousin
Caroline H. K

We have a telephone, (No. 141 -- 4 Salem) if that is an easier way of communication for you than, writing --

[*Up the top left margin of page 1*]

Please give my love and Bon voyage, to Mrs Fields --

Notes

1898: "95", in another hand, is penciled below the date, upper right of page 1, but this clearly is mistaken regarding the date. An envelope associated with this letter is addressed to Jewett care of Fields in Boston, then forwarded to South Berwick. It was cancelled on 4 April 1898, which fell on a Monday. Jewett and Fields arrived in the U.K, on 18 April 1898.

Susan Cabot: Susan Burley Cabot. Key to Correspondents.

Susie: King's sister, Susan Gilman King. See King in Key to Correspondents.

Uncle Gilman's ... The Village Choir and Sir Peabody: Samuel Gilman (1791-1858) was the author of *Memoirs of a New England Village Choir: With Occasional Reflections* (1829). What King means by "Sir Peabody" is a mystery.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 3, Item 120 I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Tuesday eve --
[*5 April 1898*]*

Dear Sarah:

Your esteemed favor was received with pleasure this afternoon and Rebecca* desires me to state that she also received a communication. We have just parted with Annie and Mrs. Rollins who were in great feather and full of pleasant talk, but I do not seem to remember much that is interesting to tell you. It has been a great day for Mr. Tucker with two "parties"

[*Page 2*]

hauling hay, and a preliminary load of sawdust for the ice.

Between the loads Clinty* came in to do odd jobs in the house and set in all the handles of the chest of drawers so that is now standing in majesty in the dining room across the way where we think you will like to see it. I had some sewing to do on the machine so went over and sat with Augusta* between whiles, Mary Harriet being off for her daily tramp. There is a succession of visitors imminent, Arthur & Frances being set for Sunday, and the Torrances from Portland* tomorrow, Mrs. D. being Mrs J. B. Brown's sister and their York acquaintances.

[*Page 3*]

Next week some Miss MacKintosh is expected for a week -- all this being sprung upon me yesterday. They seem to be on the top wave of content, and long may it continue. I havent said any thing yet about our plans but shall tomorrow for fear that some wind will blow the tale to them as it did to Exeter, and they feel injured to hear it that way. I somehow thought Loulie's festa* was set for Thursday night of this week instead of tonight. It is fortunate that it is a fine night for the first appearance of one we know. Thiddy's nights rest must have been disturbed

[*Page 4*]

for the Advertiser said there was a [fire *?*] ^[*unrecognized word*]^ Holyoke [*six or more obscured words*] There was an item in the Transcript that Mr. Houghton* who used to be in Exeter is to preach in Cambridge at one of the churches next Sunday{.} I should so like to see him again for he was always so very [nice *?*]{.} It seems as if I had been gone from Boston forever, instead of less than a week. It was a great pleasure to be missed!

I keep counting my [marcies *so spelled*] in that visit and there seem to be new ones every time that skipped round in previous countings like chickens and didn't get into the reckoning. Everything seems to be going on pleasantly

[*Page 5*]

['fur zi no.']* Maggie* is still improving, so that today I saw her doing a few things about the kitchen. Her cold seems to have departed via her stomach, so that her strength and digestion are rather pulled down, but that you have heard before. It is better that than her lungs [aren't *?*] threatened to be. Rebecca is sewing away for

dear life, and so cheerful to be here. Was there ever such luck as that she had put into port before the storm? She harked way back to her first winter here yesterday, so grateful like and outspoken.

There won't be any more news

[*Page 6*]

from Thider probably until after Wednesday is over. I should be sorry if he does not pull through after all his hard work, but failures are neither uncommon nor deadly except to ones pride.

I shall not do anything about the return tickets I think for it would probably mean that you couldnt come with us if you delayed, and I depend upon one voyage in company. I saw that the Augusta Victoria and her sister ships were to touch at Cherbourg after this, which perhaps may be what you want{.} The French & the gymnasium sound very pretty and helpful. I have been thinking about Mrs. Haven*

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

and shall take an early opportunity to go down. Rebeccas love and mine{.} Good night says a sticky sister

M.R.J.

Notes

1898: This letter reports the serious illness of Susan Halliburton Haven, who died in Portsmouth, NH on 9 April 1898. This would have been shortly before Sarah Jewett and Annie Fields departed for their 1898 trip to Europe.

Rebecca: Jewett reports on the activities of a number of their neighbors and friends in South Berwick.

Annie was Anna Simpson Barker (1834-1921).

Mrs Rollins was Ellen Augusta Lord Rollins (1835-1922).

Rebecca was Rebecca Young. Key to Correspondents.

The Sewall family included Jotham Sewall (1847-1922) and his sisters, Helen D. Sewall (1845-1922) and Jane Sewall (1849-1952). See Pirsig, *The Placenames of South Berwick*, p. 75 and Find a Grave.

Augusta Denny Tyler and Mary Harriet Denny. Key to Correspondents.

Tucker: John Tucker: Key to Correspondents.

Clinty: This person has not yet been identified.

Arthur: Frances ... Torrances ... Mrs. D. ... Mrs J. B. Brown's sister ... MacIntosh: Presumably all of these people are connected with Mary Harriet Denny and Augusta Tyler, but none has yet been identified.

Loulie's: Louisa Dresel. Jewett's letter to Sarah Jewett from the next day indicates that the "festa" or "veast" did not go well.

Houghton: This person has not yet been identified.

no: Presumably "far as I know."

Maggie: Maggie may have been an employee of Annie Fields, mentioned in other letters, but it is not clear how Jewett would be able to report on seeing her. See Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett of Tuesday morning, December 1899.

Mrs. Haven: Susan Halliburton Haven died in Portsmouth, NH, on 9 April 1898. Key to Correspondents and Find a Grave.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 100, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

[Wednesday *corrected*]

[*6 April 1898*]*

Dear Sarah;

Here's a nice letter from [Soosan *?*]* to amuse you it being monstrous clever spoken. A big box of books French and otherwise arrived this morning and I have been deep in Mrs Oliphants* life of Montalembert all the evening which you must read unless you have done so already. She & Mary Harriet* got speaking of all that crowd of men about whom Hattie didnt seem

[*Page 2*]

to know very much -- hence the collection. Among them is the memoir of Mrs. Craven* and the Recit d'une Soeur &c &c. Life will be quite too brief to get through with all of them but some are charming. The Cowslip [*looks like* or Ibeteene] this is the Daisy goes straight to my heart for there~~s~~ ^are^ all our old [poems *corrected*] about 'Siddy [*unrecognized word*] Helen was drowned' with an accompanying picture of the well, all just as we used to have it besides many more old and dear friends. We must try to get us a copy, for this seems to have come from Clarke's{.}

[*Page 3*]

This has been a [festibut *so it appears*] day for with a pretty leg of lamb (for which I hope you will kindly pay Mrs. Fields*) to the fore we asked Annie

and Ellen* to their dinners after which they and Rebecca were taken out to drive for a little while. Jane Sewall came to call late but couldnt stay to tea because she was freighted with some sherbet for her mother which she had collected somewhere on her travels{.} She was overwhelmingly clever and all seemed well. Except that she mentioned Helen to be rather poorly. Poor Helen, who

[*Page 4*]

looks as if she could hardly creep about sometimes.

The company arrived across the way this afternoon and I have duly called. The daughter is very refined and nice, but the mother is apparently a wee grain off, and not very winning. I used to see them at York two different summers, and always liked Miss Torrance.* They are only to stay until tomorrow afternoon. Here's Thider's post card -- very solemn, but let us hope for the best! What a pity that Loulie's veast* came to such bad luck. Did you like Miss Cronin* singing the other night? You must have had much to live up to in being

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

with that lady in the velvet gown! There's a pea soup fog tonight which will eat up the snow, but we can bear to lose some. Goodnight from a pleasant sister.

Notes

1898: This date is not certain, but it is reasonably likely. See Mary Jewett to Sarah Jewett of 5 April 1898.

Soosan: Usually, Jewett referred by first name only to her cousin Susan Jameson Jewett (1857-1964).

Oliphants life of Montalembert: Scottish author, Margaret Oliphant (1828-1897) published her two volume *Memoir of Count de Montalembert A chapter of recent French history* in 1872. Wikipedia and WorldCat.

Mary Harriet: Mary Harriet Denny. See Augusta Maria Denny Tyler in Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Craven: Wikipedia says: "Pauline Marie Armande Aglaé Craven (née Ferron de La Ferronnays; 12 April 1808 - 1 April 1891) was a French author." Her memoir, *Récit d'une Soeur: Souvenirs de Famille* was published in Paris in 1866; an English translation, *A Sister's Story,* by Emily Bowles appeared in 1868.

The Cowslip ... Helen was drowned: Some transcriptions in this passage are uncertain, and it remains mysterious. It appears that Jewett refers to an anthology containing poems they have enjoyed. "The Cowslip" may be the poem presented at "Digital Victorian Periodical Poetry," copied from *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 28:169, 270, August 1830, which begins: "UNFOLDING to the breeze of May, / The Cowslip greets the vernal ray." No text about Helen drowning has yet been located.

Annie and Ellen: Jewett reports on the activities of a number of their neighbors and friends in South Berwick. See notes for Mary Rice to Sarah Orne Jewett of 5 April 1898.

Miss Torrance: This person has not yet been identified.

veast: Loulie was Louisa Dresel. Jewett several times in her letters refers to a feast as a "veast."

Cronin: Miss Cronin has not yet been identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 100, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Hamilton B. Holt

148 Charles Street
Boston 7 April.
[1898]*

[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick Maine
[*End letterhead*]

Dear Mr. Holt:

My price to the magazines for a story of the length you mention is so much larger than the price The Independent pays that I fear you would not think ~~that~~ it worthwhile to consider a new story.

I sent one last year, but I confess that my only reason for doing it was because my dear friend

[*Page 2*]

Miss Ward had asked me and I was only too glad to think that I could do something that was in any sense for her!* This is a most unbusiness-like confession but I am sure that you can understand.*

Yours sincerely

S. O. Jewett

Notes

1898: At the top of page 1, written over Jewett's text in thick green: "How much was she pd. before and how long a story".

Penciled at the end of page 2 is a reply: "7 1/4 columns old form $75.00 _____ C. H. W."

What these notes mean is somewhat problematic. The signature seems clearly to be C.H.W., though one might expect it to be W.H.W., William Hayes Ward.

The Independent is only partly available on-line at this writing. In 1896, the publication was printed in a 3-column format, absent a cover page. In 1898, it appears in a 2-column format with a cover page. Presumably, then, the format changed from "old form" to a new form at the beginning of 1898.

Richard Cary notes: "Miss Jewett's 'The First Sunday in June,' *Independent,* XLIX (November 4, 1897), 1446-1447, is seven and a half columns long."

If all this is correct, then Cary has a persuasive rationale for dating the letter in 1898. It would have been written shortly before Jewett's departure for Europe; she arrived in U.K. on 18 April 1898. However, it is possible the letter was written in nearly any year between 1898 and 1902, except for 1900, when Jewett was in Europe in April.

"The First Sunday in June" was the last Jewett story to appear in *The Independent*.

her: Jewett refers to Susan Hayes Ward. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1. Richard Cary included his transcription in *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters.* New transcription and notes.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Saturday

[*9 April 1898*]*

Dear Sarah:

Theres a [*unrecognized word*] fog if there ever was one this morning. There ought to be [poor *?*] steamers coming up this coast! We ought not to complain for if a heavy rain should come now I do not know what would happen by way of floods.

Men have been working all the week trying to clear gutters and water courses but even now there is much to be done but the snow has sunk away a great deal already without damage{.}

[*Page 2*]

Yesterday was quite uneventful except that the neighbors came to dinner. The first time Mrs. Tyler* has been out for a week{.} I went with Hattie over to Susan Chases about some work she wanted done and saw your gown all ready to start. She was very solemn about being so long, but the braid was sent down wrong & had to go back { -- } hence the delay. The gown seemed such a beauty to me and let us hope it will fit.

Then ensued a long call with the Sewalls where I really had a beautiful time. I never saw Mrs Sewall so sweet and attractive in my life, full of interest in

[*Page 3*]

things and not the least bit querulous{.} I was treated to maraschino cherries which she greatly beseems, but was a little anxious for fear they were alcoholic. I reassured her that the effect wouldn't be very intense for the proportion of alcohol must be very small! Helen looks like a shadow and acts as if she had no vitality left hardly. I have been wondering if she would come up here for a day or two of change.

Rebecca went to tea at the Stevens' as I told you, all of which seemed a great success for she came back very cheerful indeed.

No letters from any friend yesterday and no news from the neighborhood that I now remember.

[*Page 4*]

Mr. Tucker is a bustle because there is to be a new floor laid in the stable Monday. Boards & plank are expected this day -- and Philander on Monday{,} the latter after triple vengeance was sworn by both of us for some 'malfeasance' in making '[one *?*] box stall too small for [Form *?*]' after all I [said to him *?*].

I wonder if Georgina* & Mrs Haven will set forth today. She [may *?*] be much better, but she was surely very feeble Thursday -- and really haunted me with her look.

Mrs. Sewall said everything all over again about Mrs Stowe.* I am beginning to be [over *?*] puffed up with pride because of all the lovely things I hear on all sides. It is a great thing "to be acquainted in the town" &c. I told her about D^{r} Stowe and Eliza Tyler which made her laugh more than anything I ever saw.

So glad you like the French & the gym. I really believe you will be in the better of

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

the latter especially{.} love to you both from an aff Sister

Here's your letter this morning{.} Arent you [forrard *so is appears*] with your dates{?} Only think of the Board Meeting{.} I am more set up than ever!

Notes

1898: Jewett mentions "the French & the gym" here, which she anticipated would be helpful in a letter tentatively dated 5 April 1898. Like a number of letters of this period, she expresses concern for the health of Mrs. Haven.

Tyler: Jewett reports on the activities of a number of their neighbors and friends in South Berwick. See notes for Mary Rice to Sarah Orne Jewett of 5 April 1898. In addition:

Susan Chase was evidently a local dressmaker, but little more is known of her. A contemporary Susan Chase (1850-1932) is buried in the Portland St. Cemetery in South Berwick.

Philander H. Fall (1833-1915) was a local building contractor. Old Berwick Historical Society.

It is not yet known which of the members of the Stevens families in South Berwick, Rebecca Young would have visited.

Georgina ... Mrs. Haven: Georgina Halliburton and, probably, Susan Halliburton Haven, step-mother of Jewett correspondent, Edith Bell Haven Doe. She died on the probable date of this letter, 9 April 1898. Key to Correspondents and Find a Grave.

Stowe: Harriet Beecher Stowe. Key to Correspondents. Stowe's husband was Professor Calvin Stowe. Eliza Tyler was one of her twin daughters. The Jewetts corresponded with both mother and daughter. Mary refers to Annie Fields's recent biography, *Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe* (1897).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 100, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett
Fragment

Saturday morning
[9 *April 1898*]*

Dear Mary

I send you the materials for Miss Chases behoff* -- and I hope you will like them. I am going to have her make me an India silk skirt which can be worn to mill and to meeting as Jennie S. says. I wonder if Miss E. Warren could do it -- but how nice if she could come & sew (on waists & things). If you havent done or seen, about her perhaps you could have her week after next. I am setting upon the 10th to go home or 11th as near as I can tell. You can take this bundle for an Easter present!* I feel like Grandpa who had begun too late to hear of keeping Christmas in Massachusetts.* I think I began too late about Easter the only times I have much deep association with are those young days when Georgie & I used to go to Trinity.* I meant to write her a letter to get tomorrow, but I must now write it tomorrow. I am still hoping that you may fetch a compass & come up. -- -- --

Notes

9 April 1898: This speculative date is based Jewett mentioning Miss Chase and Easter in prospect. Easter fell on 10 April in 1898. See Mary Rice to Sarah Orne Jewett of 9 April 1898.

Miss Chases behoff: Probably Susan Chase, who at this time was a seamstress sometimes employed by the Jewetts. The use of the term "behoff" is odd for Jewett. It is a legal term (more often spelled "behof"), meaning for someone's use or advantage.

Jennie S. ... Miss E. Warren: The identities of Jennie S. and E. Warren are not yet known. It appears that among the employees in Carrie Jewett Eastman's household during the 1890s was a woman named Jennie, who is mentioned in other letters. However, it seems likely this letter was composed after sister Carrie's death.

Grandpa ... Christmas: Dr. William Perry (See Key to Correspondents) apparently was among those conservative New Englanders who resisted turning Christmas into a semi-secular holiday. See the 19th-century history of the holiday in Wikipedia.

Georgie ... Trinity: Georgina Halliburton and Jewett sometimes attended Trinity Church (Episcopal) together when Jewett was in Boston. Key to Correspondents.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories in the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Folder 74, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

European Tour 1898

Introduction

From April through September of 1898, Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Adams Fields traveled in England and France. For both, much of the trip was taken up with visiting old friends, especially in England. However, nearly two full months -- mid-May to late July -- went to traveling in France, where they spent a good deal of time with Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc, at her home and traveling with her. Fields was particularly taken with Provence, and her journal contains many

pages on their time in southern France. Late in July, Jewett's sister, Mary Rice Jewett, and their nephew, Theodore Eastman, arrived in England and then joined the two women in Paris for a few days, before the whole party returned to England.

For a full account of their trip see *Fields and Jewett in Europe: 1898* (Sarah Orne Jewett Press 2024). That book blends together correspondence from this trip and selections from Fields's travel diary. Comparing the two writers helps to see the ways in which they were different people, despite their deep sympathy and affection for each other. Both celebrated birthdays during the trip, Fields turning 64 on June 6 and Jewett turning 49 on September 3. Both witnessed and reflected upon the outbreak of the Spanish American War and were affected by the perspectives of their European friends.

The manuscript of the Fields's *Diary of a Trip to France* is in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society: Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221. A complete transcription appears on line at the Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project. That transcription is from a microfilm, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462 1986, Reel 2.

A Rough Chronology of the Tour

April

18 -- Arrival at Plymouth in Devon, UK
19 -- Jewett writes Sara Norton from London
22 -- Jewett writes Georgina Halliburton from London
29 -- Fields and Jewett travel from London to Paris

May

1 -- Jewett writes Halliburton from Paris
2 -- Alice Dugdale writes to Jewett in Paris.
6 -- Jewett writes to Theodore Eastman from Paris
9 -- At about this time, Fields summarizes their activities in London at the end of April and their departure for Paris
12 -- Fields and Jewett spend several weeks in Provence
16 -- Jewett writes Louisa Dresel & Sara Norton from St. Rémy de Provence
19 -- Jewett writes Theodore Eastman from Nîmes
20 -- Jewett writes Sarah Wyman Whitman from Nîmes

June

6 -- Jewett writes Norton & Whitman from La Ferté
10 -- Jewett writes Halliburton & Norton from La Ferté
14 -- Fields's diary resumes from Paris
17 -- Depart Paris for La Ferté to stay with Madame Blanc until 28 June
23 -- Day trip to Meaux
24 -- Rheims
28 -- A night in Paris
29 -- Depart Paris to Vitré, beginning a tour of Brittany
30 -- Arrive at Mont Saint Michel

July

2 --Saturday -- another day at Mont St. Michel
3 -- St. Malo. Fields has eye trouble & stays in all day, while Jewett cares for her. Jewett writes Whitman
4 -- arrive in Dinan
Jewett writes to Halliburton, reporting a side-trip from Dinan
5 -- Tréguier
9 -- Quimper in Brittany
13 -- Mary Rice Jewett informs them that she and her nephew Theodore, who have arrived in England, are tempted to postpone coming to Paris. Jewett and Fields, however, wish to be settled in Paris before the 14th, Bastille Day
20 -- Mary and Theodore expected to arrive in Paris, from England

August

2 -- Jewett writes to Sarah Wyman Whitman from Paris
14 -- Cambridge in England
18 -- With Brother Robert Collyer in Yorkshire
21 -- Jewett writes to Halliburton from Ilkley, Yorkshire
22 -- Jewett goes to Edinburgh, Scotland, with Mary and Theodore, while Fields travels to visit the Kate Bradbury family at Ashton-Under-Lyne

September

3 -- Blanc writes to Jewett at London hotel
8 -- Mary & Theodore go to Salisbury.
Jewett & Fields to the Humphry Wards, Arnolds & Huxleys for several days
9 -- Mrs. Rudyard Kipling invites Jewett and her party to spend a day with the Kiplings
10 -- All return to London
11 -- day trip to Alice Marion Rowland (Mrs. Ernest) Hart in Totteridge
12 -- day trip to Henry James at Rye
13 -- day trip to Eversly -- the Kingsley family
22 -- Fields writes final diary entry after boarding ship for home

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Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*11 Apr 1898*]*

Just a word of love and of blessing as you set sail dearest friend. Tell dear A.F. that I brought away some of that [sustaining *?*] perfume which exhales from the [Convent Garden* *?*] , & shall keep it intact till you two come sailing back

[*Page 2*]

again.

These [*unrecognized word,* little *?*] roses came from Old Farm,* and seem to me to be flowers of a celestial garden "plucked today". With them goes the [remembering *?*] heart of your

SW

77 Mount Vernon Street.

Notes

11 Apr 1898: This date is penciled in another hand in the upper right of page 1. The associated envelope, cancelled on this date, is addressed to Jewett as "passenger on S.S. Wilhelm der Grosse, Care [*unrecognized word,* Mr *?*] Oelrichs & Co, 2 Bowling Green, New York."

Oelrichs & Company were general agents for the North German Lloyd Steamship Company (NDL). The steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse was a German transatlantic liner that entered NDL service in 1897, serving the route from Bremerhaven, Southhampton and New York.

Convent Garden: If this transcription is correct, it seems likely that Whitman has given this name to the garden at 148 Charles St. She refers to it again in an undated letter to Jewett of October 22.

Old Farm: Mentioning Old Farm suggests that Whitman writes from the Bar Harbour, Maine summer home of a Boston neighbor, Mary Gray Ward Dorr (1820-1901), widow of Charles Hazen Dorr (1821-1893).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904. 92 letters; [1884]-[1903] & [n.d.] Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1:107.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sara Norton Fragment

Bucklands Hotel, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, W. 19 *April*, 1898.*

I have seen all your primroses* today and thought of you, too! Devonshire and Somerset were all a-bloom, and the brooks were fresh, and I heard a black-bird as the train went by, and I saw by this morning's Plymouth paper that the cuckoo had come and been heard in Brixham; which sounded homelike, because Brixham is a parish of the town of York next Berwick. And the fields were green and the trees showed all their lovely outlines under a mist of brown buds and small green leaves. They never will be so lovely again all summer. Oh, yes, I thought of you, dear! and it really seemed at one moment as if you were looking out of the car window with me.

It was a dull voyage and I rejoiced when it was ended, though I never had so much fresh air as on this new big steamship which brought us over. That is saying much, but going to sea is going to sea in spite of everything. This time I read almost constantly, which one cannot always do at sea, and I liked very much coming into Plymouth, and spending the night there, and walking on the Hoe* this morning, with thoughts of Sir Francis Drake* and other great persons; but most of all of my poor great-grand-father, who was so unlucky as to be taken by privateers and shut into the wretched prison at Dartmoor, to know all the horrors of those dark days.* You will know how eager we were to get news from home, and how disappointing it was to find that nothing was yet settled and that war still seemed near.*

Notes

Bucklands Hotel, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, W. 19 April, 1898: This hotel was in London.

primroses: Wikipedia says: "Primrose Day is the anniversary of the death of British statesman and prime minister Benjamin Disraeli, 1st Earl of Beaconsfield, on 19 April 1881."

Hoe ... Sir Francis Drake ... my poor great-grand-father: Jewett walked on the Hoe at Plymouth in Cornwall, Great Britain.

Sir Francis Drake (1541-1596) was an English adventurer, explorer and naval hero. His family home was at Plymouth, where he spent several periods of his life. Privateers were privately own ships licensed by a national navy to capture enemy commercial ships during wartime. The United States and the British employed privateers in the War of 1812. In "The Old Town of Berwick," Jewett says, "This region bore its part in all the wars with generosity and bravery. The famous crew of John Paul Jones and the "Ranger" was mainly gathered from the shores of the river. One of the last of his sailors was, in his extreme old age, my father's patient." See also, "River Driftwood" in *Country By-Ways* and *The Tory Lover*.

Regarding the imprisonment of Jewett's ancestor, there is considerable confusion. While she specifies her "great-grandfather," in fact Dearborn Jewett was not a sailor but a soldier in George Washington's army. Her grandfather, Theodore Furber Jewett, ran away to sea, and, during the War of 1812, he was captured running the British blockade in 1813 (Paula Blanchard, p. 8). Where he was imprisoned has proven difficult to determine as well. The *History and Genealogy of the Jewetts in America* reports that T. F. Jewett, "at the time of the Embargo ran a vessel to the West Indies, was captured by an English vessel and confined on the famous Dartmoor Prison Ship"; but there were no Dartmoor prison ships.

Graham Frater has researched this problem, and he writes:

> Paula Blanchard (*Sarah Orne Jewett*, 1994, p.8) records that Theodore Furber Jewett was held on the infamous Dartmoor prison ship at Bristol. In addition to Plymouth's Mill Prison, American prisoners were held in Bristol (in the Stapleton Prison, now Blackberry Hill Hospital, source: John Penny), and in Dartmoor Prison in Devon (still in existence). John Frost's *Sarah Orne Jewett*, (1960, p.13) records that 'During the War of 1812, [T. F. Jewett's] brig was seized, and he was placed in Dartmoor Prison in England, and forwarded to the prison at St George's, Bermuda, before he could be exchanged with a prisoner of equal rank.' Grandfather Jewett might have been held first in Bristol, forwarded to Dartmoor, and thence to Bermuda.

near: The Spanish American War commenced in April 1898, beginning with Congressional action on 20 April and the American declaration of war on 25 April. It ended with the Treaty of Paris in December 1898, but hostilities ended in August. Wikipedia.

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Theodore Jewett Eastman

April 21st
[*1898*]

[*Begin letterhead*, *telephone number stamped to the left*
Address to the right.]

Telephone
Nº 35119

Buckland's Hotel,
Brook Street,
Grosvenor Square. W.

[*End letterhead*]

Dear Theodore --

It would be so much more convenient to have you here now, than to think that I must wait until July! I think of you and wish for you at every turn, and whether it is that I hear a blackbird singing in Devon or see a horseless cab going along in Pall-mall or a Blue-coat boy proceeding into Westminster Abbey -- I feel that I must have Mr. Stubbs right at hand! -- I got my first letter from Aunt Mary this morning in which she said that the papers spoke well of the French play in Cambridge* the

[*Page 2*]

night before, especially of the dancing, so that I long to get the next letter with further particulars of the success of the play in town. We are greatly excited about the war:* I send you a cutting from the ~~Morning Post~~ ^London Times^ which has not always thought* of America in this friendly spirit, but it always speaks for the common sense (and right-mindedness this time) of England -- [*deleted word*] I am old enough to look back to the time when the United States [were *or* was *one written over the other*] spoken of much less respectfully and affectionately over here. I think that Mr. Lowell* had as much to do with the change as any one man -- perhaps much more -- It is astonishing to feel how [*ink blot, possibly a deleted word*] we after all belong to England -- you will be surprised at this when you come

[*Page 3*]

over -- Mr. Aldrich said once that it "was like being a stranger in your native land" -- Before the Revolution* and before the time of the Colonies we <u>were</u> England and Dr. Johnson and Shakespeare* and everybody else are as much ours as if we had always lived here! You will say <u>Of Course</u> but what I mean is: you have <u>a new sense of it</u> -- just as when you go to the old houses in Exeter* something comes over you as if a little bush felt its roots stir in the ground! ---- "The Season" is just beginning as gayly as possible. Everybody is coming back to town ^now^ just as they go to Boston in November and the houses are beginning to open

[*Page 4*]

and [fine *corrected*] carriages grow thick in the streets. Brook Street where we are is quiet enough but one end is New Bond St. where an [ant *so spelled*] is put to terrible temptations by the shops! And that leads down to Piccadilly where further nets are set for her! and yet nothing in London is half so [*deleted word*] interesting as London itself -- I am so sorry that you will see it for the first time a little out of bloom, but you will like it! ---- Just as I was writing Miss Rose Kingsley* came hurrying in the same as ever, so tall and so friendly and warm hearted -- and she stayed for an hour or more

[*Page 5*]

until we could hardly let her go, we were having such a nice time -- This is our only chance of seeing her now, for she is going over to France in a very few days, but we shall be meeting again later on. Then Aunt Annie* and I drove to Chelsea in a hansom to see her old friend Miss Hogarth* (Dickens's sister-in-law) but she was away for a few days and so we went into the Carlyle House* close by -- it has been kept as a memorial you know, with as many of the old furnishings as possible and we found it very interesting. The

narrow street comes out on the Embankment -- a great

[*Page 6*]

avenue that runs a long distance on the banks of the Thames, and the river looked cold enough today but when you come we shall get into [little *corrected*] steamers and ply up and down from Kew Gardens to the Greenwich hospital (August 4th!) Miss Kingsley was full of excitement about the war, as we are: you cant think how it troubles us, and being so far away and all. I hate to think of our northern men going down into those steaming islands this summer -- I do hope that it will not have to be. But "there's a providence in it" as old Mrs. Raynes*

[*Page 7*]

used to say, and I try to think that a good stirring up will be good for some who might drift along comfortably -- The aimless people sometimes get an aim thrust upon them -- -- I [can *corrected*] imagine how excited you and all the fellows must be -- What would the fellows in the Naval Academy have done if there had been no [*deleted word*] war and they had to ~~go back~~ ^stay^ & pass their exams? -- but this is a very trivial way of looking at a great affair, and I must not speak so -- -- After all, it does seem as if war was the concern

[*Page 8*]

of older men -- You will see soldiering enough and plenty of gay uniforms in the London streets -- I think you will like to see the horse guards on sentry duty as you go down [St James's *corrected*] -- Goodbye dear Stubbs -- I know how busy you are but do write now and then what is going on -- I shall so like to hear about college, but first of all what you did in vacation.

Aunt Annie sends much love to you with mine.

Yours most affectionately

S.O.J.

Selection from Fields's Diary

Tuesday 19th

Pale gleams of yellow English sunshine lighted up the scene from our windows which overlook the great bay with Eddingstone Light in the distance. We walked on the Hoe and saw Drake looking out to where the Spanish Armada rounded the cape three hundred years ago, also we saw the beautiful monument in honor of the Victory by the English …. The whole air is full of spring today and primroses not only decorate every hedge and wayside slope but every house and garden and button-hole. To account for the latter we discover~~ed~~ it is Primrose Day held in memory of the death of Lord Beaconfield. We took the train at 1.45 for London which carried through almost the most exquisite part of England at this season. The soft red of the freshly turned soil, the spring is green and the flowers and songs of birds, which we could hear even though the express went thundering in its way, were inexpressibly beautiful…. Finally we turned inland to Exeter where the express stopped for a few moments and where we saw the towers of the Cathedral; then on again, always with the great speed of the English express past the greenest of fields full of sheep and young lambs, past flowery spots and now & then with a garden getting ready for the market. It was the very perfection of spring beauty and we were never tired of looking; our eyes grew tired before the desire to see could pall….

War, war with Spain -- Alas! alas! The English papers are very comforting. The first result is good -- that is -- for greater good feeling between E. & A. than has existed for years. Indeed the harmony is [*missing text*], if sudden, very admirable.

Notes

French play in Cambridge: The Harvard Cercle Francais performed Moliere's *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* in April of 1898. See *Cambridge Tribune* 21 (16 April 1898), p. 2.

About a month later, a "French play" also was performed at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Racine's *Les Plaideurs*. The chair of the Committee of Arrangements was Theodore Eastman's friend, Bertram W. B. Greene. See *The Tech* XVII (14 April 1898) p. 207. See Jewett to Eastman of 6 May 1898.

Bertram William Batchelder Greene (1878-1909). He completed a degree at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1902. Though this has not been established, it seems likely he was related to Jewett's early friend, Bessie/Elizabeth Willard Greene (1846-1875), daughter of William Batchelder Greene (1819-1878) and Anna Blake Shaw (1817-1901), sister of the wealthy Boston businessman and art collector, Quincy Adams Shaw (1825-1908). Elizabeth became a benefactor of the New England Hospital for Women and Children and was lost in the sinking of the *SS Schiller* off the coast of the Scilly Isles in 1875.

the war: The Spanish-American War began in late April of 1898 and lasted for about 10 weeks. Though the U.S. Navy defeated the Spanish at Manila in early May, conflicts continued until December, when a Philippine war for independence began.

always thought: In the manuscript these words are reversed in order, with marks indicating Jewett's wish to transpose them.

Mr. Lowell: American poet and critic, James Russell Lowell (1819-1891) served as Minister to England (1880-1885).

Revolution: The American Revolution for independence from England (1776-1781).

Exeter: Jewett refers to Exeter, NH, where a number of her relatives resided.

Dr. Johnson and Shakespeare: British authors, Samuel Johnson (1709-1784) and William Shakespeare (1564-1616).

Rose Kingsley: Eldest daughter of British author, Rev. Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), Rose Kingsley (1845-1925) also authored books on travel, art and gardening.

Aunt Annie: Annie Adams Fields.

Miss Hogarth: Georgina Hogarth, (1827-1917), "the sister-in-law, housekeeper, and adviser of English novelist Charles Dickens and the editor of two volumes of his collected letters after his death." Wikipedia.

Carlyle House: The home of Scottish historian and author, Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881).

Miss Raynes: Olive Raynes, operator of and teacher in the popular South Berwick private elementary school that Jewett attended.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University MS Am 1743.1 Box 4: 116, 3 letters to Theodore Jewett Eastman.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Georgina Halliburton

Care of Baring
Brothers, Bankers
London

22 April [*1898*] -- London

Dearest Georgie

I have had you so much in mind all these days in following you home and living with you in these first sad weeks of change and loss.* But I am sure that the love of your friends will bring you great comfort -- one is rich in a sense of their unselfish thought and nearness -- alas if it should not be so! -- I long to hear from you. Mary meant to stop on her way home if it seemed ^right or^ good -- or at any rate to go down

[*Page 2*]

to see you within a very few days. I hope that "Auntie"* was soon to feel better -- oh you dont know how I have thought and thought about everything in those long days on shipboard.

One is always a child as long as she has her mother to go to -- but it seemed to me that I felt "grown up" and older for the first time, then.

I do so long to have you feel clear and free in your new conditions dear! It seems to me that with all the difficulty of adjustment, you are going to have a gift of new possibilities, and a certain kind of joy in standing on your own ground{.}

[*Page 3*]

I dont know whether it will seem the best thing to "take Grandma's house"* as you said one day, but I find that my thoughts fly back all the time to your having spoken of it or rather to the thought that lay under it: of this very standing on your own ground and living your <u>own</u>* life. One <u>must</u> do that [as *corrected*] one grows older, and make ones own decisions. One can have all the sweetness of being a kind of tributary to the lives one loves and can flow into those lives with all the stronger impulse. You will find your self taking a new attitude now, and with all the

[*Page 4*]

loss & pain you will have some-[thing *corrected?*] that is new and sweet to you.

---- But I am writing just as I should talk if we were together and by the time my letter reaches you, it may be only tiresome and going over what has been already settled. It will show you at any rate how [much *corrected*] you are in my heart. <u>Do</u> write me soon! --

We had a good voyage and a quick one but a voyage is a voyage after all, and I was glad when it was done. We are only staying for some days longer here, interesting and delightful as it is. We landed in Devonshire, in Plymouth -- and it was perfectly lovely to

[*Up the left margin and then down the top margin of page 1*]

see the English spring with all the primroses which I had never seen before.

Goodbye dear Georgie. I send you so much love

<u>Sarah</u>

with love from M<u>rs</u> Fields

M<u>rs</u> Black* said such dear things of you when I went to say good bye. She

[*Up the left margin and then down the top margin of page 2*]

enjoyed the day you came to luncheon and said you were <u>so</u> pretty and so pleasant and agreeable and that she had a beautiful time with you.

[*From left to right down the top margin of page 3*]

with much more praise than I can remember or write. She had had a real pleasure{.}

Selection from Fields's diary

Sunday [*24 April*] --
Walked in the Park. Sarah was not very well and although we had planned to go to church we did not get there.

Notes

change and loss: Susan Halliburton Peters Haven, Georgina's mother, died in Portsmouth, NH on 9 April 1898. See Georgina Halliburton in Key to Correspondents.

"Auntie": This person remains unidentified.

Grandma's house: Though this is uncertain, this seems likely to be the former residence of Mary Ann Halliburton in Portsmouth, NH, which she had inherited from her parents, Andrew Halliburton (1771-1846) and Elizabeth Underwood (d. after 1813). His second wife was Sarah Ann Manning (c. 1802-1877).

Mrs. Black: Probably this is Mary E. Peters Black (1816-1902), with her son, a summer resident of Manchester-by-the-Sea, Massachusetts.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA: Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (260).

Henri-Raymond Casgrain to Sarah Orne Jewett

Paris, 26 April1898.
Miss S. O. Jewett. London.

Mademoiselle,

I don't want to delay in thanking you for your most friendly letter. How I regret that my departure from Paris coincides with your arrival, but too late for me to have the honor and pleasure of meeting you. Mme. Blanc had assured me that you would remain in Paris during the last fortnight in April. When I

[*Page 2*]

visited her at La Ferté-Sous-Jouarre 12 days ago, she told me you would be staying in England until the beginning of May. I hope you will still be in France when I return at the end of the summer. Then we will be able to converse at leisure about all the topics on our minds, and I would also have the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Mrs. Fields, to whom I ask that you convey my deep respect.

What you say about Mrs. Coolidge* leads me to surmise that she is now in England.

[*Page 3*]

Would you please thank her sincerely for thinking of me.

Please accept, Mademoiselle, this expression of my profound esteem.

HR Casgrain

Notes

Mrs. Coolidge: Almost certainly Katherine Scollay Parkman Coolidge (1858-1900), Key to Correspondents.

This letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA: b MS Am 1743, Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Casgrain, Henry Raymond, 1831-1904. 4 letters; 1897-1901. Identifier: (38).

Transcription

Paris, le 26 Avril 1898.

Miss S. O. Jewett. Londres.
Mademoiselle,
Je ne veux pas tarder à vous
remercier de votre très amicale lettre.
Combien je regrette que mon départ
coïncide avec votre arrivée à
Paris, mais trop tard pourque
je puisse avoir l'honneur et
le plaisir de vous rencontrer.
M^{me} Blanc m'avait assuré il y
a quelques temps que vous seriez
à Paris durant la dernière
quinzaine d'Avril. Lorsque je

[*Page 2*]

suis allé lui rendre visite à
La Ferté-Sous-Jouarre, il y a
une douzaine de jours, elle m'a
appris que vous seriez retenue en
Angleterre, jusqu'au commencement
de Mai. J'espère que vous serez
encore en France, quand j'y reviendrai
à la fin de l'été. Alors,
nous pourrons causer à loisir de tant
de choses qui nous restent à dire et
j'aurais aussi le plaisir de faire
connaissance avec M^{me} Fields, à
qui je vous prie de présenter mes
plus respectueux hommages.
Ce que vous me dites de M^{me} Coolidge
me fait supposer qu'elle est en ce
moment en Angleterre. Vous

[*Page 3*]

voudrez bien, s'il vous plaît, la
remercier sincèrement de son bon
souvenir.
Veuillez agréer, Mademoiselle,

l'expression de mes sentiments les
plus respecteux.

HR Casgrain --

Georgina Hogarth* to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin Letterhead*]
55. Oakley Street,
Chelsea. S. W.
[*End Letterhead*]

30h April 1898

Dearest Sarah --

So* many loving [thanks *?*] for the most [pretty *?*] [*unrecognized word*] Basket ! I will put it away now, and bring it out as a fresh [*unrecognized word*] -- and [*unrecognized word*] [work *?*] basket, in the Drawing Room, of my new small house -- It was most kind of you to bring it to me! I shall hope to see you again before you go back to America -- You may be sure I will give the sweetest flowers I can

[*Page 2*]

find for you both, -- the dear [stone *?*] is [9h June *?*]!*

I hope you will have a happy time on the continent --

Always yours affectionately

Georgina Hogarth

For dear Sarah

Notes

Hogarth: According to Wikipedia, Georgina Hogarth, (1827-1917), was "the sister-in-law, housekeeper, and adviser of English novelist Charles Dickens and the editor of two volumes of his collected letters after his death."

June: Probably Hogarth refers to the anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens, which falls on 9 June.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Hogarth, Georgina, d. 1917. 1 letter; 1898. (97). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Georgina Halliburton

[*Letterhead, placed top left of the page, a blue medallion with lions*]
Hotel Bristol
Paris

[*End Letterhead*]
[*To the right of the letterhead*] First of May 1898

Dearest Georgie

I must send you one word to tell you how much I have thought of you and what affectionate wishes I send you on your birthday.* And Auntie* is going to be with you this summer which comforts me in the uncertainty I felt when I was writing you last. I was just going to write "now you must drive up often to see Mary and me!" quite

[*Page 2*]

forgetting that I was in Paris instead of Berwick! It seems like a dream still that I should really be so far away from home. We had a very pleasant ten days in London seeing a great many friends and alas! missing others who have gone since we were here before. On Friday we crossed the Channel on a most peaceful afternoon and are here for another ten days. I look forward to a lovely long visit in the country with

[*Page 3*]

my dear Madame Blanc whom I grow fonder and fonder of. I was thinking just now that we have known each other fifteen years but it always keeps something of the pleasure of a new friendship but all true friendships should do that shouldn't they? -- and do!

Mrs. Fields has caught a French cold -- I having been laid up for two or three days with a great round London one, but I hope that she will be all right after keeping in bed today. I love the old Place Vendôme* where we are

[*Page 4*]

with the great column and the flocks of cabs with their two shining eyes come out of the opposite street at dusk -- in fact Paris is always more enchanting to me and I see new beauties in the great streets with their high roofs and gay colours.

-- So we begin your new year together this Sunday morning dear. I am glad at any rate to know that your summer is going to be companioned ^and that you will be in the old house^. You and Aunty can be so much to each other I feel very sure. Give my love to Grace* when you see her. I suppose she will be soon going to the mountains now. -- You must think of me some times in the garden Georgie -- we have had

[*Up the left side of page 1*]

so many happy hours there, haven't we?

Yours affectionately
Sarah

Notes

birthday: Halliburton's birthday was 1 May.

Auntie: This person remains unidentified.

Place Vendôme: Wikipedia says "Place Vendôme ... is a square in the 1st arrondissement of Paris, France, located to the north of the Tuileries Gardens and east of the Église de la Madeleine."

Grace: Grace Gordon Treadwell Walden. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA: Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (260).

Mary Augusta Ward to Sarah Orne Jewett

Grand Hotel
Locarno

May 1, 1898

Dear Mifs Jewett

I am so very sorry that we shall just miss you and Mrs Fields in London this time; but it is delightful to hear that you are coming back for the summer. Then you must really both come down to Stocks* and let us have a quiet sight of you. Will you let us know a little in advance when we may hope to see you in town again, that we may try and get some friends that you would like, to meet you & Mrs Fields

[*Page 2*]

at Stocks -- just a [*unrecognized word* -- Tring *or* tiny *?*] party when the lawns are shady, and the evenings are long!

We are in these parts, Dorothy* & I for about a fortnight longer. Alas! -- I am afraid there is no chance of our being in Paris. I am so tired after my year's work that we are now avoiding towns as much as possible & trying to get complete rest. Tomorrow we are going to my little place on Lucerne. -- But a letter to Grosvenor Place* will always find me.

[*Page 3*]

The war* is very perturbing to nations, persons & books! Dorothy is afraid she will hardly see her Sally -- and my husband will have told you that "Helbeck"* is postponed. -- How much I should like to have a talk with you about it all!

May you have a very pleasant time in Paris -- and enjoy Cyrano de Bergerac* -- all but the death scene! -- as much as we did!

Ever dear Mifs Jewett, with love from Dorothy & myself, & kindest remembrances to Mrs Fields

Yours affectionately
Mary A. Ward

Notes

Stocks: The Wards's country home was Stocks House in Aldbury, Hertfordshire. Old Stocks was the local manor house before Stocks House. Tring is a nearby market town.

Dorothy: Dorothy Ward, Mrs. Ward's daughter. "Her Sally" probably is Sarah Norton. Key to Correspondents.

Grosvenor Place: The Wards's London address, 25 Grosvenor Place.

The war: The Spanish American War.

"Helbeck": Ward's novel, *Helbeck of Bannisdale* appeared in 1898.

Cyrano de Bergerac: *Cyrano de Bergerac* (1897) is a verse play by French dramatist and poet Edmond Eugène Alexis Rostand (1868-1918). It begins during the reign of King Louis XIII (1610-1743). Wikipedia says: "On 27 December 1897, the curtain rose at the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin, and the audience was pleasantly surprised. A full hour after the curtain fell, the audience was still applauding." The play ends with the pathetic death of Cyrano, the protagonist poet.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Colby College Library, Special Collections, Sarah Orne Jewett Materials, JEWE.1, Subseries: Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Augusta (Mrs Humphry) Ward. 1894-1898. 2 ALS. London, England. 7 p.

Alice Trevelyan Dugdale to Sarah Orne Jewett

Evg of Monday May 2nd

[*1898*]*

Dear Lady --

I wanted to thank with discrimination & now I do feel grateful from my heart for introducing me to Joanna & Captain Littlepage & more than all to dear, large Mrs. Todd.* Those who see that book on my table say
"you
"have got that most delicious of books:
"it is exquisite".* I have it in [my pure *?*] bookshelf on [my *?*] drawingroom table. I can fancy you saying the things "I" say.

[*Page 2*]

I wish I was with you in Paris & do feel y. spirit abt. the Place Vendome. -- Do [y *?*] go into old Paris ever -- The Hotel Carnavalet -- Mme de Sevigné's house & the Place Royale [*unrecognized marks*] -- the Hotel des Archives -- the [*unrecognized name*] Palace where y. see Marie Antoinette's last letters on wretched paper, written with bad ink, & then go to the garde-meuble on the Quai d'Orsay & see the glorious escritoire she wrote on when

she was happy. -- I shall see y of course when y pass here, at least unless you won't see me. -- I am [going *?*] to Oxford for 18th. to 20th. in boating week so shall hope to see Mrs Merriman.* I hope she may see Frank.* Are y seeing many pretty things at Paris? You

[*Across the bottom margin of page 1*]

are really too near the Rue de las Pais, I think [for my *written over something*] peace of mind! [for dge *?*]* yours & dear Mrs. Field's [affectionate *?*]

Alice Dugdale

Notes

1898: With this letter is an envelope addressed to Sarah Orne "Jewitt" at the Hotel Bristol in Paris. It was cancelled in London in 1898. Up the left side is penciled: Mrs Dugdale.

Todd: Dugdale refers to characters in Jewett's *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896).

exquisite: Dugdale has presented this quotation with a new quotation mark at the beginning of each line.

Merriman: Helen Bigelow Merriman. Key to Correspondents.

Frank: This person has not yet been identified.

for dge: This seems rather clearly what Dugdale wrote, but what I see seems unlikely to be what she meant in this final clause.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett, Additional Correspondence, MS Am 1743.1, Box 1, Item 25, I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

May 2. 1898*
Helen's birthday*
gives the local color!

Darling your little ship letter came by [*unrecognized word*] yesterday: and though I am not breathing just now -- neither day nor night -- I'll just send a word of love in the midst of everything -- and you will understand & forgive. Since my return, after being with Owen & Molly* [married *?*] and [despatched *or* dispatched] first for Butler Place

[*Page 2*]

and then for Charleston S.C. I have been here in the old mill again, and well that I should be so, for the Window* is about as great a Hydra in its demands as one would wish to be = and I am living up to [W. Walkers *or* the Welders *?*] demands like a very [imp *or* wife *?*] of piety. The Walter [Gays *?*] are here going in and out very [prettily *?*] -- both dear in their own way -- and there have been the Festival & the Class Tea-Party:* the latter at once most [lonesome *?*] & most delightful. It poured: and though ice cream had been provided for [i 25 *?*] that couldnt keep them dry: & so the [*unrecognized word,* company *?*] was [*unrecognized word*] -- but o so fit! Mr. Franklin aged 84 and a beautiful little child in which at 2 1/2 (with a little flag in his small hand) made ideal elements of all

[*Page 3*]

true feasts -- and [for the *?*] rest [we *?*] played together & thought of absent friends and felt that all the oceans could not separate us quite. ----

and tonight it is two [o - clk *so spelled*] & I am reduced to dust: but I send this [first *or* just] for love.

Mrs Crafts is ["3o Avenue Heuri Chartres," *so this appears*] and the Hotel at Bourges was called -- save the mark "Central Hotel"* in just plain English -- or

[*Page 4*]

something just like that

And you are going there: ---- ah France . . .

You will Know what to tell A.F. [from *?*]

SW

I have not spoken of Jack's marriage* of which you will doubtless have heard. I had long known it would be: and I do not doubt it would

[*Page 5*]

have been longer delayed if Margaret Chanler had not decided to go to Cuba as a Red Cross nurse. And in a day it was decided to have it 'done quickly'.

If a thing can be, it matters little when: and one only catches one's breath, holds one's own ideals a little closer to one's naked heart and ------ wishes them all good.

But ah!

SW

Notes

1898: The envelope associated with this letter was cancelled first in Boston in May 1898 and again several times on the reverse side, in London on 12 May, at Seine et Marne on 14 May, and at Vaucluse on 15 May. It was originally addressed to Jewett "Care of [Msser ?] Baring Bros & Co, London, England." In this address, "London" has been deleted. This transcription is uncertain at several points, but almost certainly Jewett and

Fields while traveling abroad used the Baring Brothers Bank of London to forward their mail.

The following notes appear on the front of the envelope in various hands.
This note is deleted: "hotel de l'Europe Avignon."

This note also has been deleted: "c/o Mme Blanc Bentzon La Ferté Sous Jouarre, Seine et Marne, France."

A final note on the front appears bottom right, underlined in dark ink, but the transcription is uncertain: "au dos" (French: on the back).

On the back, in addition to the many cancellations, is a new address in the same hand as the French note on the front: "Hotel Leston, Saint-Remy de Provence, B. de th".

Helen's birthday: Helen Choate Bell was born on 2 May 1830. Key to Correspondents.

Owen and Molly: Owen Wister and Molly (Mary) Channing were married on 21 April 1898. Key to Correspondents.

Window: See notes for Whitman to Jewett of 23 January 1898.

W. Walkers or the Welders: This transcription is uncertain. If she has written "Walkers," the persons have not been identified. Welders may be working with her on one of her stained glass windows.

Walter [Gays ?]: This transcription is uncertain. Perhaps the American painter, Walter Gay (1856-1937) and his wife, Matilda Travers, though based in Paris, were visiting Boston in the spring of 1898.

the Festival & the Class Tea-Party … Franklin: Probably Whitman refers to the Bible class she taught at Trinity Church in Boston. Church festivals typically were fund-raising events for special causes. Mr. Franklin, the attendee of the soggy tea party has not been identified. Whitman may refer to the father of one of her correspondents, Elizabeth Franklin, who was a member of the Bible class Whitman taught at Trinity Church in Boston. In a letter of 14 June 1890, Whitman writes to Miss Franklin about her father's health.

Mrs Crafts ... Central Hotel: Mrs. Crafts may be their mutual acquaintance Clemence Haggerty (1841-1912), wife of James Mason Crafts (1839-1917), an American chemist, who taught at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Whether she was in France during 1898 has not been established. Le Central Hôtel remains a major hotel in Bourges, France.

Jack's marriage: Jack is the American author, John Jay Chapman (1862-1933). See Whitman to Jewett of 14 July 1897. More than a year after his first wife's death, Chapman married Elizabeth Astor Winthrop Chanler (1866-1937) in April 1898.

Elizabeth Chanler's sister was Margaret Livingston Chanler Aldrich (1870-1963), who, before she married, served as a Red Cross nurse in the Spanish-American War.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904. 92 letters; [1884]-[1903] & [n.d.] Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1:107.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Theodore Jewett Eastman

[*Letterhead with stamped decoration*]
Hotel Bristol
Paris
[*End letterhead*]

6 May 1898

Dear Mr. Stubbs

I was much pleased at getting your nice letter from home, and deeply gratified by the usefulness of S. Fanny.* What kind of a war-horse do you think she would make with proper training? I was watching an officer come into the Place here yesterday and evidently take dispatches or something to the war office which is at one side and he was riding such a hard little trotter & doing his best to sit close and keep erect at the same moment. It is very picturesque to meet the little troops of soldiers in these deep streets. I quite long to have you see Paris -- it never looked as beautiful with its high roofs and green trees and all sorts of interesting things going on. Day

[*Page 2*]

before yesterday Aunt Annie had gone to see Mrs. Greene, Bertram's grandmother, and Mifs Travers* and I did an errand and then she took me where I had never been -- to the old cemetery of Picpus* away at the other end -- the old end -- of Paris an hour's drive through the quaintest & [least *corrected*] changed streets{.} It is a very old convent of white nuns (les Dames Blanches) and not far from the Bastille region or the guillotine of 1793 { -- } over 1300 people were thrown together into the fosse -- Lavoisier -- the great chemist and André Chénier -- the poet and all the lords & ladies who lost their heads! This is walled off [as *?*] quiet green garden with a few trees -- just beyond the famous old cemetery where Lafayette & his family sleep under great stones and all the great French families of the Montmorencys and their kind lie in solemn rows -- it

[*Page 3*]

is a little [place *corrected*] but very high company [indeed *corrected*]!! and there are long rows of

lindens cropped & trimmed so that they meet over head & make a pretty light as you go along the long alleys (allées) {.} We went into the convent chapel -- it is all as quaint and turreted and stone walled as can be -- like the bent little grandmother of some places you saw in Quebec -- The white ladies were saying & singing their vespers in a pretty flock together, and one very old one got out her snuff box and took a great pinch and shut it with a click.

-- I wished for you very much the night I went to see Coquelin in Cyrano de Bergerac* -- It is a delightful play & I dare say it will be running when you arrive -- for it is so pleasing to the French and to foreigners alike. Of the time of Lois XV (I think) with charming costumes &

[*Page 4*]

Cyrano loves a lady but has so* long a nose (very neatly made in wax that matches well) that he has no hope of winning her fair hand, especially as she confides to him at a solemn rendezvous in a cake shop that she loves another, a beautiful young Baron. She begs for Cyrano's friendly assistance & it is granted most unselfishly. Then the Baron is very dull of speech, though so beautiful, and Cyrano goes & makes love for him under a balcony in the moonlight -- telling the Baron ^who is [blindly *?*] accepted, just^ what to say! There is a call to war & the Baron & Cyrano go, the latter writing love letters twice a day. The Baron is killed, & ^much^ mourned by the lady. Last Act 15 years after: Scene in a convent garden ^with nuns &c.^ the lady discovers the whole. Cyrano dies and she says, "I have loved but one man & have lost him twice!" In the mean time you have grown so attached to faithful old Cyrano & his nose begins to seem just beautiful -- and you have had the most

[*Page 5, with the Hotel Bristol letterhead*]

picturesque scenery of old Paris & the cake shop with Gascon soldiers & the baker of cakes who writes poetry & the camp [where *corrected*] the sentinels are most effective, and they are all [staring *?*] & the Lady comes in a ^green^ coach & brings a beautiful dejeuner to those she loves !!! -- you would love it as much as I. It is the season's great play. & -- the old theater is crammed every night.

---- I cant think for a moment that everything will not be settled at home so that you & aunt Mary will come. I feel more & more sure, but the great sea fight* we are all looking for has not come off yet, though [Manilla *so spelled*] seems to have been settled so promptly. I do miss you so much while all these great things are happening -- we should have such talking! Indeed I feel very sorry to have been away through it all

[*Page 6*]

for many reasons, but it is also very good to be here and to miss certain worries and [*deleted word*] frets. You seem to see the great things rather than the little ones and there has certainly been a smaller side to this war . . .

All Paris is sweet with lilacs -- the air was full of them when I opened a window last night, and the great gardens by the Tuileries are so fresh with the historic orange-trees all out in their great square tubs and the [laburnums *corrected*] bright yellow and every kid employing himself with a game of marbles & tops -- I am always wishing that you & aunt Mary were here.

I am not half done writing but I must skip this off to catch the Saturday mail

with best love
S.O.J.

Notes

S. Fanny: This transcription is uncertain. Presumably this is a Jewett family horse.

Mrs. Greene ... Bertram ... Travers: For Susan B. Travers, Key to Correspondents.

For Bertram William Batchelder Greene see Jewett to Theodore Jewett Eastman of 21 April 1898.

old cemetery of Picpus: A private Paris cemetery dedicated to the 1,306 victims of the Reign of Terror in the French Revolution that were executed between 14 June and 27 July 1794. Only these victims and their descendants may be buried in this cemetery.

Among the more famous people buried there are:

Antoine-Laurent de Lavoisier (1743- 8 May 1794), French chemist.

André Chénier (1762–1794), French poet, guillotined on 25 July 1794.

The French military officer Marie-Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de La Fayette (1757-1834), though not executed in the French Revolution, also is buried with his wife in this cemetery.

The House of Montmorency was "one of the oldest and most distinguished noble families in France."

so: Jewett has underlined this word 3 times.

Coquelin … Bergerac: Benoît-Constant Coquelin (1841-1909) was a renowned French actor. *Cyrano de Bergerac* (1897) is a verse play by French dramatist and poet Edmond Eugène Alexis Rostand (1868-1918). Coquelin played the lead over 410 times in Paris and later toured North America.

sea fight: The Spanish-American War began in late April of 1898 and lasted for about 10 weeks.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University MS Am 1743.1 Box 4: 116, 3 letters to Theodore Jewett Eastman.

Helen Bigelow Merriman to Sarah Orne Jewett

24 Banbury Road
Oxford, May 8. 1898

Dear Sarah

I found a letter here from Mary which was so written over with addresses that I do not think it could have staggered as far as the next Post office. It had been to [*unrecognized word*] and back to England again -- She asks, as you did, for the address of Roger's* tailor, which is Geo. Welch, Sackville St. He is cheaper than Poole, but still not very cheap. Roger has had two suits made here, at a much lower rate, which he likes quite as well, and in case it might ever be

[*Page 2*]

of use I will put in the name of the Oxford man too, it is -- "Foster -- in the High" (in other words High St){.}

I got across the Channel finely, but [found, owing *?*] to May meetings, not a room to be had at the Charing Cross Hotel, and I tried a few others before I found a little upper chamber in which to lay my head for the night -- Next morning on crossing the street (Craven St.) to get my breakfast, I found a tablet in it -- stating that Benjamin Franklin* used to live there. Roger came to London to get me and to superintend my [seeing *?*] Oxford { -- } as we drew near in the train -- He had taken

[*Page 3*]

there lodgings for me, rather with an eye to the picturesque, as I have a [sunny *?*] bay-window in front, and my dressing-room [indeed *?*] opens with a [gold drapery* *?*], which opens into a garden with pretty flowers -- an arch of box and ivy, and a winding path which after a turn to the right and a turn to the left, passes a large bush and ends in a thicket and jungle at least 12 feet square! -- but received from the house it is impressive, and viewed from above, in connection with all the neighbor's gardens, the effect is lovely, with masses of green, bright flowers, and blossoming fruit trees -- I have already [lunched *?*] twice in college -- yesterday with [Shedd* *?*]

[*Page 4*]

whom I met in Florence, who wanted Arnold Ward* to meet me -- He is an interesting fellow, tall, dark and [forcible *?*] -- I should like to see him again. Dugdale* came in one evening. He is [reserved *?*], sensitive and rather nervous in his ways. I like him very much. There is quite a programme of lunches ahead.

Yesterday I had a most beautiful canoe trip with Roger [over the Ise's to Eppley *?*]. Do you see I am in the midst of all that I wanted to see -- I shall send this to La Ferté. Tell Madam Blanc how much I would like to see her again -- and with dear love to Mrs. Fields believe me yours affly.

Helen B. M

Notes

Roger's: Merriman's son, a historian. Key to Correspondents.

Benjamin Franklin: American author and "Founding Father," Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790). Wikipedia.

Shedd: This transcription is uncertain, and this person has not yet been identified.

drapery: Merriman seems to have written "cold grapery," and I have guessed at what she meant.

Arnold Ward: This could be British journalist and politician Arnold Sandwith Ward (1876-1950). Wikipedia.

Dugdale: Probably this was William Francis Stratford Dugdale (1872-1965), son of Jewett correspondent Alice Frances Trevelyan Dugdale. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett, Additional Correspondence, MS Am 1743.1, Box 2, Item 73, I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sara Norton Fragment

St. Rémy en Provence, 16 *May*, 1898.

I send you a leaf that you will know from this most lovely place, and whereas I last spoke of primroses (I am sorry to think how long ago!), I can now speak of the golden lilies of France, which grow wild along these roadsides, and scarlet poppies and young vine leaves and old mulberry-trees, that look rueful as if they thought it very hard to put out nice leaves every year with the other trees, only to have them picked for silkworms.* Provence is in full flower and leaf otherwise. We have seen a good bit of it, with several days at Avignon, and some good drives across country. I wish that I could have had you with me one long day, when Miss Travers and I went on pilgrimage to Grignan, where Madame de Sévigné spent her last days with her daughter,

and died at last, and was buried.* It took us eleven hours to make the not very long journey from Avignon and back again (a rainy morning forcing us to give up a drive and wait for a branch train instead), and we had only half an hour to see the ruined château and exquisite old French gardens; but it was one of the most delightful things I had ever done. The château rises high out of lovely green plain like a very small Orvieto,* and a solemn little old tiled village clusters under it, with a tiny market-place where Madame de Sévigné sits in her best clothes and her best manner, so gay, so Parisian, so French, so enchanting and so perfectly incongruous! You feel as if it had not been kind to make her permanent in bronze, -- that some of the crumbly limestone of the village would have been a kinder material by far, except that it is, after all, the crumbling old village that must some day go, and she forever stay. Her little garden, under a bit of high wall, with the fig-tree she writes about, are still there as if she had left them yesterday. The pastures were all covered with thyme, in bloom just now, and the air was blowing down from the snow mountains which shut the valley in; and after the wind and rain of the morning, the sun had come out and cleared a blue sky like Italy. One thinks of Italy always here. I have left myself no time or room on this crumply sheet of paper to tell you of a most enchanting *farandole** which we saw yesterday, in a village near by, where all the dancers of different parishes had come together. There was never anything more exquisite than the whole thing, the open arena with the afternoon light through the trees and all the country people so gay, so delighted. The costumes and the *grace* of the whole thing; the Provençal dance-tune would have delighted you.

Notes

silkworms: According to *A treatise on the Mulberry tree and Silkworm: and on the Production and Manufacture of Silk* (1839) by John Clarke, mulberry trees and silk worms were brought to France in the 15th century and well-established in Provence during the 16th century (70-4).

Miss Travers: Susan B. Travers. Key to Correspondents.

Grignan ... Madame de Sévigné: Grignan is in southeastern France, between Marseille and Lyon. Wikipedia says Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, marquise de Sévigné (1626 -1696) "was a French aristocrat, remembered for her letter-writing. Most of her letters, celebrated for their wit and vividness, were addressed to her daughter. She is revered in France as one of the great icons of French 17th century literature." Her correspondence with her daughter, Françoise, more than 1500 letters, was published between 1725 and 1734. Françoise, married François Adhémar de Monteil, Comte de Grignan.

Orvieto: A town in central Italy.

farandole: a Provençal dance in which men and women hold hands and form a line, following a leader through a serpentine course. See the selection from Fields's diary following Jewett to Dresel of 16 May.

This letter appeared in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Dresel

St. Rémy de Provence
16 May
[*1898*]

Dear Loulie

I got your nice letter a day or two ago in Avignon and I had been thinking of you just then and wishing that I knew where you were and had not for the moment forgotten & mislaid your bankers address. It is so long that your [own *corrected*] letter has been following me that I don't dare to write to Venice now. I am so glad that things had gone so well on the whole, certainly they went well when they brought Miss Brockhaus* to join you! I find that Switzerland and Venice itself are much harder to stay away from than I expected, especially as we have had very cold, rainy weather most of the time ever since we came South. Mrs. Fields has been croaking just as if it were in January at home -- in fact her throat has been so troublesome

[*Page 2*]

and she has had a way of looking so pale that I have about made up my mind to take her under my arm and go to Aix-les-Bains for a little while. The waters there did her so much good once before in just such a hoarseness.

We had a lovely ten days in London and it was very pleasant in Paris except for the dark weather and her illness. I was so glad to see Madame Blanc as you may suppose. We go to her the first week in June for a few weeks and during that time she promises to go down into Touraine with us which will be delightful. I should like to have her know Nelly Prince* and to have Nelly know Madame Blanc.

Didn't Dr. Robert Collyer come with you on the Aller? He was going to sail on the 16th and I fancied you and Miss Clark* having a delightful time with him. Perhaps the war* prevented his starting -- or perhaps you forgot about our knowing him so well, as you wrote. I hope

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

that you will have the best of summers dear Loulie. Do write again and let us know. we are both so glad to hear from you. La Ferté sous Jouarre, Seine et Marne is M^me^ Blanc's address. Nearer than London!

Yours most affectionately,
S. O. J.

[*Page 3*]*

We saw a beautiful farandol yesterday{.} I wish you had been with us! The Provencal music was enchanting.

I am sorry to be so hard up for writing materials but you will forgive them.

Notes

Brockhaus: Marianne Theresia Brockhaus. Key to Correspondents.

Prince: Helen Choate Prince. Key to Correspondents.

Miss Clark: Probably Natalie Lord Rice Clark. Key to Correspondents.

the war: The Spanish-American War lasted about 10 weeks: April 25, 1898 - August 13, 1898. Wikipedia.

Page 3: Richard Cary notes: "This letter is not on the sturdy stationery ordinarily used by Jewett but on two thin, translucent sheets over which she has written vertically in the left margin of the first page and on the reverse of the second page, making for some difficulty of perusal."

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Library Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1 -- Folder A14: to Louisa Loring Dresel, 1886-1898. Richard Cary's annotated transcription appeared in "Jewett to Dresel: 33 Letters," *Colby Library Quarterly* 7:1 (March 1975), 13-49. New transcription and notes.

Selection from Fields's Diary

We heard that the "farandole" was to be danced at Château Renard, near the ruins of a mediaeval castle which crowned one of the spurs of the Alpilles several miles away. "La Farandole" is not now an affair of every day occurrence and by no means to be lost. The afternoon was like a day in early June in New England and the roads as we drove over them beautiful as well as interesting avenues leading to a most novel scene. There were not many persons going from a distance to see the dance and there were no foreigners save our small group. As we approached the village of Château Renard however the excitement began. Everybody was getting ready for the occasion. We were greatly disappointed to hear that only men were to dance and as we came out to the other side of the town and entered an avenue of plane trees and heard that the dancers were in the cafés our idea of the matter sank lower still. The arena lay before us shaded by old trees with the omnipresent small boy hanging about the entrance; there was, as yet no other sign of any unusual event. Our 'cochers' wished to leave us and go to the village but we being ignorant fancied half an hour would be sufficient to exhaust our interest in the dance. We compromised at last as we thought very generously by an hour and we left to enter the arena and choose our places among the earliest guests. Above us the grim old castle looked down upon the scene. The people soon began to come, whole families including the dog finding seats for themselves with the deepest satisfaction. The cleanliness everywhere was an added beauty and although there were few brilliant costumes there was a general air of refinement in the peasants' dress which was worthy of observation. Soon the sound of a drum was heard and martial music which set every boy again on the alert. Presently groups of brilliantly dressed men appeared. The band took its place and the judges came into the box decorated for the event with national colors. Everything was ready to begin. The gay crowd sitting under the shadow of the trees on seats after the plan of the Roman arenas at Nîmes and elsewhere and the groups of young men in their beautiful dresses in the centre seven in each group representing the several cities of Provence made a pretty picture gilded by the spring sunshine. Presently the band struck up the music of "La Farandole" a simple but archaic strain which repeats and we could see the restless feet of the dancers longing to begin. At a given sign, seven handsome young men in red velvet jackets, white trouser and caps, leading a little girl dressed also in red came to the middle of the arena. Then the dance began; the little girl along at the end copying as gracefully and lightly as possible the dancing of the men.

The seven chosen first took their places in a figure in the middle fronting the music. The leader alone at the head, two men stood at an angle several feet behind him and the rest placed themselves at regular intervals with the child alone behind. There they danced for a few moments each in his place. Suddenly they whirled into line, taking each other by the hand and dancing as they advanced the last one always holding the child's hand, thus they went twice round the whole space. The advance is made slowly and with great dignity and skill, each individual repeating the jump and intricate movement of the feet made upon one spot before making the leap by which they

advance. It is no simple matter "La Farandole"! Children learn it in their earliest youth; every little scamp in the audience was trying it in corners of the seats, if they were unoccupied, or by scrambling down between the posts into the arena. Hence it comes that in times of public excitement in the villages when the sound of the drum is heard beating the measure of La Farandole, young and old turn out and seize each others hands and go dancing along the road or up the mountain side. At such moments even visitors are caught and borne along. A simple leap in the air, a change of feet and a long step forward all done in good faith will be accepted unnoticed but for the people themselves. La Farandole is a work of art. There is something intoxicating in the music and the slow but active advance. The eye cannot follow quite close enough to understand the subtle movement of the feet. It is music in action. There are the tones, the semi-tones, the individual parts and the whole orchestra! Perhaps twenty minutes were absorbed or half an hour by each group of men; but we had lost all count of time in the fascination of the dance and can only guess.

When the first group ended it withdrew in the applause of the multitude. It was soon followed by another in a uniform of blue and white with a little boy at the end. These were men from Maillane, the district where Frederic Mistral* lives. They were somewhat imperfect in their dancing but the child was so engaging that they also ended with the applause of the people. The child wore little buskins on his feet not unlike an indian moccasin with straps which would untie. When he saw his strings hanging with utter unconsciousness of being observed, he would sit down in the arena wherever he happened to be to tie them up again -- Nothing could have been prettier or more amusing and it was appreciated like a kind of joke on all sides even by the dancers who were not infrequently interrupted by it -- This group was soon succeeded by another, the men of Arles who were the most splendid of all in force and accuracy. By this time we had forgotten the day must come to an end, had forgotten our coachmen, had forgotten to breathe -- we were all eyes and ears and lost in the pleasure of the scene. It must have been three hours at least after we had taken our places when one of the "cochers" making his appearance reminded me that I had asked them to return early! Ah me, how hard it was to come away with the music still playing the same quaint tune, the groups still appearing in turn and the whole about to make an appearance together at the end! But we were miles away, sunset was at hand and we had seen La Farandole.

As we returned through the villages we sometimes saw dancing going on in the public squares, young girls and young men in the open air while their elders sat about taking coffee or enjoying themselves in a Sunday afternoon talk. The simplicity and natural life of the Provençal cannot be surpassed.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Theodore Jewett Eastman Fragment

Nimes - 19 May [*1898*]

Dear Theodore

[Ants *so spelled*] have just been to a Bull-fight! and I wished much for you and send you a few handbills of the next one to [distribute *corrected*] among chosen friends. When we were in Avignon somebody told us that occasionally the Spanish bull fighters came over the border and that all the world flocked to see and the first thing my eye fell upon when I got out of the train here yesterday & was waiting for the omnibus to start for the hotel -- was a large poster speaking of a great affair this day to celebrate the great church festival of Ascension Day! It seemed a very unbefitting ceremony, but quite characteristic of this part of the world. And

[*Page 2*]

moreover what particularly interested me was this: the Grande Course was to be held in the old Roman [amphitheatre *corrected and so spelled*] here, which is much [like *corrected*] the Colosseum at Rome -- only smaller, and it has been used for such outdoor shows ever since Roman times. All this part of the south of France was full of rich Roman colonies as I dare say you know far better than I, and even in the little Provençal town of St Rémy where we have just been there was a really exquisite Roman monument and triumphal arch -- This morning we went out to see the famous Pont du Gard which is a huge slender Roman [acqueduct *so spelled*] -- three stories of arches -- crossing a valley, and here in Nimes are most elaborate Roman baths and

[*Page 3*]

the famous Maison Carée like a Greek temple which is one of the most lovely things I ever [saw *corrected, probably from* say] --

Well! we were a little late and the six matadors had made their entrance and were engaged with a lively black bull who gave them plenty of work with hopping over the high fence and clipping across the arena to get out of his way. The matadors were perfectly splendid looking fellows { -- } one of them was a head taller than the others and quite princely in his behavior but he saved himself a little more than the rest. They were all dressed in red or blue or green of different shades with solid

embroidery of gold & silver that glittered well in the sun and their picturesque black hats! [We *corrected possibly from* I] saw five of the

[*Page* 4]

six bulls and then it began to get chilly as it does here when the sun gets low ---- but all the afternoon it was [really *corrected*] a most brilliant sight -- the gay colors of the womens dresses against the old gray stone work and the crowd of faces and the edge of old crumbling [*deleted word*] masonry up against the blue sky. And little boys would sneak down to the first class front seats next the arena and be spied presently by a terrible old person with a long whip and sent back to their proper ten-cent places with awfully convicting remarks and there would be great yells of joy when one of the bulls took to his heels in an emergency with the picadors and leaped clean over the barriers -- There was no

[*End of the manuscript*]

Note

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University MS Am 1743.1 Box 4: 116, 3 letters to Theodore Jewett Eastman.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

Nimes. 20 May [*1898*]

Dearest S. W. I have been thinking letters to you and not writing them, -- you will have to take my word for it, there being no other sign! We have been loitering through this lovely country of Provence with its young vines and old olive trees and we have lived in Avignon and at St. [Remy *so spelled*] and spent an afternoon with M. Mistral* who lives in a great house behind fields of grain and grass and poppies and rows of mulberry trees and grey olives line his own Mireio. And as you drive along the road to go and see him golden lilies of

[*Page 2*]

France grow in the brooks and beyond the hedgerows [there *corrected*] are acres of big white poppies, a crop of white nuns, one might say they looked like, all standing in pious rows in the sun. But of all the things I have seen, I wished for you yesterday the most; I was walking along a shady road by the riverside, above the Pont du Gard,* (that masterful old Roman [ruin *corrected*] which you must know better than I did before I came). It was a very shady road, and the only travellers besides A. F. and me were nightingales, singing most cheerful and rustling in the branches overhead. And

[*Page 3*]

now just let me tell you something: the underbrush was box, growing in great bushes, and the air was about as sweet as it could be with that dry strange, sweet, old scent that tries to make you try to remember things long before you were born. And we went walking on and presently we came to great gates and still walked on with innocent hearts and a love of pleasure and we crossed a moat full of flowers and green bushes, and the other side of the old bridge beyond two slender marble columns with exquisite capitals was another gateway and a courtyard and an old chateau asleep in the sun. All the great windows

[*Page 4*]

and the hall door at the top of the steps were open and round the three sides and up to the top of the tower green vines had grown with room enough to keep themselves separate, and one of them near by was full of bees and you could hear no other sound. It was La Belle au Bois Dormante:* you just kept as still as you could and looked a little while and came away again. And the stone of the chateau was reddish, and the green was green and the sunshine was of that afternoon softness that made the whole sight of the old house flicker and smile back at you as if you were trying hard to look at something in a

[*Page 5*]

dream. It was in a lovely corner of the world far out from any town -- as we drove back to the -- world! we came over high pasture lands, where [wild *corrected*] thyme was growing, (own cousin to the box in the woods) and we could look off at little high brown [cities *corrected from* city] on the hills with one campanile, as if they had been [cities *corrected from* city] in Italy.

----- And one day, from Avignon I went to the old Chateau de Grignan, where Madame de Sévigné used to come to stay with her daughter and where she died at last and was buried. The chateau was ruined in the Revolution,* but

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there is the dear lady's little garden as if she had gone to heaven and left it only last year. Her fig-tree that she writes about sometimes looks very flourishing, and all her wallflowers are tumbling over the battlements like a brook. I shall have a great deal to tell you some day about Chateau de Grignan! Wild thyme grows in that country too; it is a very, very out of the way corner of the world, and we were all day getting there and getting home again to Avignon. And besides all this we have seen Arles and seen Tarascon and [other *corrected*]

[*Page 7*]

towns of Provence, and we saw a farandole* a-dancing on a happy Sunday afternoon.

Now we are going to Aix-les-Bains because dear A.F. is still so hoarse, and once it did her a great deal of good there, and for me, I shall like to see Aix again and to rest a while, and Susy* will take a look at things and then go back to Paris.

Soon after the first of June we shall follow on, and begin our visit to Madame Blanc* which seems something like going home.

I am beginning to feel better than when I came away, and things are getting on well and so far

[*Page 8*]

for a rainy month of May indeed, we had considerable pleasant weather! And all this French sight-seeing is full of delight -- as you know, and I cannot forget.

Good-bye, darling! I think of you pretty often and I was as glad to get your letter in Avignon ~~as~~ (most as glad!) as if you had come walking in yourself. Tell me about the great window, for indeed I try very hard to see it as it goes up into place.*

Yours most truly

S. O. J.

Notes

M. Mistral: Frédéric Mistral (1830-1914), a Provençal poet, author of *Mireio* (1859), leader of a movement to revive Provençal language.

Pont du Gard: Wikipedia says: "The Pont du Gard is an ancient Roman aqueduct that crosses the Gardon River in southern France. Located near the town of Vers-Pont-du-Gard, the bridge is part of the Nîmes aqueduct, a 50-kilometer system built in the first century AD to carry water from a spring at Uzès to the Roman colony of Nemausus (Nîmes)."

La Belle au Bois dormante: "The Sleeping Beauty," French title of the famous fairy tale.

the Revolution: The French Revolution of 1789.

farandole: a Provençal dance. See the selection from Fields's diary following Jewett to Dresel of 16 May. in which participants hold hands and form a line, following a leader through a serpentine course.

Susy: Susan B. Travers. Key to Correspondents.

the great window: See notes for Whitman to Jewett of 23 January 1898. In this case, she probably refers to her "Brimmer Window" for Harvard's Memorial Hall.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge. MA: Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904, recipient. 25 letters; 1892-[1900] & [n.d.]. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (126). Part of this letter appears in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Annie Fields Transcription

Dearest S. W., -- I have been thinking letters to you and not writing them, -- you will have to take my word for it, there being no other sign. We have been loitering through this lovely country of Provence, with its young vines and its old olive trees, and we have lived in Avignon and at St. Rémy and spent an afternoon with M. Mistral, who lives in a great house behind fields of grain and grass and poppies and rows of mulberry-trees and grey olives line his own Mireio. And as you drive along the road to go and see him, golden lilies of France grow in the brooks, and beyond the hedgerows there are acres of big white poppies, -- a crop of white nuns, one might say they looked like, all standing in pious rows in the sun. But of all the things I have seen, I wished for you the most to see those of yesterday. I was walking along a shady road by the riverside, above the Pont du Gard (that masterful old Roman ruin, which you must know better than I did before I came). It was a very shady road, and the only travellers besides A. F. and me were nightingales, singing most cheerful and rustling in the branches overhead. And now just let me tell you something: the underbrush was *box*, growing in great bushes, and the air was about as sweet as it could be with that dry, strange, sweet, old scent that tries to make you remember things long before you were born. And we went walking on, and presently we came to great gates, and still walked on with innocent hearts and a love of pleasure, and we crossed a moat full of flowers and green bushes, and the other side of the old bridge, beyond two slender marble columns with exquisite capitals, was another gateway and a courtyard and an old château asleep in the sun. All the great windows and the hall door at the top of the steps were open, and round the three sides and up to the top of the tower green vines had grown, with room enough to keep themselves separate, and one of them near by was full of bees, and you could hear no other sound. It was La Belle au Bois dormante. You just kept as still as you could and looked a little while, and came away again. And the stone of the château was reddish, and the green was green and the sunshine was of that afternoon softness that made the whole sight of the old house flicker and smile back at you as if you were trying hard to look at something in a dream. It was in a lovely corner of the world, far out from any town. As we

drove back to the -- *world*, we came over high pasture lands, where wild thyme was growing (own cousin to the box in the woods), and we could look off at little high brown cities on the hills with one campanile, as if they had been cities in Italy. And one day, from Avignon, I went to the old Château de Grignan, where Madame de Sévigné used to come to stay with her daughter, and where she died at last and was buried. The château was ruined in the Revolution, but there is the dear lady's little garden, as if she had gone to heaven and left it only last year. Her fig-tree, that she writes about sometimes, looks very flourishing, and all her wallflowers are tumbling over the battlements like a brook. I shall have a great deal to tell you some day about Château de Grignan. Wild thyme grows in that country too. It is a very, very out-of-the-way corner of the world, and we were all day getting there and getting home again to Avignon. And, besides all this, we have seen Arles and seen Tarascon and other towns of Provence, and we saw a *farandole* a-dancing on a happy Sunday afternoon.

I am beginning to feel better than when I came away, and things are getting on well, and so far, for a rainy month of May indeed, we had considerable pleasant weather. And all this French sight-seeing is full of delight, as you know, and I cannot forget.

Good-bye, darling! I think of you pretty often, and I was as glad to get your letter in Avignon (*most* as glad) as if you had come walking in yourself. Tell me about the great window, for indeed I try very hard to see it as it goes up into place.

Selection from Fields's Diary

A Visit with Frédéric Mistral

Another fair cool day, a day like early June in New England, found us driving in the bright afternoon along the "little white road" leading from the small town of St. Rémy to Maillane, the home of Frédéric Mistral. The time and weather conjoined to make a perfect season for the country of Provence. Fields of white poppies and other flowers planted for seed in this district made the way beautiful on either hand. Olive trees with rows of black cypresses here & there, old tiled-roofed farm houses and the mountains always on the horizon, filled the landscape.

The first considerable house we reached was the home of the poet…. A pretty garden which attracted our attention with a rose eglantine called La Reine Joanne, and other charming things hanging over the wall made us suspicious of the poet's vicinity. Turning the corner of this garden and driving up a short road we found the courtyard and door on the inner side as it were. We heard a barking dog. Take care, said the driver, there is a dangerous dog inside; therefore we waited until Mistral himself came to meet us from the garden. When we told him what the man had said, he was much amused. There was an old dog tied half asleep on a bench and a young one by his side. He said laughing, "These are all and they could not be less dangerous. The elder" (he let them loose while he spoke and they played about us), "the elder I call Bouffe, from Boufflo Beel"* … "and the reason is because I happened to be in the neighborhood of Paris once just after Buffalo Bill had passed on toward Calais with his troupe. I saw a little dog, unlike the dogs of our country who seemed to be lost but the moment he saw me, he thought I was "Boufflo Beel" and adopted me for his master….

The distance from Arles to Nîmes is not great in these days of railroads and Nîmes is a large and beautiful city…. The arena … is well preserved and is still used for an occasional bull-fight. The people however begin to be ashamed of the savagery of the ancient contests and content themselves with milder sights -- A bull fight was advertised to our great satisfaction for one sunny afternoon where "no one was to be killed" as our informant assured us. It was too great an opportunity to lose and we found ourselves sitting in the Roman seats with a large restless audience and sometimes crowding into the seats and sometimes wandering about in the intervals up high against the sky just as the people must have filled those seats and stood or wandered outlined against the blue sky centuries ago when Christians confined in the now empty dungeons were "butchered to make a Roman holiday."* In the arena at Arles the seats of the Caesars are still to be seen. At Nîmes common seats have been put in, covering the broken surfaces of past centuries and wooden gates and fences give a sordid aspect in detail but the grandeur of the whole cannot be lost while the great stones remain. Presently at the sound of music the low gates flew open and a bull came pawing head down into the arena. From the opposite side Matadors, young athletes very Spanish in appearance ran forward to challenge him to combat. We held our breaths. The first man waved a cloak before the bull who ran at it furiously and not hitting the man rushed for him but he dexterously evaded the horns & vaulted over the high fence which surrounded the enclosure while another teased the bull with a second cloak. Some of the men escaped with difficulty, but in the end owing to their great agility and alertness no one was injured. Six bulls in succession were brought into the arena and each one was grappled with successfully; the Spaniards managing to stick their bristling rods in the creatures sides before they were allowed to depart. The men showed

astonishing activity and strength but it was evidently not at all the same exciting affair as the branding of the bulls in the Camargue country, nor was it whetted with the horrors of a genuine bull fight where horses are mangled and men sometimes injured.

The memory of a day at the Pont du Gard seems only a delicious dream, one of those glimpses of a world seen in sleep which we never forget and yet can never know in waking hours. It was like a June day again in New England. "When clouds are highest in the air"* and the sun is warm. When every flower that one has ever known is either just ready to bloom or is already in perfection; nothing is over ripe; nothing is tired, when a river wears the colors of the peacock's neck and rocks are dark …. How majestic the arches rose, three deep above the stream; high they seemed as the sky itself and strong as if they were the rocks of ages and not placed one upon another by the hand of man. We felt like children, like ants, like one of the vast army of builders who once swarmed here and builded and then vanished forever. Forty miles away other arches of this great aqueduct discovered. Forty miles away the people drank the water brought from clear springs and were refreshed. It was inconceivable. We wandered about the place and gathered the most perishable and exquisite of white roses that faded in an hour in memory of the spot. We wandered down the river bank; we saw the water glimmering in sunlight below us on the one side while the nightingales sang in a thick laurel hedge on the other; we strayed on in this dream of the past until we found ourselves at the open courtyard gate of a château sleeping in the Sunshine. It was a mediaeval tower, with immemorial ivy but the door of the salon was half open and we felt the Sleeping Beauty was within. We did not waken her; we only stood in our dream watching the birds and the butterflies as they rose from the green tangle into the blue and then we turned to retrace our steps. A friendly old dog came out to companion us until at the sound of a whistle he returned again; then all was as before. Presently the vast arches dawned upon us again, again we watched the dissolving river and distant towers appear beneath them, again they all sank as we turned the spur of the hill and we found ourselves wondering if it were all true indeed this vision of the Pont du Gard.

Notes

Beel: Buffalo Bill, William Frederick "Buffalo Bill" Cody (1846-1917), was an American scout, bison hunter, and showman. His "Wild West" show at the 1889 Paris Exposition rivaled the new Eiffel Tower in popularity.

Roman holiday: Fields quotes from the narrative poem by British Romantic poet, George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824), Canto IV of *Child Harold's Pilgrimage* stanza 141 (1812-1818).

highest in the air: Fields paraphrases the second stanza of Alfred, Lord Tennyson's (1809-1892) romantic ballad of 1842, "Lady Clare": "It was the time when lilies blow, / And clouds are highest up in air."

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

On the train from
South Berwick!
May 31

[*1898*]*

How does that strike you darling? and will you forgive this crooked pencil if it tells you that I have just had a morning of hospitality and green fields & blue sky (with the white rolling clouds I saw once with you) and walking in the garden to see the tulips and borders and lovely green things

[*Page 2*]

generally? -- all this combined with going to Hamilton House in company with Mrs Tyson & Elise* and seeing everything pertaining thereto! ---- such a state of things makes writing at this moment necessary to my peace: and so I send this little message from the old house dear friend. ---- Your sister Mary looks so well & was in fine spirits, feeling now settled about the journey, &

[*Page 3*]

finding it not to be very long to wait: especially as tulips and lilacs [is blooming *so it appears*]. -- Mrs. Tyson's house is a fine specimen as a house, & what a situation! really a perfect one. And do you remember that you took me there darling? The various details which she wanted to see me about [*unrecognized word* settled *?*] themselves very comfortably [up to *?*] the point of a new kitchen to be built: and that is a good

[*Page 4*]

deal of a [course *?*]: but it [must *?*] be done, somehow -- anywhere it would interfere with a square house unless it could be built where it would not catch the eye: which [there *or* then] is [*unrecognized word*].

[*Deleted word*] But we shall see. -----

Now I am returning from this most [impossible *?*] trip -- a day out of this week is not to be imagined, only done -- and I [report *or* expect *?*] I shall find old Coolidge come up

[*Page 5*]

for Ruth Loring's wedding* tomorrow -- and yesterday was Memorial Day,* and I went first to see some parts of the window freshly put in, and then it was Prof. Shaler for the oration: I had thought of him as a brilliant -- & perhaps somewhat erratic lecturer on scientific [themes *or* things *?*]. This was on the whole the most restrained, impassioned & wholly noble address upon this theme which I

[*Page 6*]

have ever heard. I will send it to you if it is printed whole -- (one wants every word of it) & if not I will keep it in my heart & tell you some good day. ---

It is supposed that I shall see the whole window* on the 12th -- & then I shall see "what [flaws *?*] are in the work" -- and what can be done about them. ----

[*Page 7*]

Meantime I am told that you & dear A.F. have been in Provence of all places: and have [drunk *?*] -- at lovely fountains.

Tis well so -- and I am glad with you.

Ever yours

SW

Notes

1898: The envelope associated with this letter was first cancelled in Boston on 31 May 1898. On the front is a second cancellation, the place not readable, on 9 July 98. Also on the front is a blue ink stamp: "B.B. Jun 9 1898" presumably indicating when Baring Brothers received the letter. There is yet another cancellation that is not readable.

On the reverse side is another Boston cancellation on 31 May, and one at Ferté Sous Jouarre on 24 June 98, and another almost unreadable, also for 9 June or July 1898, possibly a duplicate of the unreadable cancellation on the front.

The envelope was originally was addressed to Jewett "Care [Msser *?*] Baring Bros & Co, London, England." In this address, everything except Jewett's name has been deleted in red. This transcription is uncertain at several points, but almost certainly Jewett and Fields while traveling abroad used the Baring Brothers Bank of London to forward their mail. The envelope has been re-addressed in red ink: "c/o Mme Blanc Bentzon La Ferté Sous Jouarre, Seine et Marne, France."

On the back, in addition to cancellations, is a note by Whitman: "I have an awful feeling that I have sent letters to [*two unrecognized words* Brown Shipley *?*] & Co or have I not?" If this transcription is correct, Whitman may refer to Brown Shipley & Co Limited, a London private bank.

Hamilton House ... Mrs Tyson & Elise: Emily Davis Tyson and her daughter. Key to Correspondents. For Hamilton House, see Jewett to Sara Norton of 23 February 1898 and Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett of 28 February 1898.

Coolidge ... Ruth Loring's wedding: Ruth Loring (1877-1964) married Boston merchant William Whitman, Jr. (1874-1958) on 1 June 1898, according to the *Third Report of the Harvard Class of 1897*, p. 273. Whether William Whitman was related to Mrs. Whitman's husband has not been determined.

Jewett correspondent Sarah Chauncey Woolsey wrote under the name Susan Coolidge.

Memorial Day: Traditionally on 30 May, the holiday was established in 1868 for remembering soldiers killed in United States Wars.

Prof. Shaler: Nathaniel Shaler (1841-1906) was a Harvard paleontologist and geologist, who wrote about the theological implications of the theory of evolution. A popular teacher, he was a proponent of "Scientific Racism." His 1898 Memorial Day Address at Harvard was entitled "True Response of Valor." It appeared in the *Harvard Graduates Magazine* in December 1898.

window: See notes for Whitman to Jewett of 23 January 1898.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904. 92 letters; [1884]-[1903] & [n.d.] Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1:107.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

La Ferté sous Jouarre,* [Seine et Marne *added probably by Fields*]
6 June [*1898*]

Dearest S. W.,

It is almost like getting home to find myself here with Madame Blanc at last, and this day is A. F.'s birthday and the big fountain is making all the noise there is, and all the birds are singing in the big walled garden and beyond that, from my window in a little room out of my bedroom where I can write you a letter, one can look off over the most lovely piece of French country; a long slope of a hill going up to the sky muffled in green trees

[*Page 2*]

with here and there a line of [gray *corrected*] wall or the sharp gable of an old farmhouse. And an interruption to the green with a piece of old

weather-beaten red tiling of a roof. Which is to say that this is a quiet corner of old France, and the oldest bells in the world ring now and then very sweet and far off. Thérèse says that they sound as they do because they are the other side of the Marne, and "have to come through the water"! At any rate they are like a dream of bells and I heard them first early on Sunday morning, yesterday, when I waked up. The old town of Jouarre is on another hill

[*Page 3*]

a mile or two farther down the river and there is a square tower of the convent as old as the time of Charlemagne.* Meaux is between us & Paris with the grave of Bossuet* in the cathedral, and beyond us is Rheims. I do not think it is very far away -- and Nancy, where we mean to go by and by. I look forward to some delightful ^still^ weeks now before Mary & Theodore come, and we go off on longer journeys. Perhaps we may go to on to Touraine first where Mme Blanc promises to go too. And A.F. is chirping from time to time about Brittany, so perhaps I shall have fewer days of doing nothing in La Ferté than I am pleased

[*Page 4*]

to suppose. And Paris is a little too near: it constantly beguiles three ladies, and I hate to hear of a dinner to go to and quite resent Thérèses going to see her publisher.

We had a good fortnight at Aix les Bains and A.F.'s throat is so much better that I no longer consider it, or think she is going to keep me up at night with an attack of croup! She had been so hoarse and looked so pale that I did not know what to do with such a sad little person, but now the fine, bright French sunshine has come it might cure her at any rate. We have had a very

[*Page 5*]

rainy weather I can tell you. [were *meaning* We're*?*] none the better for it. I thought of buying a sufficient pair of sticks for myself I got so lame and [despondent *?*].

As for Aix -- it was as amusing and oddly English as ever, and I found my old friends all alive, the funny old peasant women at the baths and in the market with their brown smiling faces and white caps. I went to the Grande Chartreuse* again, that lonely place in the mountains and slept in a cold convent cell and thought that the cliffs overhead might tumble down in the night. It is a wonderful piece of [*deleted word*] France and when one thinks of disappointed

[*Page 6*]

lovers and courtiers going there to end their days and to keep silence and wear the white Cistercian habit{,} of their leaving the Paris of that day for the Grande Chartreuse it seems something amazing -- human enough one may say, but first a refuge and place of comfort, and then a prison and place of long despair. I wish that you could see it as one comes to it up the long, deep, forested valley, with its gay light tourelles* and peaked roofs, as unexpected against the solemn mountain side as the statue of Mme de Sévigné that I told you about in the grim little

[*Page 7*]

place at Grignan,* but when you get nearer there are terrible walls and you feel that many a heart has broken behind them in winter weather and loneliness.

Dear me! how one goes writing on idly and clinging to the half thought of seeing you, of speaking to you, and getting closer with every step of the pen, as if one wrote oneself nearer with a pen's journey along the page. How I think of you and of the Window! how I wish for you and for the sight of you is beyond me to say -- You will read all this

[*Page 8*]

I know and find the love I send. I am always longing for a letter and when it comes I wish more and not less for the next. What about dear Sally Norton* -- have you seen her lately? -- I hear of her being ill with colds, and her last letter sounds very tired and downhearted about the war* with a sort of despair, poor little Sally as if it were a thing that she and I ^or somebody^ ought to have helped and not a war that in the great mysterious march of things had to be. Nobody knows why there had come a frightful thunderstorm into a good summer day and nobody knows other things! but certain ^uncontrollable^ forces brought this war about -- it was not

[*Up the left margin and then down the top margin of page 5*]

exactly anybody's bringing nor could it be anybody's hindering. I believe that Mr. Norton was right too in many things he said, and that he did good by saying

[*Up the left margin of page 6 and then down the top margins of pages 6 and 7*]

them to many foolish persons who would make things worse if they had their way. But this part of [my *?*] letter is [idler than any *?*] so good bye, with my love and blessing.

S.O.J.

Notes

La Ferté sous Jouarre: Wikipedia says that La Ferté-sous-Jouarre is a commune in north-central

France. The accent mark in "Ferté" probably was added by Fields.

the time of Charlemagne: Frankish king, Charlemagne (c. 742-814), Charles the Great, took the title of Roman Emperor in 800, and united much of western Europe under his rule.

Bossuet: French Catholic theologian and orator Jacques Benigne Bossuet (1627-1704). Wikiepedia.

Grand Chartreuse ... Cistercian habit: Jewett had previously visited the Grande Chartreuse in 1892. See her letter to Alice Greenwood (Mrs. George D.) Howe of Sunday June 1892.

Cistercians are members of a Roman Catholic religious order founded in 1098 by St. Robert, abbot of Molesme. The Grande Chartreuse, however, is a Carthusian monastery. According to the *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*, "The Order of Carthusians is a Roman Catholic religious order of monks, lay brothers, and nuns founded (10

tourelles: turrets (French).

Grignan: Grignan is in southeastern France, between Marseille and Lyon.

window: See notes for Whitman to Jewett of 23 January 1898.

Sally Norton: Sara Norton. Key to Correspondents.

war: The Spanish-American War lasted about ten weeks during the spring and summer of 1898. Two main areas of fighting were Cuba and the Philippines, both of which became United States possessions along with other islands in the Caribbean and the Pacific. Rebecca Walsh points out that the Nortons were vigorous opponents of the war. Mr. Norton became a vocal member of the Anti-Imperialist League (which was just beginning to form in June 1898). See Jewett's letter to Sara Norton of 10 June 1898. And see Rebecca Walsh, "Sugar, Sex, and Empire: Sarah Orne Jewett's 'The Foreigner' and the Spanish–American War," in *A Concise Companion to American Studies*, Edited by John Carlos Rowe (Malden, MA: Wiley-Blackwell, 2010), p. 304.

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Sarah Orne Jewett to Sara Norton

La Ferté sous Jouarre, Seine et Marne, France,* *June* 6, [1898].

I am writing all my address at the beginning, because I am to be here for five or six weeks (I hope!) with occasional flights to Paris and to Rheims and so on, -- and I think in that time you will be finding time to write to me how it looks in Ashfield.* I was very glad to get your letter, but it made me wish that you were here, too. I felt sure as I read that you were tired with that early summer-tiredness, that belongs to New Englanders of the old stock. I think there are moments when one is sure that we have not had time even yet to get acclimated, and the spring weather in Old England has a kind of hereditary ease for us, and superiority. I am a grand-child of Mary Chilton,* who came to Plymouth (like half the old-fashioned persons of Massachusetts and Maine!), but I can wilt in a May sun as if I had just landed.

When I read your letter again, just now, there was not a word in it that told me how you felt, but I have long believed that one folds up a bit of what we are pleased to call personal atmosphere into one's note-paper and that it always gets safe to the journey's end. It is a fresh cool day here, with a lovely French sky and bright sun, and this is such a lovely place! I am delighted to be with Madame Blanc, and it is almost like coming home. You would like the old walled-garden, with its "pleached walks" and great fountain, and prim box-borders, and the dwarf fruit trees with young fruit, and the bird's nest where the bird is "anxious when you look at her, but *not* frightened enough to fly away," as Madame Blanc said yesterday. The nightingales twitter and talk a good deal by day, and at the foot of their garden you can unlock a door and find yourself in a country lane that leads up the long slope of a great green hill. There are two dear little brown hunting-dogs -- bassets -- who live like lords in a neat yard at the garden foot, by this same door, and you can take them with you if you watch them well, and remind them not to kill marketable chickens at the first farm-house. This is a country of wide views; you see three or four brown villages at a glance; two of them have only a couple of fields to separate them, but I suppose when a person marries and goes to the other village it is like going among strangers altogether, just as they say good-bye, almost forever, when they marry in another island in Venice. You see that I have great pleasure in being here. One loves a bit of real country, or else one is indifferent, -- it is much more exciting to know a new piece of country than to go to a new large town.

Notes

La Ferté sous Jouarre, Seine et Marne: Wikipedia says: "La Ferté-sous-Jouarre is a commune in the Seine-et-Marne département in the Île-de-France region in north-central France. Here was the birthplace and home of Thérèse Blanc (1840-1907).

Ashfield: A town in the Berkshire mountains of western Massachusetts, where the Norton family had a summer cottage.

Mary Chilton: Wikipedia says: "Mary Chilton (1607 - c.April 1679) was a Pilgrim and purportedly the first European woman to step ashore at Plymouth, Massachusetts."

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sara Norton

10*th of June*.

I am afraid that this long and dull beginning of a letter had better be torn in two, but I have only time to write half a letter, and not a whole one, before the post goes out. I wish that I could take you to see the brown old town of Jouarre, on a hill near here, with one of its convent towers as old as Charlemagne's time, and a curious old crypt, covered in the days of the Revolution and forgotten, and then rediscovered some years ago. There are some wonderful old tombs of the lady abbesses,* and one of them was a young Scottish Princess who looks as if she had just climbed to the top of her high tomb and fallen asleep there, -- a most dear and touching shape, -- so young that time itself has looked on all these years and never laid a finger on her, or a troubling thought of age. Then, in a very old little church close by, is some old glass. One bit of a window is King David playing on a harp,* and I am sure that you would say that it is exquisite as it can be in colour and feeling, and the sense it gives of great rapture, as with music. I long for some kind of copy of it to take away; if ever you can find an afternoon to spare in Paris, you must come to see so beautiful a thing. I cannot forget it; but all this beauty is in a corner of an old grey village church, where the windows have been mended with glass of another sort, and hardly anybody comes from the outside world. Madame Blanc had long ago discovered this wonderful old window with the King David, and was so glad when we found it, too, and cared about it as she did. I wish that Mr. Ruskin* could have seen it and written about it.

I have not left myself half room to tell you of some old French ladies, who interest me very much. There is one -- Madame de Beaulaincourt* -- who is the subject of much affectionate delight! She is the daughter of the Maréchal de Castellaine, who was a famous soldier in his day, and this dear person is a great soldier, too, by nature; with a wonderful distinction and dignity as she sits in her house with all her old portraits, and (I am sure) some friendly ghosts who come and go and remind her of great French histories of courts and camps. She was the friend of Madame Blanc's mother, and is very fond of my friend. One so easily can see *today* in a strange country, but *yesterday* is much harder to come at, -- so that I delight in going to some very old houses in Paris, and especially to Madame de Beaulaincourt. But La Ferté and the garden, and the old church bells, and the towers of Jouarre, are very hard to leave.

I hope now, more than ever, for some better news of the war.* I feel quite as you do, but I think I can see better and better every day that it was a war which could not be hindered, after all. Spain has shown herself perfectly incompetent to maintain any sort of civilization in Cuba, and things are like some sultry summer days, when there is nothing for it but to let a thunder-shower do its best and worst, and drown the new hay, and put everything out of gear while it lasts. The condition is larger than petty politics or mercenary hopes, or naval desires for promotion, or any of those things to which at one time or another I have indignantly "laid it." I feel more than ever that such a war is to be laid at the door of progress, and not at any backward steps toward what we had begun to feel was out of date, the liking for a fight. I think that it is all nonsense to talk about bad feeling here in France, as it is certainly in England; for however people deplore the war in general and pity Spain, they generally end by saying that it was the only way out -- that we *had* to make war, and then we all say that it *must* be short! If we could drown a few newspapers from time to time, it would keep up our drooping hearts and make us willing to bear the hearing of foolish details, and even painful details. It seems like a question of surgery, this cure of Cuba -- we must not mind the things that disgust and frighten us, if only the surgery is in good hands. You know how much I saw of those islands two years ago?* I cannot feel that the natural conditions of life are hard in the way they can be hard to poor Russians, for instance: a West Indian cannot freeze -- he is impatient of clothes -- he can pick a good dinner at almost any time of year off the next bush. But he can suffer in other ways, and Spain has made Cuba suffer in those ways far too long.

But how long I am writing these small thoughts about great things! You will say as the Queen did once in old times about Gladstone, -- "He speaks to me as if I were a public meeting."* Forgive me, dear Sally, and remember that I shall not be writing about the war again!

Notes

convent towers: Jewett presumably refers to the Benedictine Jouarre Abbey, founded according to tradition in 630.

lady abbesses: Wikipedia lists the abbesses of Jouarre Abbey. It appears that the first two or three were from the same family and had origins in the British Isles, but this is not clear in documents available on-line. Whether any was a Scottish princess is not evident. See also *The Companion Guide to the Country Round Paris* (1996) by Ian Dunlop, p. 216.

David playing on a harp: See 1 Samuel 16:22-23. Jewett may be referring to a window in the Church of Saint-Pierre-et-Saint-Paul at Jouarre. A representation of a harpist appears in the lowest right panel of a 10-panel window in the choir of the church.

Mr. Ruskin: British art critic and public intellectual John Ruskin (1819-1900).

Madame de Beaulaincourt: Sophie de Castellane, Marquise de Contades, then Beaulaincourt, Countess Marles (1818-1904). Key to Correspondents and French Wikipedia.

news of the war: Norton and her father were deeply opposed to the Spanish-American War. See Jewett to Whitman of 6 June 1898.

public meeting": This quotation appears in Sir Wemyss Reid's (1842-1905) *The Life of William Ewart Gladstone* (Putnam 1899) p. 325.

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Georgina Halliburton

10 June [*1898*] La Ferte Sous Jouarre
Seine et Marne France

My dear Georgie

When I sent you a post card from Saint Remy I think -- I meant to write a letter very soon and now three weeks at least have slipped by. Mrs. Fields's cold, or bronchitis, grew so troublesome that we turned our backs upon a rainy South after we had seen Arles and Nimes with their wonderful Roman ruins, and went up to Aix les Bains in the Savoy mountains where you remember that I spent a good

[*Page 2*]

many weeks once the last time I was over here. Then Mrs. Fields had the same trouble and went to a wonderful spring which is good for throats, so we thought of it again and again it did her much good. Aix is the same bright, amusing little town with lovely drives and interesting people. Many English & some Americans but the lazy go to Aix as well as the lame! -- They have made a railway to the top of a mountain since we were there, and one day when the clouds were gone we went up and spent one of the most lovely afternoons of my life -- The range

[*Page 3*]

of mountains looks very bleak from the valley, as if you would find splintered rocks like the top of Mt. Washington* but when you get quite to the top you find the most lovely pasture country with flocks feeding and some little houses beside the chalets which were built for hotels. It is like a beautiful quiet piece of valley lifted right up into the sky, and you see all the snow mountains! even Mont Blanc shining with all its whiteness and ~~mysterious~~ strange separateness from the other peaks that crowd together.

We gathered some lovely little mountain flowers -- and I wished that I could stay a long time, the air was so clear and bracing, warmed with summer sun and cooled by the clean snow that looked so very near.

Now

[*Page 4*]

we are staying in the country with Madame Blanc and it is almost like coming home to be with her again. This part of France is very green and pleasant with its great fields and park and a convent with old towers on the hill and little brown villages scattered only a few fields apart in the low lands along the river Marne. We have a most enchanting old walled garden where I like to stay a great deal -- better than to go to Paris ^an hour away^ to drive, and do errands and go sightseeing next day! I am so looking forward to Mary's coming & Theodore's & perhaps my cousin Will,* and then we are going to take a little tour before we go back to England. Do write as often as you can. I remember that we always say that we dont write each other

[*Up the left margin and down the top margin of page 1*]

in summer, partly because we are always hoping to meet I suppose -- but this summer I cant drive down to Portsmouth, can I? Perhaps you and Auntie* can drive up before Mary comes over here. She would be so glad. How is she? Auntie I mean. I hope much better than when I heard last.

[*Up the left margin and down the top margin of page 2*]

Is Cora going to be in York this summer & Miss Loring?* I hope she will have a good summer. Mrs. Fields would send you her love I know. We both often think and speak of you. I wish I could

[*Up the left margin and down the top margin of page 3*]

see you Georgie dear. -- Yours always lovingly

Sarah.

Notes

Mt. Washington: Mt. Washington in New Hampshire, is the highest peak in the White Mountain range of New England.

cousin Will: The identity of Cousin Will is uncertain. A likely candidate is William Furber, though it appears that he did not actually join the party. See Cynthia Elvira Irwin Furber in Key to Correspondents.

Auntie: This person remains unidentified.

Cora ... Miss Loring: Cora Lee Clark Rice and Katharine Peabody Loring. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA: Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (260).

Selection from Fields's Diary

Paris June 14th 1898

S. and I went with Thérèse last evening to one of the somewhat celebrated Monday dinners of M. et Mme Delzant.* They call those dinners "Les Celibatains." They have continued every winter for fifteen years and are a kind of home-like refuge for men of talent who would otherwise have no such glimpse of life, no such sympathy in the great world of Paris. Once a week certain writers and artists who have made themselves known to M. Delzant, or whom he has sought, are made to feel sure of a dinner here on Monday and a warm welcome. Nobody dresses: the ladies wear their everyday clothes, Madame Delzant habitually affecting a nun-like costume which suits her style very well. Her life is nun-like literally, wasted in good deeds; her health is very delicate yet she imposes every task upon herself for the poor and suffering. Therefore her plain black dress with muslin collar and cuffs not stiff as if they were just put on, or startling in form, but of the most refined simplicity, makes it easy for the ladies who frequent the Delzants' salon to go in the simplest clothes. The men also were in afternoon dress. I dare say all this conduces to making some of the shy men who frequent their salon feel more at home; certainly everything was very easy and agreeable.

The hour was half past seven and we arrived punctually, but we took our time in climbing the six long flights of difficult stairs before we reached the domicile of our friends. A young man who had jumped hurriedly out of a carriage at the door and sprung lightly up before us proved to be Vanor,* a scholar lecturer & newspaper man, well known in Paris. Although we went up much more slowly we were still early. The sunset light was clear and beautiful in the handsome rooms as we entered; which enabled us to look about before dinner and enjoy a very unusual private collection of books and pictures. There were beautiful paintings by Horner, Ingres* and others, also lovely etchings and engravings. It was such a collection as only a man who knows the artist as well as his work can bring together. The books too were wonderfully bound, in original as well as beautiful covers; nevertheless M. and Mme Delzant do not allow themselves to go too far in these things. They have a large income and they spend a considerable proportion of it for others. Madame Delzant came from the South where she has inherited a château of the most mediaeval description at a place called Parays. Here her friend Madame Blanc occasionally visits her finding the heat quite intolerable but the life of the most primitive and restful description….

At night we went to dinner with Madame de Beaulaincourt, a very great lady indeed. She is the daughter of the Marquis de Castellane, Maréchal de France and has known all the high French society since the time of the 1st Napoleon. This is my regiment! she said pointing to a picture of advancing soldiers which hangs over her table. She has been a great horse woman all her life and a person of most independent thought and speech. M. Bertin & M. Valliére* both men of high standing in literature and manners came to dinner. And we had such good things to eat, with marvellous cheese-cakes to end with, before the fruits. She has a country seat at Acosta* where luxuries in the way of fruits, flowers and vegetables, are constantly sent to her.

Friday June 17th

We left Paris early for La Ferté…. The fatigues of the three days had been too much for Sarah who took cold in coming from dinner the previous evening and was poorly all day. We drove in the afternoon to an interesting and decaying chateau Mont Bise* which was a picture indeed….

June 18th La Ferté

We walked out together in the afternoon. Sarah not feeling quite well stayed at home. We were lost in the exquisite feeling and walked about five miles. It was delicious.

June 19th Sunday

Th. went to early church but Sarah had a cold and we stayed at home. Mrs. Johnson* and her daughter, wife of the sub-editor of "The Century" came to pass the day. Th. took the young lady a

long country walk, showed her the house of George Ohnet,* a pretty villa near here, but Mrs J. was not very well and stayed at home with us. We enjoyed a beautiful dinner as usual in the evening with very exquisite spirits and wines sent by Monsieur Blanc.* The Nectarines were finer than any I ever saw….

Tuesday 22d

Warmer. Sarah still very ill with her cold. I ran out for a mile or two during the day but Th. wrote all day with few interruptions, except two hours at the dejeuner until nearly sundown.

Wedy --
Sarah better, not well enough yet for Meaux. Th. & I have had some very delightful walks….

Friday June 24th.
We went at once to the Cathedral on reaching Rheims, and stood speechless before the façade which for unity and completeness is almost unrivalled: the solid carving of the lower portion, the sense of magnificent wholeness and weight contrasts perfectly with the lightness and open effect of all that is above. Pictures cannot give this but it is one of the striking features of the original….

June 25th Saturday
Mary Garrett and Miss Thomas* came from Paris to pass half the day. Dear Th. was suffering from headache but it grew better during the day -- It rained early but cleared in time for us to walk out after luncheon and gather roses….

June 27 Monday
Came news of my dear sister Lizzy's death* on a postal card!! The telegraph failed us and reported "bien" instead of dead the fatal word. She left this world on the 15th. Thérèse and I took a long walk talking of her and of the high mysteries….

Notes

M. et Mme Delzant: Alidor (1848-1905) and Gabrielle Delzant resided in Paris and at Parays ((Lot-et-Garonne). He was a lawyer, a bibliophile, editor, and author and wrote. among other works. a biography of the brothers Goncourt. Gabrielle (1854-1903) was cited by Violet Paget for the "admirableness of her brains" and her "extraordinary charm of high breeding." Madame Delzant, an aspiring author, compiled extensive memoranda and rough drafts of books on Port Royal and the Princesse de Liancourt but did not live to publish them. Her husband edited *Gabrielle Delzant: Letters, Souvenirs* (1904). Source: Richard Cary. See also "Paget in Parays" (1960) by Archille H. Biron.

Les Celibatains: French for single, unmarried people.

Vanor: Georges Van Ormelingen (1865-1906), lecturer and author, published under the name Georges Vanor.

Ingres: This transcription is uncertain, but Fields may refer to the Danish painter, Johan Hörner (1711-1763); whether the Delzants held any of his paintings has not been confirmed. Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres (1780-1867) was a French history painter in the Neoclassical style.

Madame de Beaulaincourt: Key to Correspondents.
That Madame de Beaulaincourt has known "everyone" since the time of the first Napoleon is something of an exaggeration, since Napoleon Bonaparte died in 1821, when she was about three years old. However, she *does* come from his time.

M. Bertin & M. Valliére: Mr. Bertin could be Alexandre Bertin (1854-1934), a French painter, or Horace Bertin (1842-1917), a journalist and poet, or someone else of that name. No one named Valliére has been identified as the other likely guest. Maurice Lefebvre-Desvallières (1857-1926) was a Parisian playwright and man of letters.

Acosta: Le Château d'Acosta -- now demolished -- was about 43 miles west of Paris at Aubergenville.

Mrs. Johnson: Katharine McMahon Johnson. Key to Correspondents. Her daughter Agnes (1880-1968) married the architect, Frank Howell Holden (1870-1937).

George Ohnet: Georges Ohnet (1848-1918) was a French novelist and editor. He lived at the Château des Bondons near La Ferté sous Jouarre.

Monsieur Blanc: While this could be Madame Blanc's son, Édouard Blanc (1858-1923), more likely she refers to Blanc's husband. See Blanc in Key to Correspondents.

Mary Garrett and Miss Thomas: Mary Elizabeth Garrett (1854-1915). Key to Correspondents.
Garrett's intimate friend was Martha Carey Thomas (1857-1935), an educator, suffragist and linguist, who became the second president of Bryn Mawr College.

Lizzy's death: Elizabeth Adams (b. 1825) died on 15 June 1898. In the manuscript, Fields appears to have deleted the second exclamation point, or perhaps to have underlined both marks. See Fields in Key to Correspondents.

Catharine Ann Drinker Janvier to Annie Adams Fields

14 Winchester Road
South Hampstead
London S.W.
26 June 1898

My dear Mrs Fields

You would have heard from me ere now only I wanted to see Miss Travers* before writing to you.

I have had a very pleasant time with her. We spent nearly a whole day together and went to a Greek play at Bradfield* college. I enjoyed it all very much, and especially enjoyed being with her and getting to know her.

It is too bad how little Point*

[*Page 2*]

Remy hotel has run down since we were there. I am very glad to have details of its deterioration so that we may know what to say in sending people there. It is very plain that we kept them up to the mark!

Your description of Madame Luton is exact, I thoroughly enjoyed it. She had an excellent sort of housekeeper while we were there and everything was kept very nice as far as we were concerned.

You saw, at any rate, what a lovely country it is, and you saw our dear Mistral.*

[*Page 3*]

I am so glad you had a satisfactory visit to him.

It made us quite homesick to hear of the owls and the frogs and the roses and the dancers at Château Renard.

And the Girards* and the brèche.* Is it not all quaint and old-time? I had a most enthusiastic letter from Madame Girard. The only regret was your short stay. Mr. Marrel* the town librarian, a great friend of ours, had the library and the curious old records, all ready for you inspection, could you have remained.

[*Page 4*]

You can understand the charm of Provence for us, I am sure, and you will not wonder at our being beguiled into a long stay there.

Please give my love to Miss Jewett and tell her I hope we shall meet some day, for I feel as if I had always known her.

If you see Madame Blanc,* pray remember us to her, really remember, for I fear she has forgotten us. We cannot forget her.

Mr. Janvier sends his best regards to you and to Mifs Jewett, I will say

A dessias e à rivèire, emé li voi li mai amistadous,*

Catharine A. Janvier

Notes

Travers: Susan B. Travers. Key to Correspondents.

Bradfield: Bradfield College is a public school in Bradfield, Berkshire, UK, noted for its outdoor Greek theater, where there are regular performances. Wikipedia.

Point: Janvier seems clearly to have written "Point," though the context suggests she intended "Saint."

Mistral: Frédéric Mistral (1830-1914) was "a French writer and lexicographer of the Occitan language. Mistral received the 1904 Nobel Prize in Literature." Wikipedia.

Girards: No more is yet known of these people in addition to their apparently being hoteliers in Southern France.

brèche: This word in both French and Occitan means a gap or a breach. Perhaps Janvier refers to Roland's Breach (La Brèche de Roland) located in the Pyrenees Mountains on the French-Spanish border. Wikipedia.

Mr. Marrel: This transcription is uncertain, and the person has not yet been identified. One would expect the location of the library to be in Provence, perhaps in Arles.

amistadous: The transcription of this passage is difficult, mainly because it clearly is not modern French. Probably this is a quotation from a Provençal author known to Fields and Janvier, but I have not been able with my limited knowledge and resources to locate it or make sense of it.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 7, Item 308, III. Letters to Annie Adams Fields.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

St. Malo, 3rd July [*1898*].*

I have been wishing to write to you ever since the day I went to Rheims from La Ferté because I feel a little as if I had almost seen you there. Whether a little wind that blew against you when you were there is still flickering among the [pillars *corrected*] of the cathedral or not, who can say! but I think we went in together and I found something of you at every turn. It was a surprise of companionship with all that surprise of beauty and strange solemnity which made me feel as if I had never seen

[*Page 2*]

a cathedral -- even a French cathedral before -- -- Dear friend I went at one step much nearer to you than ever before and who shall say why? It will be all the same and hardly the less dear even if you say that Rheims was the one great cathedral that you missed: but I do not think so.

------ Since then we have spent the last days of our visit at La Ferté, and one night in Paris and then started westward to spend a fortnight or so in Brittany before Mary & Theodore* come to Paris. First we continued the Madame de Sévigné pilgrimage by going to Vitré to see Les Rochers,*

[*Page 3*]

where she lived so much and wrote so many of her letters. I feel now as if I knew her very well that dear lady -- and as if her old orange trees were mine and the pretty echo in the garden. "She is always new like the spring" as Edward Fitzgerald wrote once.* Vitré itself is an enchanting old town and the green country most beautiful about it -- it was a day of great white clouds like one day when you saw the Hamilton house!* -------- As for St. Malo, I should think it more pleasant if we were not kept here by A.F. having an attack of rheumatism in her eye* which pounced upon

[*Page 4*]

her just before we went to Mount St. Michel* (from Vitré) but was not bad enough there to prevent our doing what we wished and thinking "the mount" a most perfectly satisfying place: even after all [we *corrected*] had read and heard of it we could not believe our own eyes when they saw such beauty -- not only the mount itself but the wide gray sands with their [*deleted word*] ribbon of sea water and the rushing tides. I think that we should have lingered a good while if it were not for this poor eye which happily a very good oculist is taking care of now -- but not saying whether it will be well enough to go on tomorrow as we

[*Page 5*]

hope. You will know what a shock of sadness and sorrow [must *corrected*] have come with the news of dear Miss [*corrected from* Mrs] Lizzie Adams's death* -- she was very near to A.F's heart, and very dear -- they were born to be near to each other always, but time and fate have brought things to be otherwise -- of which things it is no good to speak. Poor A.F.'s cry to me that if she "could only have had dear S.W. make a little sketch of Sister Lizzie's face", with that sweet and quiet look she loved best would have gone to your heart as it did to mine, but after all I think there is great comfort in thinking of that gentle soul's being at rest, she was much

[*Page 6*]

less strong when I last saw her and more years would have brought her more feebleness and the difficulties of age. I think that Annie feels this very strongly & takes comfort from it, but she has felt the sudden news very much. -----

We have not got to Touraine yet. Madame Blanc said that she could go a little later which will be very nice, and so we are waiting until my sister & Theodore get here -- we shall have some good days at the little inn at Amboise [*appears to have written* Amboisa] I hope and all along the way. You can picture to

[*Page 7*]

yourself the arrival of Mr. Theodore in Paris and his first hasty expedition down the Champ Elysees in a fiacre* it is always a great and surprising moment to a young person. Bertram Greene* and he are in league about meeting and I suppose there are great plots. I am going out to La Ferté again when they come but whether rustic scenes and the [quilt *?*] of the walled garden prove very enticing I now doubt. Darling, I am in such a hurry to get a letter from you that it seems as if I

[*Page 8*]

could not wait two minutes longer. It seems a great while since your last most dear one came about going to Berwick but it really [is *written over* so *?*] not, counting by days. I think of you oh so often! -----

And end this letter with love as I began it.

S. O. J.

Notes

St. Malo: Wikipedia says: "Saint-Malo ... is a walled port city in Brittany in northwestern France on the English Channel. It is a sub-prefecture of the Ille-et-Vilaine."

Madame de Sévigné ... Vitré ... Les Rochers: Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné (1626-1696). Her correspondence with her daughter, more than 1500 letters, was published between 1725 and 1734. Vitré "is a commune in the Ille-et-Vilaine department in Brittany in northwestern France."

The Château des Rochers-Sévigné, according to *Spotting History*, "was the estate of the Mathefelon family from the 12th century, before being passed by marriage to the Sévigné family in 1410. The family rebuilt the château in the early 16th century. Between 1644 and 1690, Madame de Sévigné stayed here and refurnished the house. She gave names to the paths through the gardens and in 1689 her son commissioned the

French Gardens from Le Nôtre...." The château is now a museum.

Edward Fitzgerald: Edward Fitzgerald (1809-1883), English poet and translator, best known perhaps for his translation of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. A search of *Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald* (1889) does not yield this precise quotation. Fitzgerald came to admire Madame de Sévigné's letters, speaking often of them in letters after 1875, and quoting her in what the editor believes was the last letter of Fitzgerald's life. In a letter of May 8, [1881], Fitzgerald wrote, "I am got back to my Sévigné! who somehow returns to me in Spring, fresh as the Flowers."

Hamilton house: The Hamiltons were a wealthy merchant family in South Berwick. The house figures in Jewett's novel, *The Tory Lover*. For more information about the Hamilton house see "The Old Town of Berwick" and "Looking Back on Girlhood."

Mont St.-Michel: Wikipedia says: "Le Mont-Saint-Michel ... is an island commune in Normandy, France. It is located about one kilometre (0.6 miles) off the country's northwestern coast, at the mouth of the Couesnon River near Avranches." Perhaps the most impressive feature of the island is Mont Saint Michel Abbey.

rheumatism in her eye: In *A Treatise on Rheumatism* (1840), John Edward Norton describes these symptoms: severe pain, copious tearing, restricted movement of the eye requiring one to turn one's head, discolored white of the eye, sometimes accompanied by gastric and intestinal distress (p. 63).

Lizzie Adams's death: See Annie Adams Fields in Key to Correspondents. Elizabeth Adams was her older sister.

fiacre: a four-wheeled, horse-drawn hackney coach for hire.

Bertram Greene: For Bertram William Batchelder Greene see Jewett to Theodore Jewett Eastman of 21 April 1898.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge. MA: Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904, recipient. 25 letters; 1892-[1900] & [n.d.]. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (126). Part of this letter appears in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Fields Transcription

I have been wishing to write to you ever since the day I went to Rheims from La Ferté, because I feel a little as if I had almost seen you there. Whether a little wind that blew against you when you were there, is still flickering among the pillars of the cathedral or not, who can say! but I think we went in together and I found something of you at every turn. It was a surprise of companionship, with all that surprise of beauty and strange solemnity which made me feel as if I had never seen a cathedral -- even a French cathedral -- before. Dear friend, I went at one step much nearer to you than ever before, and who shall say why? It will be all the same and hardly the less dear, even if you say that Rheims was the one great cathedral that you missed.

Since then we have spent the last days of our visit at La Ferté, and one night in Paris, and then started westward to spend a fortnight or so in Brittany before Mary and Theodore come to Paris. First we continued the Madame de Sévigné pilgrimage by going to Vitré to see Les Rochers, where she lived so much and wrote so many of her letters. I feel now as if I knew her very well, that dear lady, and as if her old orange trees were mine and the pretty echo in the garden. "She is always new like the spring," as Edward Fitzgerald wrote once. Vitré itself is an enchanting old town, and the green country most beautiful about it, -- it was a day of great white clouds, like one day when you saw the Hamilton house!

We went to Mont St.-Michel from Vitré, and found it a most perfectly satisfying place; even after all we had read and heard of it, we could not believe our own eyes when they saw such beauty -- not only the mount itself, but the wide grey sands with their ribbon of sea-water and the rushing tides.

Selection from Fields's Diary

Wednesday 29th of June.
We left early, with the Summer sun shining at last, for the antique city of Vitré and Les Rochers, the château of Mme de Sévigné which is in the vicinity. It is a long journey even by rail from Paris. Therefore we are not surprised to discover that the writer of the famous letters only took the journey nine times in the course of her life. This gives one an idea of the long years together which she must have passed at Les Rochers -- some of that time in great solitude.

It was about three o'clock of a lovely summer afternoon, one of the very few pleasant afternoons of this strange Summer when we reached Vitré. At four we took a carriage at once to drive to Les Rochers about four or five miles away over a road which even now is not of the very best. What must it have been in those old days when little care was taken of these things. The sun was still high when we stopped at the gates of the chateau and descended to ask a guide from the farm house

close at hand. A very kind good woman came out to welcome us, giving us to understand that it was a pleasure rather than otherwise to welcome persons who came to visit the place. The Chateau is inhabited by an intelligent family, descendants of the old stock who have taken pride in preserving the estate as far as possible according to the old conditions. Some of the many trees are still alive which Mme de Sévigné watered and although many have died of course they are replaced and arranged in the same manner as during her lifetime. We were first carried to the chapel and showed the old and the new parts, then into the one room of the house where she wrote the letters and which is given up to her memory. The only room with the adjoining passage which strangers may enter. This room has been fitted up with the greatest care and the window looking out to the garden as she sat. Here is her bed with the truly exquisite curtains and cover embroidered by Mme de Grignan, also two chairs wrought by the same loving hand. We felt that we knew the daughter better after seeing how she had bent for many a long hour over this work, knowing the happiness it would give her mother who was surrounded by these proofs of her love. The portrait of Mme de Sévigné by Mignard* is here -- I believe this is thought to be the original, and there are other family portraits. Her toilette table is also preserved -- indeed the whole room wears the air of a place which has been loved and occupied -- not too long ago. From the house where we loved to linger we went out into the gardens and the park. Mme de Sévigné herself, I believe designed the park and gardens. They are carefully kept in as perfect a condition as possible, although the climate is far from mild and the place stands high, much exposed to cold winds. They are obliged to carry the orange trees and many other things under cover for the winters. The spring this year has been so cold and wet that the garden did not even yet wear that easy air of never being disturbed which is half the grace of a true garden. To the readers of the letters the grounds are full of interest; here are the "alleés" which she named, the names still fastened upon the trees at the entrance of each: the walls where she spent so large a part of her summer afternoons and where when she lingered there once in the desolate autumn of her desolated life and sat long after the sun had disappeared -- she contracted troubles which made her feel old before her time. Now, the afternoon was in full beauty, reminding us as we returned among the roses, of the happier period of her many happy days; the air was full of the smell of new hay and as we turned away from the place the sunset was covering it with golden light….

Note

Mignard: According to Wikipedia, Pierre Mignard (1612-1695) achieved a reputation as a popular but uninspired portrait painter. He produced portraits of Sévigné and her daughter.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Georgina Halliburton

Dinan, Brittany

July 4th ---- [*1898*]

My dear Georgie

I have been to see the Chateau of La Garaye today! and you will believe that I thought of you a great deal and of those dear days when we used to read the poem* together. You must put these leaves into your copy, and I am bringing you home a photograph which I am sure you will like. I found by the guide

[*Page 2*]

books that it was only a very few miles from Dinan where we were to spend the night, and I have had such a pleasant drive there through shady country roads with high hedgerows, and then turning into a long avenue through high woods. The Chateau* is all in ruins, but you trace many of the walls and even the rooms and the exquisite old tower of which there is a little picture on the title page

[*Page 3*]

of the book, is still standing though it looks fragile and as if a wind might blow it over.

There are remains of old gardens & farm buildings of a newer date, but it is such a sweet place still. I thought of you so many times, and Mrs. Fields liked it as much as I did.

I have been hoping for another letter from you, but it was so pleasant to hear of your coming to Berwick through ^one of^ Mary's last letters. I am thinking

[*Page 4*]

all the time that she and Theodore sail this week and I can hardly wait to see them, as you will believe.

Mrs. Fields sends love -- the other night she was so enthusiastic about the last slippers you made, which she brought new on this journey -- saying that nobody could believe the comfort she was taking in them! --- Give my love to "Auntie", and to Cora* when you see her. Forgive this letter which I have had to write in haste -- but I shall have much more to say about The Lady's house when I see you.

Yours most affectionately
Sarah

Notes

the poem: Jewett refers to *The Lady of La Garaye* (1862) by the British poet and social reformer, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah (Mrs. George) Norton (1808-1877). Wikipedia.

The Google Books edition includes the illustration of the tower that Jewett mentions

Chateau: The ruin of the Chateau la Garaye is in Brittany, near Dinan.

"Auntie", ... Cora: Auntie remains unidentified. See Cora Clark Rice in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA: Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (260).

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett
Fragment

July 5, 1898.

The window was up, and I saw some things to do to it (not crucial things, but those which would make a better balance when all was done) and then I felt dissolved and empty and undone. Indeed in some ways I feel so still, and if I could have done exactly as I felt I should have gone straight out somewhere . . . to-morrow I fly to Niagara for one long solitary look at that Altar.* Well, it was shown for Class Day and again at Radcliffe's Committee, and at half-past ten on Wednesday when the President* entered and walked gloriously between the rows of students lined up on either side, when he did this the curtain was swiftly withdrawn and the gift was in the hands of the College. . . . If some of those youths care a little, I shall have had my day. . . . I feel in spite of the dust and ashes to which I have confessed a sort of landscape passion which always surges up about this time, and makes havoc with my composure. Perhaps there'll be little opportunities, and there is always room for looking into the night and watching for the morning.

Notes

Altar: See below, Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett of 17 July, for the High Altar of the Niagara River.

President: Whitman appears to refer to ceremonies for the Brimmer window, recently installed in the South Transept of Memorial Hall at Harvard. See notes for Whitman to Jewett of 23 January 1898. Which Radcliffe Committee Whitman refers to is uncertain; at this time, she was chair of the House Committee. Charles William Eliot (1834-1926) was the current president of Harvard.

This transcription appears in *Letters*, Sarah Wyman Whitman. Cambridge, MA: Riverside Press, 1907, "Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett: 1882-1903," pp. 61-109.

Selection from Fields's Diary

Monday 11th
We took the train for Nantes which Sarah wished to see because Paul Jones* sailed away from there and if she writes his story as she hopes to do she will like to have seen the Loire before it sinks into the sea. We found Nantes unexpectedly interesting with a noble old Cathedral, with the monument to Anne of Brittany and a modern monument by Dubois to Gen. La Moricière.* These two monuments on the opposite sides of the cathedral are of excessive beauty and quite worthy of coming to Brittany to see. They are in strong contrast, though both very noble. The latter has the fault, which is the fault of the architect, not the artist Dubois, of being too high for its situation. It is very difficult to gather a full idea of it…. We took a good night's sleep before starting to see the Cathedral and we spent the next day until perhaps three o'clock in seeing the monuments and driving by the side of the Loire to get the best possible idea of the river which is exquisite here -- We went back to see the noble renaissance tomb erected by A. of B. to her parents. We could not bear to leave it.

Notes

Paul Jones: Nantes, about 130 km east and south of Auray, is a major port city in Brittany on the River Loire. John Paul Jones (1747-1792) was a Scottish immigrant to the British American colonies who became the first well-known American naval commander in the American Revolutionary War. He became a main character in Sarah Orne Jewett's final novel, *The Tory Lover* (1901).

Anne of Brittany ... Dubois to Gen. La Moricière: Wikipedia says that Anne of Brittany (1477-1514) was Duchess of Brittany and became queen consort of France when she married Charles VIII. It seems there is not a monument to Anne of Brittany in the Nantes Cathedral, though there is a monument to her parents that she commissioned. It seems clear that Jewett, Fields, and perhaps others, interpreted one of the figures at the corners of the tomb to represent Queen Anne, though they were meant to represent the cardinal virtues: Justice, Temperance, Fortitude and Prudence. See Chapter 21 of Jewett's *The Tory Lover* (1901).

Paul Dubois (1829-1905), a French sculptor and painter, completed a cenotaph to General Christophe Léon Louis Juchault de Lamoricière in

1866 for the Nantes Cathedral. General de Lamoricière, a native of Nantes, made his reputation in the Algerian campaigns after 1830 and became acting governor-general of Algeria, before entering French politics. Wikipedia.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

[*12 July 1898*]*
[*Begin letterhead, which is not fully rendered here*]
Hotel
de France & Choiseul
239-241 Rue St. Honoré
(Place Vendome)
[*End letterhead*]

Tuesday.

Anny Sister that speaks of going to Canterbury on the way to Paris will have to do a pinance, when a sister is waiting and it is taking it out of a good Stubby's time in Paris, and Canterbury being so able to hold its own till you got back! Do go to Oxford for a night or so in this week, ^not wait till the end^ and then if you like we can go again, and don't try to do any sightseeing in London just now except what comes by the way because we shall have time for that also. And the rest of the clothes can be thought about and got ^later^ ----

It is growing hot and noisy all the time here, and I want

[*Page 2*]

to make the most of the few days we can stay in town after you get here. Happily Mrs. Arbuthnot* has gone to Norway or is just going and doesn't want us until the end of the month instead of the first of August, but we have promised to make one or two other little visits by and by, and I begin to long to get back to England as soon as I let myself think of it.* There are always delightful things to do if it isn't too hot. Yesterday we saw Vernon Lee (Miss Paget)* who is here at a hotel on the other side of the river, and in the evening we went out to drive after it was getting dark & nice, up the Champs Elysees and were eagerly hailed by M. Brunetiere and "Sylvie"* so then we went out into the Bois and had a pretty time of which I want to tell Thérèse. A. F. and I both had letters from Mrs. Cabot* his morning which sounded more like herself than

[*Page 3*]

any since we came. The last one sounded so "poor" that I felt quite worried. Perhaps my last one was more interesting! I had a great deal to tell her about Madame de Beaulaincourt* & of her being a friend of the Duchesse de Praslin* as was murdered and the cause célebre of trial is one of ~~the~~ ^her^ great mysteries and interests. Thider will appreciate this -- and Mrs. Cabot's thinking that my "French countess must be very interesting."

Thérèse is still at La Ferté but we hope to see her tomorrow when she is going to Versailles. -- She thought you were coming right to La Ferté this week! though I had said not until the end or the first of next -- Now she is going to have workmen in the house and so we shall wait until just before we go back to England. She has had a bustle of a visit from M. Brunetiere

[*Page 4*]

& Sylvie while we were in Brittany not to speak of others, "Yetta" &c -- I had a letter from Becca ^yesterday^ & from dear Billy* today all of which I am keeping. I was so delighted to get yours & Stubbys yesterday & his kind benefaction of papers this morning. I hope you will find things nice at Oliphants,* but if you don't, leave what you don't want to bring over at Pitt & Scotts. I think it is 1 or 2 Regent St.*

Today is gray & cool and I hope you are having a nice day to get to London, but a still nicer day when you go to Oxford. It is so good to have the days still long, it is such a pleasant time to drive or walk in the long evenings. What a nice time you were having in Chester, and ^think of^ the old man knowing you again! And sights of "Meeting Privileges"* didn't [our *?*] Stubby?? and also viewed gardens!! of which I am glad.

With much love
S.O.J.

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

I wish you could have got off by Friday for it is a less crowded day to travel.

[Above the letterhead in *the top margin of page 1*]

A. F. sends love. She is having a great time in this moment with a dress maker & a skirt. I saw that the New England* made her voyage in seven days and nights.

Notes

12 July 1898: The date, 1892, appears in the upper left corner of page 1, probably in another hand. The 1898 Diary of Annie Fields indicates that Jewett received a letter on about 12 July from Mary Rice Jewett hinting that she and Theodore Jewett might linger in England longer than originally planned. 12 July fell on a Tuesday in 1898.

Hotel de France & Choiseul: Now a historical monument, the Hôtel de France et de Choiseul à Paris 1er Arrondissement

Mrs. Arbuthnot: The identity of Mrs. Arbuthnot is not yet known. She could be Margaret Rosa Campbell Arbuthnot (1842-1918), wife of William Arbuthnot (1833-1896), British and Scots aristocrats.

of it: A word may be lost in small tear on the right side of this page.

Vernon Lee (Miss Paget): Violet Paget. Key to Correspondents.

M. Brunetiere and Sylvie: Ferdinand Brunetière (1849-1906), a literary historian, was associated with *Revue des Deux Mondes* from 1877 until his death, becoming editor in 1893. They go into the Bois de Boulogne, a large public park in Paris.

Probably "Sylvie" was Brunetière's wife, but I have not been able to learn more about her. The *Bryn Mawr Alumnae Association Report* of 1896-7 indicates that Madame Blanc and Madame Brunetière were guests of the college in 1897, confirming that Madame Brunetière made up part of the visiting party during Brunetière's lecture tour (p. 10). She also is mentioned briefly in connection with Brunetière's American tour in Robert Underwood Johnson's *Remembered Yesterdays* (1923, p. 397).

See Sylvie Brunetière to Sarah Orne Jewett of 18 May 1897.

Mrs. Cabot: Susan Burley Cabot. Key to Correspondents.

Madame de Beaulaincourt ... the Duchesse de Praslin: Sophie de Castellane. Key to Correspondents.

Wikipedia says: "Francoise, Duchess de Choiseul-Praslin (1807 - 17 August 1847) was a French duchess and heiress who was found murdered. Her husband, Duke Charles de Praslin was believed guilty for her death and committed suicide while awaiting trial days later on August 24, 1847."

"Yetta": Yetta Blaze de Bury. Key to Correspondents.

Becca… Billy: Becca is Rebecca Young (1847-1927). Billy probably is William Perry Fiske, who is often called "Billy" in the Jewett correspondence. Key to Correspondents.

Oliphants ... Pitt & Scotts. It is difficult to be certain to what Jewett refers. Pitt & Scotts was an express company that would transport baggage virtually world-wide. Oliphants may be a London hotel, potentially without space for Mary's baggage.

Meeting Privileges: Refers to the available opportunities to attend Christian church services.

the New England: The *S.S. New England* was a new ship when Mary and Theodore joined Sarah in the summer, having been launched 7 April 1898 and completed 30 June 1898. It's name later was changed to the Romanic.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Selection from Fields's Diary

[*12 July*]
That night the 12th we slept at Chartres. The next day 13th we feasted on the beauty of the Cathedral. We were greatly tempted to stay longer in Chartres. The old hotel was very quaint, making us think of England but although we had word from Mary that she was to linger a few days on her way we did not know where we were to be in Paris and were anxious to find a harbor before the 14th the French 4th of July -- So on we went to Paris finding an excellent refuge in the hotel de France et Choiseul Rue St. Honoré before night. It was however a very tiresome day. What with the deep pleasure of Chartres and our morning in the Cathedral, the afternoon going to Paris (it was damp and raining by turns) hunting up tickets (complémentaires) from the railway officials, seeing and getting settled in our new rooms, we found enough to do. We were enchanted too with watching life on the Rue St. Honoré from our windows but it was very noisy and we found it difficult to sleep….

14th in Paris --
Went out early to see the natives of Strasbourg in Alsace put wreaths on the great statue on the Place de la Concorde{.}* With the exception of this little walk we passed the day at home until evening -- then we drove about to see the illuminations which were very beautiful….

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

[*16 July 1898*]*

Saturday

Hotel De France et Choiseul*

Dear Mary

We were so glad to get your telegram early this morning. A. F. brought it in to me with the other letters & my coffee and when I read it, she began to cry, which touched my heart. I do not think you & Stubby have a warmer friend. I am sure we shall soon be having a lovely time together. Do come as soon as you can … leave London for our getting back, except for Stubby's immediate errands, for it is getting so hot here now and people are* flying away as fast as they can. I send you the

[*Page 2*]

time table of trains. Whichever way you come the railroads join at Amiens or before. I think we shall go home by Calais. You had better go to Cook's* & get your through tickets to Paris, it saves trouble at the station & it is well to do it beforehand for those fast trains. I should ask for the corridor cars.* Susan* got our tickets there, and Susan, as we know, is very experienced. I am very much discomposed with these few days when I don't know how to send a letter to you, but I have had your last one from

[*Page 3*]

home within a day or two speaking of saying farewell to Mrs. Doe & Mrs. Sewall* and covering up things &c, so I haven't missed you on the voyage over.

I have just been to see [*Unrecognized name*] Hale and found them both at home and so nice. They are so pleased to think you are coming, and Mr. Weeks?* said that if Stubby would like to pass a season on a wheel he should be delighted to have his company any half day if we would only say when. After I went there it was so hot that I had to

[*Page 4*]

come home. I thought I had better put in this information as I have complained much of the cold heretofore. Oh do hurry and come by Wednesday or Thursday! I don't see how any body can wait any longer and call herself a nice sister!! I am afraid my letters to [Charlotte *?*]* were full of nothing as I could only write them in a hurry by the way & repeated everything over & over. I count on your having a nice day or two in Oxford. I wouldn't have had you miss Roger* for anything.

With much love
Sarah

Notes

16 July 1898: The date, 1892, appears in the upper left corner of page 1, probably in another hand. However, it cannot be correct, for Mary Rice Jewett and Theodore Eastman joined Jewett in Europe only during her 1898 trip.

Hotel de France & Choiseul: Now a historical monument, the Hôtel de France et de Choiseul à Paris 1er Arrondissement

Cook's: Thomas Cook & Son was the best-known travel agency in England in the late 19th Century.

corridor cars: Corridor cars on a train have compartments on one side with an outside corridor on the other, allowing groups of passengers privacy while allowing free movement through the train in the corridor.

Susan: Probably this is Susan B. Travers. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Doe & Mrs. Sewall: Edith Bell Haven Doe and Helen D. Sewall. Key to Correspondents.

Hale: In the absence of a clue about the first name, this pair cannot yet be identified. A digital image of this manuscript page may be found at Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence. It is page 3 of letter 38.

Mr. Weeks: American painter, Edwin Lord Weeks (1849-1903). Wikipedia.

Charlotte: This person has not been identified.

Roger: It is likely that this is Roger Bigelow Merriman (1876 -1945) an American historian who graduated from Harvard and then studied history at Oxford University. He was the son of Helen Bigelow Merriman. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett
Fragment

July 17, 1898.

Yes, it was there color bloomed for me on the Gothic stem; for there you have found that it is in the clerestory that they put (as in no other) the rainbow; leaving the lower windows pale; and no one having ever told me this I entered to find that violet twilight lying all above and to be overwhelmed by it. . . . I did go to Niagara and I had there forty-eight hours of silence and of solitude. Not that I was alone, for all the hours were filled with beautiful and high companionship -- but there was silence. I found a little plain hotel . . . with a chamber one window of which looked upon the American Fall and the other upon that High Altar* of which I have dreamed ever since that day I spent beside it. So I studied and sketched and wondered every minute. . . . And some secrets I seemed to learn; some of the story of that divine white passion of the flood. Some of its meanings when the rainbow floods all that soft tumult into rosy fire; or when it feels the quickened throb of the south wind blowing across Lake Erie. I think I must make many pilgrimages there and then perhaps I can come a little nearer to the dream. . . . All this, without one word of the tremendous days in which as citizens we live, now, thank Heaven, with peace in sight, after the surrender of Santiago.* You must know too that one has felt a great splendor in the heroic ways of

our men, gentle and simple, and though one quakes over the imperialist rubbish which is in the political mêlée, there is a great patriotism in the heart of us.

Notes

High Altar: Both are features of the Niagara River in New York, the American Fall in the town of Niagara Falls, the High Altar, near Lewiston. Whitman pastels of the falls are in the collection of the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard University.

Santiago: The surrender of the Spanish garrison at Santiago de Cuba on July 16, 1898 effectively ended the Caribbean phase of the Spanish American War.

This transcription appears in Letters, Sarah Wyman Whitman. Cambridge, MA: Riverside Press, 1907, "Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett: 1882-1903," pp. 61-109.

Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc to Isabella Stewart Gardner Fragment

[*July 1898*]*

Dear Mrs. Gardner

It is a foolish reason which has kept me from sending the Outlook earlier and from answering you; I had mislaid your address! So forgive me for three months of guilty silence and accept the late thanks which I am sending you for your kindness in respect to M. Doumic.* He has spoken to me about you with most lively thanks. His trip to America interested him in every way: he will gain from it like all of those of us to whom it has been given to plunge once more into the contrast of your young and vigorous civilization. As for me I continue to do all I can to inform my compatriots about all that is good in the United States and I hope that I have paid my debt of gratitude that way. The press in your country seems to recognize it except for one newspaper from Chicago which has sent to my address the enclosed American clipping. If you should know the editor of it I should be much obliged if you would communicate to him my response which is on the back of it. The criticism was attached to an announcement which celebrated the Dial* as the best literary journal. In effect, I remember having found it interesting on many occasions and its editor, I believe, has proposed that I write for it. It was an evening at Miss Addam's* place. You will have news of me from Miss Monroe* if you know her. I had the great pleasure of receiving the two sisters successively for two or three days at my little house in La Ferte where I now live almost all year. I have just had for a month there Mrs. Fields from Boston and my dear friend Sarah Orne Jewett.

Notes

July 1898: As indicated in the notes below, this letter was composed soon after Jewett and Fields visited Madame Blanc's home in the summer of 1898. The recipient of this letter is somewhat uncertain due to the difficulty of the transcription. Very likely Isabella Stewart Gardner is the person addressed.

Doumic: Probably this is René Doumic (1860-1937) a French literary figure and professor at the Collège Stanislas de Paris. He is known to have visited the United States in March of 1898.

Dial: *The Dial* was a prominent American literary and political review magazine at the end of the 19th Century. The editor in 1903 was Francis Fisher Browne (1843-1913).

Miss Addams … Miss Monroe: Probably Madame Blanc refers to people she met in Chicago during her 1893-4 tour of the United States. These women would then be American activist and author Jane Addams (1860-1935), and American poet and editor Harriet Stone Monroe (1860-1936). Monroe visited Europe in 1898, staying with her sisters, who were residing there: Dora Louise Monroe Root (1857- 1913), widow of the Chicago architect John Wellborn Root (1850-1891) and art critic Lucy Bryant Monroe Calhoun (1865-1950). Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held in the Clifton Waller Barrett Library, Accession #12167, Albert and Shirley Small Special Collections Library, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va. The manuscript is in French and the translator is unknown.

Selection from Fields's Diary

Tuesday 26th [*July*]
Th.B. and ourselves started, the first for Orleans and ourselves for Amboise, to meet again at Amboise the next day. It was a warm lovely day and Nelly Prince* came to the station to welcome us. We all went to the Inn together where Nelly sat and talked after breakfast until the moment came for her return to her home in the Chateau La Roche at Chargé where she is living. She urged Sarah to go back with her and Mary and I followed at six o'clock. About half a mile or less from the house we found them waiting for us at the roadside. Theodore and C. Prince had gone to bathe while Nelly and her daughter and S.O.J. sat by the riverside but when the time came to expect us they came to watch. We were all rejoiced to sit on the grass and watch the beautiful river and talk as if we were at home. At night we dined at their pretty chateau -- very old -- very picturesque and sufficiently comfortable….

[*Monday 8 August*]
Sarah took Theodore & Mary to Rheims -- They went directly after luncheon and did not return until evening. I had taken a little cold and was not quite well ….

Note

Nelly Prince: Key to Correspondents. Her husband was Charles Prince and her daughter was Helen.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

Paris. 2nd August
Tuesday night
[*1898*]

Dearest S.W. I have not written you for a very long time and here comes your most dear letter into my hand as I come back from the Loire! (I* went off to the Champs Elysées and the Bois after dinner to drive in the moonlighted cool night with Theodore -- all the bright eyes of the carriages hurrying and the gay voices and the lights of the cafés and the black trees and the great arc de Triomphe -- you can see them all! and then I came back to this quiet room and read

[*Page 2*]

the letter at last and felt as if you had spoken it [*deletion*] instead of [writing *corrected possibly from* written] it. I had such a comfortable sense of its being right in my pocket all the way: oh darling* you were very good to write just then!

----- And now I must tell you two words about Amboise* where we [have *corrected*] spent several days, A.F. and Madame Blanc and Mary and Theodore and I, staying at a little inn and going much to La Roche and having such good talks with [*deletion*] Nelly about stories and things and coming away with a great satisfaction in my heart at having seen her. And little

[*Page 3*]

Helen and I spoke much of [Marraine *?*]* -- I cant tell you how my heart turns to that dear child, or how her exile weighs upon me. But we had some good cheerful days and saw Chaumont and Loches & Tours and Chenonceaux with them, being together every day the greater part of the time. 'Charlie' began by being uproariously gay and ended by falling into a more attaching state of quiet kindness ^the pathos of^ which I shall never forget. He did a great deal for our pleasure and the day at Chenonceaux with breakfast by the river and floating down in

[*Page 4*]

in a big flat-bottomed boat to see the chateaus was perfectly exquisite. I can hardly say how charming a remembrance it makes already, even without the glamour of 'atmosphere' that time never fails to put between us and our past pleasures. But I keep saying to myself what is the future going to bring to La Roche?* -- already I feel that there is much impatience with its stillness and I am afraid to think what is going to come of some business ventures into which that poor fellow is gaily venturing. He is evidently away [*deletion*] a good deal now a days . . . .

We all left Amboise yesterday

[*Page 5*]

after saying good bye to dear Nelly and Helen* -- and came to Blois and saw the chateau there and ^this morning^ went to forsaken Chambord which stands in its wide plain magnificent and lonely -- the dream of royalty it seems like to me, [with *corrected*] the pathos of splendid ruin. That it is being [*deletion*] restored does not spoil all this: ^not^ one bit, I hardly know why; it is like a feast that has ~~not~~ no guests to honor it, a strange forgotten splendor of old France. Didn't you feel that at last you found France when you got to Touraine? -- Paris is Paris and Brittany is Brittany and

[*Page 6*]

as for Provence, it is half Italy -- but one knows the country of the golden lilies at last when one sees the Loire --

It has been a long hot afternoon coming away from this enchanting [*deletion, perhaps of* place] country and now it grows late and everybody has gone to sleep but me. Theodore had been longing for his letters poor boy and opened the first from "Lawrie"* to find that one of his classmates had been killed suddenly, a boy whom he liked very much. Sometimes it seems as if Death had shadowed this young life too much and come

[*Page 7*]

too often to rob him of his friends. [Not *corrected*] long before his mother died one of his best playmates died at home in Berwick{.}

-- I wonder if his heart does not quail with fear when he counts up his many losses, young as he is! It does not often happen that a boy's life sees so many changes -- -- I think he really delights in this first fortnight in France which is a good thing to be thankful for; as for Amboise he found it perfectly happy and delightful. Nelly Prince was always good to him when he was a ^small!^ boy and now they have made friends all over again while he and Helen were full of affairs. I knew that they

[*Page 8*]

were really sympathetic because he taught her to make sailor knots with a piece of string, Turks heads and things that belong only to truest intimacy.

Oh I must say good night dear and think of you until by and by I go to sleep. There is everything else to say, as you know. I cant help sending you back this note with all its great joy of [*deletion*] a boys heart and its simple words that say what they can. I have heard more about the window,* and 'the fellows' and even that Mike, the head waiter at ' Memorial [goes *?*] out and looks and looks and looks at it and says it is the best in the world! -- we are going to England a week from tomorrow and the week between is a hurry of

[*Page 9*]

visits and errands and a last hour or two, when ever one can [can *repeated*]! at the Louvre -- a last little visit at La Ferté and a day [in *blotted*] the country with Madame de Beaulaincourt* -- to which I look forward eagerly, and yet with a wistful certainty of not seeing that dear old friend again, for she is not so young, and I not so likely to be coming soon to France --

= You see that I do not say good night in this letter, but only speak of saying it, and that I do not say that I am glad you went to Niagara either! I hope that you will manage to work out of doors now and then dear -- please do if you can; it is such a joy to

[*Page 10*]

hear you speak of that, and it will be better for you than too many people just now. [Try *corrected*] to get a day or two now and then -- you will see how it does you good and how all your new knowledge of colour will go into the old sort of work. When you can send the letters tell me if you see a little chance of Ipswich!!

Your most loving S.O.J.

I was so glad that Madame Blanc & Nelly really liked each other & I hope there will be more to follow of what I am sure would be a good friendship for both of them.

Notes

(I: Jewett seems clearly to have written an open parenthesis here, but perhaps she intended to separate her "I" from her "!".

Amboise: Jewett, her sister, Mary, her nephew Theodore Eastman, Annie Fields and Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc visited Helen Choate Pratt Prince and her daughter, Helen/Nelly, and her son, Charles, at the Chateau La Roche at Chargé near Amboise and Tours, France, about 225 km southwest of Paris. Key to Correspondents.

Marraine: This transcription is uncertain, but if it is correct, Jewett has written the French word for godmother. Jewett's letter to Whitman of 17 July 1894 suggests that Whitman was the younger Helen Prince's godmother.

darling: These is a mark under this word, perhaps indicating Jewett's intention to underline it.

"Lawrie": This person and Theodore's deceased classmate have not yet been identified. However in Jewett to Whitman of Monday (1892-1895), Jewett mentions Laurie Endicott as a friend of Theodore.

the window: Probably Jewett refers to the Brimmer Window, Whitman's stained-glass window installed in the south transept of Harvard University's Memorial Hall, to commemorate Harvard students killed in the American Civil War. See notes for Whitman to Jewett of 23 January 1898.

Madame de Beaulaincourt: Sophie de Beaulaincourt. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 6, Item 277.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

August 4th
[*1898*]*
(Shelley's* birthday --)

Dearest Mrs. Fields:

Such a welcome letter as it was (I have been hungering to hear from you; and I was not sure of the address. But I knew you would turn back from the Pyrenees. It is delightful that you are both so well, and back in England. I answered Mr. North* this morning, and was very glad to cry Peccavi* to him. You saw, of course, by the results, that a Critic proof was never sent me, although I begged for one. It quite broke my heart. We came here out of the intense heat, where Mother and I once had a fortnight's vacation, one September. It is about thirty miles ^or less^ south of Port Clyde and Tennant's Harbor: a sweet wild place, just beginning to "spoil" with cottagers. Our house is all of rough boards, but luckily water-tight; and there is the bonniest view, and there are clams! I have been but twice, in a month, on the salt, salt sea,* but some half-dozen times in it. (I shall play in September, I hope.) For I have

[*Page 2*]

been working prodigiously again, on a translation.* I find the graceful Old Italian rather exacting; and it

is a big, big book to do in one short summer. The muse has been reported in the vicinity of our woodshed. Isn't that strange, after asking me for alimony over a year ago, and absenting herself ever since? So I send you [each *corrected*] a pin-feather from her wing, which I found a day or two before this day, which is honest prose. Now I must tell you my other news, which is that Mr. Grant Richards, a new publisher, who is Mr. Grant Allen's* nephew, is going to print a little book, next month, at Nº 9 Henrietta St. Covent Garden, to be called, in Stevenson's phrase, "England and Yesterday": my very first appearance on the London stage. The verses are mixed old and new, but all either English, Irish, or Welsh; and as non-political as ever they can be. So here endeth this chapter* about a "littery leddy," and her small métier.

[*Page 3*]

English, Irish, and Welsh, inevitably reminds me of my friend Lionel Johnson* who is all three, by race. I do so wish he might know you and Miss Jewett! or, rather, I wish you might summon him, some day, from 7 Gray's Inn Square, W.C. (if he be in town,) and say that I knew he would be pleased to swear vassalage. I think you have met his work in the Academy and elsewhere: beautiful, sensitive, scholarly work, and bold and bright as well. As for his verses, I love 'em dear; and I like him altogether the best of the younger [minores *corrected*], or whatever you call them. (Bliss Carman* says "We'uns": which is not circumlocutionary!) He is a great friend of W. B. Yeats,* whom I know Miss Jewett approves. He (L.J.) is little, and very grave; but there is infinite fun there, too. I am dedicating to him the Oxford sonnets* in my booklet. He is a Wykehamist, as they still call New College men.

I am so grieved to learn of your loss!* I wish I were sure which Miss Adams I met years ago with you, and again

[*Page 4*]

last year. For after you had sailed away, I had an invitation to lunch from Miss Adams of the Ludlow;* and I went, because I really wished to go, and I found, to my surprise, an unfamiliar face; but I found a friend. She was sweeter and kinder than I can say, leaning a good deal on my shoulder in going about to show me her treasures, and smiling at me very often because, she said, she looked for a much older person. We had a charming time, and I learned much of Albert Dürer. -- The tidings would hurt me anyhow, and apart from all this, or all connection with it, if they brought you a touch, even, of the sorrow I can see through your dear cheerful letter. May I send my love, the quality whereof [means *corrected*] to be truly impeccable and unmatchable, to the lady who goeth, at present, whithersoever thou goest? I ache to have her tell me of le Sieur de Montaigne.* Best joy and leisure, and comfort to you both in England! and a home-coming not too far removed.

Affectionatly,
L. I. G.
Five Islands, via Bath,
Maine.

[*What follows is enclosed in large braces { }.*]

A P.S. of pure gossip, to wit -- Our Miss Maxwell* is not going to have someone return to the Gymnasium. You will be glad.

Notes

1898: This date is supported by several of Guiney's references in the letter, notably to Fields and Jewett's 1898 travels in France and England.

Shelley's: English poet Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822).

Mr. North: While this is not certain, it is possible that Guiney refers to a controversy concerning who produced the portrait of British author Charles Lamb (1785-1834) that hung in Fields's library. See Guiney to Fields of 15 and 20 March 1898. Guiney may refer to the American antiquarian book collector with a special interest in Charles Lamb, Ernest Dressel North (see Key to Correspondents), who may have been drawn into the March discussion. The letters we have from March suggest that Guiney and Fields reached the conclusion that British engraver, Robert Hancock (1730-1817) did *not* make Fields's portrait. In March, it appeared that Guiney intended to correct this error when she saw the proofs of her essay, "Authors at Home: Mrs. James T. Fields in Boston," *The Critic* 29 (4 June 1898) pp. 367-9. However, Guiney's essay ends up saying that Hancock's portrait of Lamb hangs in the Fields library.

Peccavi: Latin: "I am guilty."

on the salt, salt sea: Guiney may deliberately echo the Child Ballad, "Henry Martyn," though the phrase is often reused.

translation: At about this time, Guiney apparently worked on a translation of *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*, a short anonymous life of St. Francis of Assisi. A selection from this was published by Copeland and Day in 1898: *The sermon to the birds and the wolf of Gubbio. Being part of the XVI chapter and the entire XXI chapter of the Fioretti*.

"England and Yesterday": Guiney's collection of poems appeared in 1898. The book includes a series of 12 "Oxford Sonnets," written in Oxford,

England and dedicated to Lionel Johnson. See notes below.

The publisher was British author Grant Richards (1872-1948). His uncle was the Canadian author, Charles Grant Blairfindie Allen (1848-1899).

here endeth this chapter: Guiney echoes liturgical language, such as in *The Book of Common Prayer*.

Lionel Johnson: British poet, essayist and critic, Lionel Johnson (1867-1902). He attended boarding school at Winchester College, founded by William of Wykeham, where pupils are called Wykhamists. He completed his education at New College, Oxford in 1890. A year later, he converted to Catholicism. Wikipedia.

As yet, there is no evidence that Fields or Jewett met Johnson in London during this trip.

Academy: Guiney refers to the literary magazine published in London from 1869 to 1902.

Bliss Carman: Canadian poet, William Bliss Carman (1861-1929).

W. B. Yeats: Irish poet, William Butler Yeats (1865-1939).

your loss: Guiney refers to Fields's sister, Elizabeth Adams (1825- 15 June 1898). See Fields in Key to Correspondents.

Miss Adams ... Ludlow: After returning from living and writing in Germany, Fields's sister Sarah Holland Adams resided at the Ludlow Hotel in Boston. See Fields in Key to Correspondents. Among her works is a translation of H. F. Grimm's *Literature* (1886, Google Books) which included an essay on Albert/Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528).

whithersoever thou goest: This exact phrase appears in the King James Bible, Joshua 1:9. Perhaps more relevant, though, is the statement of Ruth in Ruth 1:16, often associated with a woman's marriage vows: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge." Presumably, Guiney means Jewett in this case.

le Sieur de Montaigne: French: "The Lord Montaigne." The French author, Michel Eyquem de Montaigne (1533-1592).

Miss Maxwell: Charlotte E. Maxwell (c. 1856-1936) was the owner and operator of St. Botolph Gymnasium in Boston. See *Writing Out My Heart: Selections from the Journal of Frances E. Willard*, p. 392.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 26: mss FI 1570.

Selection from Fields's Diary

Sunday. [*14 August*]

We all went to Westminster Abbey and heard Canon Gore* preach. We drove down in two hansoms through the pleasant parks. It was a warm day but the Abbey was cool and never more beautiful. I sat near the monument to Thackeray's Lord Castlereagh* put up by his brother with an exquisite inscription. I understand more clearly than ever before the value of such a place, such monuments, such inscriptions. No youth, no man, no woman could sit and study these monuments to England's good and great men & women without a new fountain of endeavor springing in the heart. We were not allowed to walk about much after service but we wandered in at the door of the nave and saw the busts to Kingsley, the Arnolds Father & Matthew, Wordsworth* and a few others….

We walked home and although I was a little tired I was refreshed by the air, but the others were not and weary and I felt I had not done what they preferred. It is a constant struggle travelling with three other persons whose ideals and interests are not yours. Patience. Dear S.O.J. and I have had a delightful time together for four nearly five months and are determined now to make the others enjoy themselves if possible. It is rather uphill work however ----

Sunday P.M. 14th of August
[W]e found ourselves in Cambridge. What a treat it was to be under green leaves and in the fresh air once more. I could have sung aloud. We walked in the "backs"* until dusk and then went into St. John's Chapel where a service was going on. We had been too late for Kings or Trinity and the new chapel at John's is not as interesting. We soon found, however, that it was a vesper service with music. The voices were lovely and we enjoyed it thoroughly. We stood awhile as we came out and while they were singing the anthem alone by the side door. The sky was pale primrose color quickly fading, the lovely plum red of the old bricks in the Quad of which Ruskin* speaks, was still to be <u>felt</u> rather than fully seen. The bats "went round in fragrant skies"* while the voices rose and fell, delighting in the song of praise and in their 'own young powers.' We have enjoyed few things so much….

Friday August 19<u>th</u> [*Timble in Yorkshire*]

Drove with brother Robert [*Collyer*]* to The Strid* where we stopped, ran down to the river's edge which was quiet and free from visitors and beautiful as the warm sweet day could make it although the water was low. There we sat while he took our Wordsworth at our request and read the story so simply & beautifully told in "What is good

for a bootless bene"* -- then we went on to the village of Burnsall far up Wharfdale and surrounded by the moors where we took luncheon with Mr. Bland* who has a small Inn. Brother Robert had sent word we were coming. They were thrown into great excitement by the news and when we arrived hungry as hounds there was not the smallest sign of anything to eat. Bland has a clear beautiful blue eye which looks upon his own land, day by day and loves it. He has always been a tiller of the soil until of late years he has been able to get a house of his own. The practical business falls much upon his poor overworked wife and this I think he does not understand. "There's one thing I do in the house." he said. "More than anyone else, I take all that kind of labor out of their hands, that is the talking" !!!

He carried us to see the little church with the Saxon fount and other very curious monuments, but on the way he began to recite his own verses. Brother Robert had warned us of this weakness, because the verses though very good in feeling were not of especial value, so he warded off as many as possible, nevertheless we were tired and hungry and Theodore began dancing about, as a boy will -- "You're not listening" he said, I will begin again!"

Finally he proposed to take us a walk on the moors where we could sit down and hear more. "I won't go a step" said Brother Robert "till we've had luncheon!" So we marched back to the house and it was two o'clock before the feast was spread. They had sent to Skipton for mutton! when their own bacon and eggs and simple things they used themselves would have answered well enough….

Notes

Canon Gore: Charles Gore (1853-1932), Anglican Bishop of Oxford. In 1898, he was canon of Westminster Abbey in London.

Castlereagh: Robert Stewart (1769-1822), Viscount Castlereagh, a British politician, is buried in Westminster Abbey, in the center of the north transept. A white marble statue of Stewart with an inscription was added to his grave site. Fields's connecting Stewart to the British novelist William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863) is somewhat confusing. Thackeray was acquainted with Frederick Stewart (1805-1872), also known as Viscount Castlereagh, after the death of his uncle, Robert Stewart. Wikipedia.

Wordsworth: Charles Kingsley (1819-1875) was a priest of the Church of England, for many years Rector of Eversley in Hampshire, a professor of history at Cambridge University, and a novelist, perhaps best remembered for *The Water Babies* (1863).

The father of British poet, Matthew Arnold (1822-1888), was the educator Thomas Arnold, the elder (1795- 1842).

William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was a British Romantic poet. Wikipedia.

Trinity: The Backs is a picturesque area in Cambridge, UK, where several colleges of the university back onto the River Cam. St. John's chapel is, presumably, the chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge, which was built in the 19th century. King's College and Trinity College, Cambridge, both have chapels dating from the European renaissance.

Ruskin: Wikipedia says: John Ruskin (1819-1900) "was the leading English art critic of the Victorian era, as well as an art patron, draughtsman, watercolourist, a prominent social thinker and philanthropist." Though Ruskin lectured at Cambridge University, he studied at Oxford.

"went round in fragrant skies": This line comes from the third stanza of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "In Memoriam 95":

> And bats went round in fragrant skies,
> And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
> That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
> And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

Wikipedia says: Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) "was Poet Laureate of Great Britain and Ireland during much of Queen Victoria's reign and remains one of the most popular British poets." His long poem, "In Memoriam" was completed in 1849.

Robert Collyer: Key to Correspondents.

The Strid: An area surrounding a waterfall in the River Wharfe near Bolton Bridge, about six miles north and east of Ilkley. This is the location of Bolton Abbey, the site of Bolton Priory, a 12th-century Augustinian monastery. Wikipedia.

bene: The opening line of "The Force of Prayer; or, The Founding of Bolton Priory, A Tradition" (1807) by the British romantic poet, William Wordsworth (1770-1850). The poem tells of an inconsolable mother who founds the priory and discovers her grief is eased thereby. It ends:

> Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
> That shall lack a timely end,
> If but to God we turn, and ask
> Of Him to be our friend!

Bland: John A. Bland published at least one poem, "Burnsall Scenery" in the *Yorkshire Anthology* (1901) compiled by Joseph H. Turner, p. 258. In a letter of 21 August 1898, Collyer wrote: "Master Bland, an old friend of many years, keeps a sort of hotel, so I telegraphed we would lunch there. But no thank you! This was an event! They sent some

miles for a quarter of lamb, had a plum pudding also and pies and other dainties, cream and what they call 'sike like' in the dale. . . . Master Bland is a poet and is much given to reeling off his poems at very great length, but I warned the ladies, so they laid plots to head him off when there was a chance and yet to please him mean-while" (*The Life and Letters of Robert Collye*r, pp. 292-3).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Georgina Halliburton

Ilkley Yorkshire
21 August [*1898*]

Dear Georgie

It has seemed so long a time since I heard from you, and I have just been wondering if there may not have been a letter of yours on the poor Bourgogne* that went down -- I am sure that you would have written. Perhaps it was your answer to a letter I wrote after I was at La Garaye* which had brought you more than anyone to my mind.

We had a delightful long

[*Page 2*]

time in France, and went to the [Loire *corrected*] and Touraine* after ^Mary" & Theodore came & Madame Blanc went with us which made it pleasanter still. Then we went to La Ferté & all made Madame Blanc a last visit, and then it was so hot in Paris that we hurried away, and found London so much hotter that we came to Cambridge and then up here among the moors where Mrs. Fields and I had been once before. It is near Bolton Abbey

[*Page 3*]

and Fountains Abbey and Haworth where the [Bronte's* *so this appears*] lived and is a most lovely place. Mary has liked it ever so much. Tomorrow she & Theodore and I are going to Edinburgh, and Mrs. Fields is going to make a week's visit to a friend of ours, and then join us in Stratford-on-Avon where we are going to stay all together at the Vicarage.* You see that we are full of pleasant plans, but I begin to long to get home, and to think more about October than September{.}

[*Page 4*]

It seems a great while ago that we came away.

I always think of always finding you just in the same places Georgie dear. I wonder so often if you have been making plans all this summer and what you are reading and thinking about. I am sure that you have been more than ever to Katie and to Mrs. Doe and the girls.* I am so glad when I know you ~~could~~ ^can^ go there for a day. It is such a new pleasure to me in these latest years to have young friends

[*Page 5*]

after starting my life with most of my friends so much older, beginning with my grandmothers for instance! I think you have always liked to be nice to younger girls, at any rate you have known how to be nice when I was shy and dull with them.

Do write me soon. You cant think how I wish to hear from you -- or how often you are in my thoughts. Give my love to "Auntie"* -- Mary is not here just now or she would send messages. Mrs. Fields sends her

[*Page 6*]

love with mine

Yours most affectionately
Sarah --

Please give my kindest remembrances to Olive* --

Notes

Bourgogne: SS *La Bourgogne* was a French ocean liner that sank on 4 July 1898, with the loss of 549 lives, after colliding in dense fog with the British SS *Cromartyshire* about 200 miles southeast of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

La Garaye: Jewett refers to the Chateau la Garaye in Brittany.

Loire and Touraine: Wikipedia says Touraine "is one of the traditional provinces of France. Its capital was Tours. During the political reorganization of French territory in 1790, Touraine was divided between the departments of Indre-et-Loire, Loir-et-Cher and Indre....Traversed by the [River] Loire and its tributaries the Cher, the Indre and the Vienne, Touraine makes up a part of the Paris Basin."

Bolton Abbey ... Fountains Abbey and Haworth ... Bronte's: The Brontë family consisted notably of Anne (1820-1849), Emily (1818-1848), and Charlotte Brontë (1816-1855), British novelists and poets. They lived in the village of Haworth in Yorkshire. Bolton Abbey and Fountains Abbey also are in Yorkshire. Wikipedia.

Vicarage: Stratford-upon-Avon in Warwickshire is best remembered as the birthplace of William Shakespeare. While there are historic buildings in the town, known as the Old Vicarage and the Old Rectory, these seem unlikely as hotels, though perhaps in 1898, one of them offered lodgings, or perhaps lodgings using the name were available nearby.

In her diary, Fields wrote that Theodore, Mary, and Sarah Orne Jewett arrived in Edinburgh by evening on Monday 22 August.

Katie ... Mrs. Doe and the girls: Katie probably is Kate Birckhead, though this is not certain. Mrs. Doe almost certainly is Edith Bell Haven Doe, and the girls her unmarried daughters. Key to Correspondents.

"Auntie": The identity of this person remains uncertain. See Georgina Halliburton in Key to Correspondents.

Olive: This person has not been identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA: Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (260).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

[*Begin elaborate hotel letterhead*]
THE PALACE HOTEL
[*Image of the hotel*]
[*Left of the image*] OPPOSITE THE CASTLE.
[*Right of the image*] AND PRINCES STREET GARDENS.
EDINBURGH
JOHN FERGUSON, PROPRIETOR.
[*End of letterhead*]

Monday Evening [*22 August 1898*]

Dearest Annie

We have just finished a long [table d'hoté *so spelled*] dinner -- without Miss Jess* who wrote that she should be coming to Edinburgh tomorrow. As I telegraphed you, we had a very comfortable journey by way of Carlisle to my astonishment for I expected to come by Durham & Newcastle as usual. [We *written over* I] had a luncheon

[*Page 2*]

basket at Carlisle with great effect upon our spirits -- and we enjoyed very much our sight of the great hills and valleys. It has been a hot day here but it seems much cooler to us than Ilkley and tomorrow we shall hope to see Jessie at luncheon time and to do something pleasant both morning & afternoon. Mary & Theodore both went out after we came. Mary had a little errand to do -- but I stayed in and got rested. The hotel is very full of travelers --

[*Page 3*]

and after the slow process of dinner we are going to bed early. Theodore is much impressed with the Edinburgh shops! [and *blotted*] means to take beautiful photographs of the Castle which we are just opposite. Mary seems very cheerful and pleased to come back here and I hope that our days will go on well. I need not say how I miss you darling, but I love to think that you and Katie are to have this evening together. Do give my love to her and to dear Mr & Mrs Bradbury.* I am so impatient to see them all. I shall write

[*Page 4*]

as often as I can --

Yours most lovingly,
Pinny

Notes

Miss Jess: Jessie Cochrane. Key to Correspondents.

Katie ... Mr & Mrs Bradbury: Kate Bradbury (1854-1902) resided at Riversvale Hall near Ashton-Under-Lyne in Great Britain. She married Francis Llewellyn Griffith (1862-1934) in 1896. Both were Egyptologists. Mr. Bradbury is Kate Bradbury's father, Charles Timothy Bradbury. His wife was Elizabeth Ann Tomlins. See also *Riversvale Hall: The Story Of A Victorian Country House*.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Massachusetts Historical Society in Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221, "Loose Letters, 1852-1916." This transcription is from a microfilm, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462 1986, Reel 3.

Selection from Fields's Diary

Sunday 28th
[*Having returned from Edinburgh*] the travellers were tired and did not go to church. Only Theodore, Mr. B.* & myself. It was still chilly and damp and I managed to begin a cold -- but we enjoyed the day altogether -- sitting in the large drawing room in the afternoon and learning about Egypt while Mr. B. talked very pleasantly about his favorite books, English antiquities and illustrated what he had to say with old books, photographs, drawings etc. Then there were Miss Edwards's* autographs to look over. The time passed quickly -- There were family prayers in the evening….

Wedy 31st --
Left for London The day was lovely like Tuesday -- sunny clear & cool; but I was still unwell and went to bed again Sept 1st with a very bad cold. Did not get up all day. Mary & Theodore saw Warwick before joining us.

Sep 2
Still in bed until they all went away after luncheon on some pleasant expedition. Then I got up remembering that tomorrow was Sarah's birthday,* took a cab, went to the British Museum, found the address of the best maker of casts, drove there, got Thackeray's hand and a copy of a lovely Indian ivory -- then drove to C.G. market,*

bought flowers and returned a little tired but much pleased.

Sat. Sepr 3d

Sarah's birthday; breakfast with flowers and pretty presents. Arthur Holland his wife and Helen Herford* came to dinner.

Notes

Mr. B: Kate Bradbury's father. See notes for Jewett to Fields of 22 August 1898.

Miss Amelia Edwards: Amelia Ann Blanford Edwards (1831-1892) was an English novelist, journalist, traveler and Egyptologist. She was born "in London to an Irish mother and a father who had been a British Army officer before becoming a banker." She "embarked on an strenuous lecture tour in the United States in 1889–1890. These lectures were later published as *Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers*." "Find a Grave" notes that before contracting the influenza of which she died in 1892, she had undergone surgery for breast cancer. Wikipedia notes that alongside her grave is that of her companion, Ellen Drew Braysher (1804-1892).

Sarah's birthday: Sarah Orne Jewett was born on 3 September 1849.

British Museum ... Thackeray's hand ... a lovely Indian ivory ... C.G. market: The British Museum in London is one of the world's largest history museums. Presumably someone at the museum was able to help Fields choose a cast maker. She purchased a cast of the hand of British novelist William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863), possibly at D. Brucciani & Co. According to the notes on Brucciani's cast at the British Museum: "Plaster casts were often made of the deceased's hand, one of the most memorable parts of the body. The novelist, Thackeray, died on 24 December 1863. On Christmas Day, at the instigation of Sir Henry Thompson (1820-1904), a cast of his hand was taken by Brucciani. Thompson thought that this plaster cast was 'characteristic, recalling for me the original with its long & delicate fingers, the form of the nails etc.- very forcibly.'"

Fields then purchased flowers at the Covent Garden Market.

Arthur Holland his wife and Helen Herford: Arthur Holland (1850-1926) was a Pittsburgh, PA iron and steel merchant, son of the Unitarian minister, Frederick West Holland. His wife was Sara Ormsby Burgwin (1859-1940). Arthur Holland's aunt, Sarah May Holland, was Annie Fields's mother. (Holland Family Papers)

It seems likely that Helen Herford was an active Unitarian in London. In *Unitarian Word and Work* (1912, p. 19), she is described as "the efficient organizer of the British League," who regularly attends the Rosslyn Hill Chapel at Hampstead. No further information about her has yet been located.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

11 Half Moon Street
2nd September
[*1898*]

This is just one word to send love by and say that we have got back to London after a week in Edinburgh and a week on the moors and a week between two visits at Riversvale and at the Stratford on Avon vicarage. And now London has cooled off, and we find it very comfortable except poor dear A.F. who gets cold in English draughts and has had to stay in bed

[*Page 2*]

two days with little consolation save the Morning Post when she would rather have the Times, and some nice fresh lavender which a man goes by crying prettily through the street. And as for lavender nothing makes me think more of one's own house-keeping and I begin to think a great deal more of October than of this present September. Tomorrow I shoulder another birthday, feeling no older but a good deal less wise than I had. Certain things get put away, with a sigh over

[*Page 3*]

their impossibility, that one [wants *?*] to count upon gaily, but other things ^hopes^ are held closer, and so here goes! with as brave a heart as one can muster. It is very strange when the years fly so fast that a year is just as long to look forward as it was when we were children. Even a week seems just as long to wait, and I find this next month before I shall get home is a very long month indeed. It is really ^going to be^ so short that I cannot

[*Page 4*]

write a long letter for I keep saying to myself (Oh* no! I must wait and speak about that! and you will hear me knocking at your door before very long dear. We sail on the 22nd by the New England.*

A.F. did not go to Edinburgh with us but stayed at [Riversdale *intended* Riversvale] at the Hall, and enjoyed it much. She has grown more deeply interested than before in the Egypt Exploration & Survey affairs of which she will tell you. Katie Bradbury's Mr. Griffith is a delightful man, a scholar of the best sort. We liked him very much. Next week

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

A.F. and I go to Stocks to the Wards* for a little visit. We are full of pleasant plans, and I am doing much sightseeing on Theodore's account -- and I am glad to say that he consents

[*Up the left margin and across the top margins of page 2 and 3*]

most handsome -- -- Dear fellow this is a foolish letter but you do not mind. I am [beginning *?*] to look for your letter with greater but [more reasonable *?*] eagerness -- and I have to keep saying that it is August at home with everything going on at the shore. S.O.J.

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 4*]

Everybody says that Bodley's History of France* is amazing well done. Mrs Dugdale* for one. I wonder if it is getting read at home.

Notes

(Oh: Jewett opens, but does not close this parenthesis.

the New England: Entering service in 1898 for the Dominion Line, Liverpool to Boston, this steamship changed names several times, eventually becoming the *SS Scandinavian*. Wikipedia.

Wards: The family of Mary Augusta Ward. Key to Correspondents.

Bodley's History of France: John Edward Courtenay Bodley (1853-1925) published a 2-volume history of France in 1898. Wikipedia.

Dugdale: This is Mrs. W. S. Dugdale. See Jewett to Whitman of 15 June 1897.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 6, Item 277.

Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc to Sarah Orne Jewett

[3 September 1898]*

3 September (It's your birthday* today, dear friend, and I wish you the best with all my heart!)

I think of you every day and miss you even more than I can say. However, I know you are happy, interested in everything you are seeing, and I have had for a long time now that absence of selfishness that allows me to enjoy the pleasure of my friends without having to be with them. Still, I would have enjoyed this trip to England,

[*Page 2*]

but it was impossible, all of my family having left at once, without considering the duty to remain for the short time that M. Blanc* spends here. He begins hunting season today, more eager than I have seen him for a long time. This month of absolute rest that he gave himself has done him great good; he no longer looks the same, and with him, morale follows physical well-being,

[*Page 3*]

so his mood is much less dark. Moreover, he enjoys seeing Hélène de [Djounkofsky *?*],* whose cheerfulness prevails over her poor health and sorrows of all kinds. She is a heroine in the true sense of the word, but there is almost not enough body to house a spirit that is so valiant and so free. She looks like a consumptive boy of 15 -- that is exactly how she looks. I would like to take care of her for a long time and to heal her. More than anyone, she is a daughter to me.

[*Page 4*]

By the way, I believe you will enjoy Edouard's travel notes that began in the last issue of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.* He read me all of it, one part of which can't convey the whole idea, except for the value of his style, so particular in its scientific precision and in its color.

Write me as soon as you can that Annie is better. Her health worries me much. And also, please tell me whether my letters arrived in both Stratford and London, and if you were overweight with the *Revue*.* No matter how much we try to take care of these things, too often there is trouble.

[*Page 5*]

I received from the brave Colonel Tucker* in Arkansas a letter that brought tears to my eyes, and I send you part of it. He made me feel more tolerant toward that boastful article in the Atlantic,* which goes to show that we always judge badly when we look at a nation through its popular press. What an unmitigated delight is *Betty Leicester*,* first because it is a gem and then also because of the voyages of discovery she made me make into a new country. Mr. Doumic* is absurd in saying that all nations are the same. How unfortunate that would be! --

I have been sick at heart about the tragic Henry episode,* which is going to contribute to the dissemination abroad of misconceptions about this odious Dreyfus affair. I have felt this more vividly than all my personal troubles. Tenderly to you,

ThB

[*Cross-written from the left, top half of page 4*]

I have from Canada* (liberal side) very rewarding letters.

My brother* already is better. He remains in excellent health, but at 57, he would like to be 30. It's a rare and difficult condition.

The undeniable beauty of his eldest daughter is to me so unsympathetic that I do not look at her when I speak to her. My sister-in-law is a majestic magpie. Their little girl is charming.

[*From the back of the associated envelope*]

Thanks for sending the magazine. The article was already in *The Nation*, where I read it and recognized the patronizing pen of Th. Stant.*

Notes

1898: Associated with this letter is an envelope, addressed to Jewett at 40 Clarges St., Piccadilly, Greenslades, London. It was cancelled in La Ferté in Sept. 1898 and in London on 5 September 1898. The text in Blanc's hand on the back of the envelope appears after the letter here.

birthday: Jewett was born on 3 September 1849.

M. Blanc: Mme. Blanc's estranged husband. See her entry in Key to Correspondents. Though they were estranged, they seem to have developed a friendship in their later years, and he stayed with her often when she was in the country, where he enjoyed hunting.

Hélène de [Djounkofsky]: Other letters indicate that this Hélène was a Russian friend of Blanc and her son. We have not been able to transcribe her last name confidently. Sometimes it looks like Maunkofsky. She has not yet been identified further. See Blanc to Jewett of 7 March 1901 and Blanc to Fields of 2 April [1901].

Mondes: For Blanc's son, Édouard, see her entry in Key to Correspondents. His article "Journal de Route en Asie Centrale: du Ferganah en Kachgarie: Première Partie," appeared in the 1 September 1898 issue of *Revue des Deux Mondes* (pp. 169-197).

Revue: Probably, Blanc had mailed one or more copies of *Revue des Deux Mondes* to Jewett and Fields in England, and she was unsure of the delivery charges.

Canada: The meaning of "liberal side" is not yet known. Blanc's only known correspondent in Canada at this time was Henri-Raymond Casgrain. Key to Correspondents. However, at the time of this letter, Casgrain was in Europe, having visited Blanc's country home during the spring.

brother: For Blanc's brother, Christian de Solms, and his family, see Blanc in Key to Correspondents. Blanc here seems to speak first of him, then of his beautiful eldest daughter-in-law (he had no daughters), Thérèse Gourio du Refuge, then of Christian's wife, the magpie, and finally of Alice, the Christians's charming granddaughter.

Tucker: The part of a letter of which Blanc speaks may be the following, which appears without any other explanation among the letters in this folder at the Houghton Library. This would explain how it came into the hands of Jewett or Fields and came to be associated with this group of letters.

Clover Bend Ark Aug 21st 1898

Dear Madame Blanc

Your letter of June 22 came duly and I cant help writing you again to let you know how grateful I am to you for it. The circumstances now are so different. Then all was doubt, fears, and anxiety. Now that has all passed away and in place we feel grateful to God and the prominent nations of the world. Grateful to God for having allowed the war to cease without so large a loss of life and to the other Governments for having allowed Spain and ourselves to settle our own difficulties. We shall always have a warm place in our hearts for your nation, for the part they took in bringing about peace, and we all bow our heads and ask your pardons for any and every mean thought or word we had at first. We in Clover Bend have hardly known of the war.

The subject of this letter is the Spanish-American War, which, according to Wikipedia, lasted from 21 April until 13 August 1898. According to the *Encyclopedia of Arkansas*, Colonel Francis William Tucker (1843-1924) was a Union Army veteran of the Civil War who became a businessman in Clover Bend, AK. He was a friend of American author, Alice French (Octave Thanet), who made her winter home at Clover Bend. Blanc had stayed with French at Clover Bend during her 1893-4 tour of the United States. Blanc wrote about this visit in *Revue des Deux Mondes* (133, 1896): "In Arkansas: About Octave Thanet's Novels."

Atlantic: Which *Atlantic Monthly* article Blanc has in mind is not certain. In June 1898, an anonymous essay, "The War with Spain, and After" (v. 81: 721-7), optimistically foretold success in the Spanish-American War and expressed confidence that the United States would overcome the damage resulting from the failure of Spanish colonialism. In July 1898, Henry Charles Lea explained the failure of Spanish colonial policy in "The Decadence of Spain" (v. 82: 36-46). Another anonymous essay, "The End of the War, and After," appeared in September 1898 (v. 82: 430-2), again expressing confidence that the United

States would rise to the challenge of dealing with the liberated Spanish colonies.

Doumic: René Doumic (1860-1937) was a French literary figure and professor at the Collège Stanislas de Paris. He is known to have visited the United States in March of 1898.

Henry episode: Blanc refers to the 12-year scandal over the wrongful conviction of the Jewish Captain Alfred Dreyfus for treason, known as the Dreyfus Affair (1894-1906).

In the summer of 1898, according to Wikipedia, nationalist politicians and journalists stoked anti-Semitic riots and violence, particularly in response to the trial of French author and defender of Dreyfus, Émile Zola (1840-1902). Zola was convicted of "defamation of a public authority" for his essay denouncing Dreyfus's conviction. Soon after, in August 1898, it was discovered that one of Dreyfus's principal accusers, Lieutenant-Colonel Hubert-Joseph Henry (1846- 31 August 1898) had forged a key document proving Dreyfus's guilt. After confessing this, Henry committed suicide in prison.

Betty Leicester: Jewett seems to have given Blanc a copy of one of her two books featuring the character, Betty Leicester. The first, *Betty Leicester* (1890), began appearing as a series of stories in *St. Nicholas*, before they were collected and expanded into a novel. The second, *Betty Leicester's English Christmas* (1899), has a more complex history. It appeared first in a private printing in 1894, then as a serial in *St. Nicholas* in 1894-5, and then as a book in 1899. Both books show the title character making her way in what for her is a somewhat strange new community, first in an analogue of Jewett's South Berwick, and later in an English country house.

Stant: Almost certainly, Blanc refers to Theodore Weld Stanton (1851-1925), an American journalist based in Paris. Wikipedia. His article, "Michelet and the College of France," (dateline Paris, July 25, 1898) appeared in *The Nation* 67 (11 August 1898), pp. 108-9.

This letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA: b MS Am 1743, Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, Blanc, Thérèse (de Solms) 1840-1907. 10 letters; 1892-1906 & [n.d.], 1892-1906, Identifier: (23).

Transcription

3 Septembre (c'est aujourd-hui
votre fête, chère
amie et je vous
la souhaite de
tout coeur!)
Moi aussi je pense à vous
tous les jours et vous me
manquez plus que je ne
puis le dire! Cependant
je vous sais contente,
intéressée par tout ce que
vous voyez et j'en suis depuis
longtemps à l'absence
d'égoïsme qui me permet
de jouir du plaisir de
mes amis sans m'y
méler. J'aurais bien
goûté pourtant ce
voyage en Angleterre

[*Page 2*]

mais il était impossible
tous les miens ayant
débarqué à la fois sans
parler du devoir d'être
ici pendant le peu
de temps qu'y passe
M. Blanc. Il ouvre
la chasse aujourd'hui
plus dispos que je ne
l'ai vu depuis longtemps.
Ce mois de repose absolu
qu'il s'est donné
lui a fait le plus
grand bien, il n'a
plus la même figure,
et avec lui le moral
suit le physique de

[*Page 3*]

sorte que son humeur
est beaucoup moins
sombre. Il est content
d'ailleurs de voir
Hélène de [Djounkofsky ?] dont
la gaieté résiste à une
santé perdue et à des
chagrins de toute sorte.
C'est une héroïne dans
toute la force du terme
mais il n'y a presque
plus de corps pour loger
cette âme si <u>vaillante</u>
et si libre. On dirait
un garçon de 15 ans poitrinaire
voilà son apparence au
juste. Je voudrais la
garder longtemps et
la soigner. Elle est <u>ma
fille</u> plus que personne.

[*Page 4*]

A propos, je crois que
vous aimerez les notes de
voyage d'Edouard que
ont commencé dans le

dernier Nº de la Revue.
Il m'a lu tout l'ensemble
dont un fragment ne
peut donner aucune
idée sauf pour le valeur
du style si particulier dans
sa précision scientifique et
sa couleur.
Ecrivez moi le plus tôt
[pofsible *for* possible] qu'Annie va bien,
Sa santé me préoccupe
beaucoup. Dites-moi aussi
je vous prie si les lettres sont
arrivées tant à Stratford qu'à
Londres et si vous n'avez pas
eu de surpoids pour la Revue{.}
On a beau veiller à ces choses
il se produit trop souvent
des ennuis.

[*Cross-written from the left, top half of page 4*]
J'ai du Canada
(côté libéral) des
lettres que sont de
trop belles récompenses.

Mon frère va déjà mieux.
Il est toujours superbe
mais à 57 ans il voudrait
en avoir 30. C'est rare
et difficile.
La beauté incontestable
de sa fille ainée m'est si
peu sympathique que je
lui parle sans la regarder.
Ma belle soeur est une pie
majestueuse. La petite est charmante{.}

[*Page 5*]

J'ai reçu de l'Arkansas, du
brave Cºl Tucker une lettre
qui m'a fait venir les larmes
aux yeux et dont je vous
envoie un fragment.
Il m'a rendue indulgente pour
l'article plein de jactance de
l'Atlantic qui prouve qu'on
juge toujours fort mal un
peuple par ses journaux. Ce
qui m'a ravie sans mélange
c'est Betty Leicester, d'abord parce
que c'est un bijou et aussi
par les voyages de découvertes
qu'elle m'a fait faire au
pays inconnu. M. Doumic est
absurde de dire qu'en tous pays tout
est pareil. Ce serait tellement
dommage! ---
J'ai été malade du [tragique épisode *?*]
Henry qui va contribuer à la
diffusion ^à l'étranger^ des idées fausses sur cette
odieuse affaire Dreyfus. Je l'ai senti
plus vivement que tous mes chagrins
personnels. Tendrement à vous

ThB

[*From the back of the associated envelope*]

Merci pour l'envoi du journal.
L'article était déjà dans
The Nation où je l'avais lu
en y reconnaissant la
patronizing pen de Th. Stant.

Selection from Fields's Diary

London. 11 Half Moon St. Sepr 5th

Although we have until the 9th here, as long a stay as we have had anywhere, the days are so full that they seem very few….

Sep. 6th

Went to Edward Clifford's* studio. He has an old house at 37 Kensington Square which he has filled with beautiful things. He is a most kindhearted genial man, who if he had married and if he had children would have found such a natural scope among his own and might have made his career a very different one. Now he is absorbed in his art and in giving full rein to the natural benevolence of his disposition. The very thing which caused him to throw up everything for the purpose of carrying love and succor to Father Damien* at the risk of his own life still beckons him on and he is spending himself in little kindnesses as well as great. His rooms are lined with landscapes -- careful drawings of flowery fields which are unrivaled. Burne Jones* said that when he painted his picture of heaven he should borrow the fields from his friend Clifford. Indeed they are worthy of all this -- He has become evidently a great success. His portraits of women and children are so beautiful that he will always have as much as he can do in this direction. Every inch of his walls excited our lively interest. At last he took us into his bedroom -- up two flights, where his attic windows look over the trees at the Square and beyond there was a beautiful steeple dimly seen through the misty sunshine. It is the most beautiful steeple in London he said, so I prefer this upper bedroom….

Before he allowed us to "come away" he gave us a card to his friend Lady Ashburton* who asked him to do so it seems for tomorrow. She is to leave town in the afternoon but she would like to receive us early -- "Her pictures are unrivalled," said Mr. Clifford and if when you arrive she is unable to see you herself she will be delighted to have you see her treasure….

Sepr. 7th

Drove at eleven o'clock by appointment to Kent House, Knightsbridge to the house of Lady Ashburton, a woman much loved by Carlyle, Browning, and Lord Coleridge, not to speak of the women of her time. She has been especially intimate with and fond of Harriet Hosmer* and inquired most tenderly if we knew anything further of her life and work that could be gathered from her letters.

Lady Ashburton invited us in spite of the fact that she was to leave town the same day a few hours later. She said she would like us to see her pictures even if she could not herself see us. The servants ushered us into a large square hall upon which the front door opened, but an ingenious screen of carved Indian work lined with glass and with a door in the middle prevented the air from flowing directly into the hall and divided it gracefully. There were splendid works of art in this hall where we consoled ourselves as best we might for a time, because the servants said "My lady was going away" and evidently the housekeeper disapproved of informing her of our coming. However they soon saw there was nothing else to be done and we were ushered up a noble staircase lined with covered pictures and past a magnificent Greek relief, the size of life of Hector & Andromache* to the dining-room where so many of the great men and women of England had been gathered together. Here were two full length Vandycks* in his very best manner, a magnificent sea-field between them of the landing of William the Third in England,* a Leonardo da Vinci, a replica of the famous lady with the smile (and O! how much finer this is than the one usually reproduced) a Giorgione, the finest I have ever seen of the Profr of Anatomy at Bologna, the lady of great fame.* (I must look up her name.) The small original of Love and Death by Watts* also an exquisite portrait by him of the daughter of Lady Ashburton the Marchioness of Northampton which he presented to the mother, -- a very large painting of consummate beauty the painter unknown was possibly Constable.* and many others which I did not have the time to note….

Thursday 8th
Excessively hot. Mary & Theodore went to Salisbury hoping to see the review but they knew they could see the Cathedral* if not the soldiers. Sarah and I stayed in all day until 4 when we left for Stocks Tring and found Dorothy* at the station when we arrived soon after six. She was very affectionate as ever but the years have matured her of course.

A few minutes later after a pretty drive through the village of Stocks with its duck pond and old stocks and quaint church, we reached the beautiful old house and grounds where Mrs. Ward now lives. She came out by the little garden gate to welcome us; still young, but leaning slightly on a cane and suffering more or less with something like sciatica. Pain has left its traces upon her spirit more than elsewhere; she wears a look of patience and her manner is very quiet and not at all exuberant as, knowing her nature, I am sure it once was. She is nevertheless cordial and sweet, perhaps one feels all the more any expression of feelings, because of her reticence. She is very pretty -- lovely hair and eyes, and hands and feet and figure. Her dress was very simple and appropriate just as she had worn it in the garden since the morning -- a black alpaca skirt and thin black waist with a white silk muslin and lace waist over it, the sleeves slightly full and finished at the neck and arms with beautiful lace -- also down the front -- and a pointed girdle or belt of black silk -- She was having tea in the garden with her father and the elderly Irish lady whom he married ten years ago, Leonard Huxley and his wife (Mrs Ward's sister,) Dorothy, Janet, and Arnold, her children all grown -- three little Huxley boys playing about … on the lawn and in the house, to appear later, for sister Miss Ethel Arnold, Miss Chambers* her secretary and the German governess for the Huxley children -- It was a large family but she evidently loved to have it so and it was a real satisfaction to be able to be good to those nearest us. One of the cottages on the place she keeps as a summer refuge for some girls and there were four in residence. We were as quiet however as if we were the only guests. It was such a family group that there was no sense of effort and we took our tea and chatted by the way as if we been there all our lives. Afterward in the fading light -- (it was after six before we realized the hour) -- we walked into the wood to see the overarching trees in the "allées" before the light faded quite away. It was unspeakably beautiful. It was seven o'clock when we went to our rooms but as dinner was not until quarter past eight we had sufficient time to rest and dress and look about us.…

Notes

Edward Clifford's: According to Wikipedia, Edward Clifford (1844 -1907), an English artist and author, famous for his watercolor portraits, also was an evangelist and activist, particularly in the cause of treating leprosy. He visited Father Damien in Hawaii in 1868.

Father Damien: Wikipedia says that Jozef De Veuster (1840-1889) was a Belgian Roman Catholic priest, who took the name Father Damien. He is best remembered for his ministry to the leper colony on the Hawaiian island of Moloka'i (1873-1889), for which he was canonized as Saint Damien of Moloka'i.

Burne Jones: British Pre-Raphaelite artist, Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones (1833-1898).

Lady Ashburton: Wikipedia says that Louisa Caroline Baring, Lady Ashburton (1827-1903) was a Scottish art collector and philanthropist. She and Harriet Hosmer became lovers in 1867, after the death of Ashburton's husband, a relationship that lasted until the 1890s. By 1898, they were living apart, Ashburton in London at Kent House, Hosmer in Massachusetts.

Kent House, Knightsbridge eventually became a synagogue.

Carlyle, Browning, and Lord Coleridge: Scottish author Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) and British authors, Robert Browning (1812-1889), and Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834).

Harriet Hosmer: According to Wikipedia, Harriet Goodhue Hosmer (1830-1908) "was a neoclassical sculptor, considered the most distinguished female sculptor in America during the 19th century."

Hector & Andromache: The Trojan Hector appears in Homer's *Iliad*, with his wife, Andromache. The eldest son of King Priam, he led the Trojans in their defense of Troy.

Vandycks: Wikipedia says Sir Anthony van Dyck (599-1641) "was a Flemish Baroque artist who became the leading court painter in England, after enjoying great success in Italy and the Southern Netherlands."

landing of William the Third in England: The Dutch Prince of Orange, William of Orange (1650-1702) landed in England, with his wife Mary, on 5 November 1688, in what became the "Glorious Revolution" that finally established the British throne as Protestant.

Leonardo da Vinci ... lady with the smile: The Italian Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), completed the "Mona Lisa" (c. 1503-1506), which is owned by the Louvre in Paris.

Giorgione, ... the Profr of Anatomy at Bologna: Giorgio Barbarelli da Castelfranco (c. 1477/8-1510) was an Italian painter from Venice.

Untangling Fields's list has proven difficult. When does she intend to name specific works? When do her commas set off a description? Did Giorgione paint a portrait of a female professor of anatomy at Bologna, Italy? Not likely. Probably the earliest female professor of anatomy at Bologna was Anna Morandi Manzolini (1714-1774). The best-known portrait of her is the wax modeled portrait she made of herself. If there is a painting representing her, I have not discovered it.

Love and Death by Watts: Wikipedia says George Frederic Watts (1817-1904) was an English painter and sculptor associated with the Symbolist movement. Watts produced several versions of "Love and Death," one of which, from 1885-7, is held by the Tate Gallery of London.

daughter of Lady Ashburton: Louisa Stewart-Mackenzie married Bingham Baring, 2nd Lord Ashburton (1799-1864). Their daughter, Mary Florence Baring (1860-1902) married William Compton, 5th Marquess of Northampton.

Constable: John Constable (1776-1837) was an English landscape painter.

Botticelli: The Italian painter Alessandro di Mariano di Vanni Filipepi (c. 1445-1510), known as Sandro Botticelli

Salisbury ... Cathedral: The Anglican Cathedral of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Salisbury (constructed 1120-58) is particularly known as an example of early English architecture.

Dorothy: Dorothy Ward (1874-1964) was the daughter of the novelist Mary Augusta Arnold (Mrs. Humphry) Ward (1851-1920), who was a niece of the British poet, Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) and daughter of the English literary scholar Tom Arnold (1823-1900). Her other children were Arnold (1876-1950) and Janet Penrose Trevelyan (1879-1956), who became her mother's biographer.

Dorothy Ward "helped with the work of the Passmore Edwards Settlement (now Mary Ward House) which her mother founded, and with children's play centres and a school for invalid children. She accompanied her mother to visit war zones in France during the First World War." Elizabeth Silverthorne in *Sarah Orne Jewett* (1993), says that Dorothy Ward paid a long visit to Jewett and Fields in the early spring of 1902 (p. 194). The Wards's country home was Stocks House in Aldbury, Hertfordshire. Old Stocks was the local manor house before Stocks House. Tring is a nearby market town.

Mary Augusta Ward's sister, Julia Arnold, married Leonard Huxley, and their sons were Trevelyan (1891-1914), Julian (1887-1975) and Aldous Huxley (1894-1963).

Tom Arnold's second wife was Josephine Maria Benison. Another of Tom Arnold's daughters was Ethel Arnold (1864-1930), journalist, author, and suffragist. She and sister Julia were subjects of Lewis Carroll's photographs, and in about 1898, she took up photography. Ethel and Mary Augusta disagreed sharply about woman's suffrage.

Wikipedia and Ward Family Papers.

Miss Chambers: Ethel Arnold's secretary has not yet been identified further.

Caroline Balestier (Mrs. Rudyard) Kipling to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]
THE ELMS
ROTTINGDEAN,
N^{E} BRIGHTON.
[*End letterhead*]

Sept. 9th
1898*

Dear Miss Jewett,

If you are free Thursday or Friday of next week, will you come to us, and if possible will you bring Mrs Fields and some, or all of your party.

I send you a list of the best trains and beg you will give us as much of a day as possible -- suiting your own convenience in the matter of trains.

[*Page 2*]

If you can spare the time its best to be here for lunch and tea for its a five mile drive from Brighton and an hour or more journey from town. I shall be only too pleased if you will all come.

With kindest regards and many anticipations of your visit,

Sincerely,
Caroline Kipling

Notes

1898: With this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett at 11, Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, London, W.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Kipling, Caroline (Balestier) d.1939. 1 letter; [1898].. (126). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

September 11

[*1898*]*

O how good to get your letter this morning darling, to hear, not of England, nor [She *?*] of Stocks,* nor of Kings' Courts (or their [modern equivalents *?*]) -- but of the 22nd per S. S. New England! That is why you have been in Europe at all: just to return. And may this [leading *?*] thought occupy your mind [a- *?*]

[*Page 2*]

midships: and bring you, duly [solemnized, *?*] to the port of Boston! ----- But why you have not received a fat letter which was much too stupid ever to have been written, -- fat from its very dulness, fat for no good reason, -- why you have not received this, within the last fortnight is a conundrum of the first, official, magnitude: and should be asked in Downing Street.*

--------- But I return to the real thing, then dear friend: to think of your returning [with a warmth at the least that is not too conscious *?*] And may I be remembered to each one of the square party of the first part, all coming with

[*Page 3*]

with full hands: & so dear to behold. ---- If I had heard you were to sail on the 22nd of October, I could have written a letter to make remarks about it, but now not one word is worth Saying except

Love

September 11 Old Place

Notes

1898: The envelope associated with this letter was cancelled 13 September 1898 at Beverly Farms, MA. It was addressed to Jewett: "on board S.S. New England, Sailing from Liverpool Sept. 22, Liverpool, England. Dominion Line."

[She ?] of Stocks: While it is not clear what Whitman has written, still she refers to British author, Mary Augusta Ward. Key to Correspondents.

Downing street: On this London street are the official residences and offices of the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904. 92 letters; [1884]-[1903] & [n.d.] Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1:107.

Selection from Fields's Diary

Sunday 11th [*September, London*]
Went in the afternoon to the village of Totteridge by train whither Mrs Ernest Hart* had sent her carriage to meet us and take us to her place Fairlawn….

Mrs. Hart showed us some of the extraordinary things the house contains -- pictures books, (but the artistic view of things is not their vocation exactly) Egyptian curiosities and an amazing Japanese collection. She has made a catalogue of Japanese engravings which she would like to sell and which I am carrying back home thinking that

some collectors would be delighted to fill out the gaps from her mines. We took tea at a table in the garden, where the setting sun was making everything glorious, and after an interesting time we bade her adieu and drove away again in her pretty carriage through the most exquisite country and pretty villages to another station only five miles from London. It was altogether a most interesting excursion.

Monday Sept 12th
We left London about eleven o'clock for Rye to pass the day with Mr. Henry James.* He was waiting for us at the station with a carriage and in five minutes we found ourselves at the top of a silent little winding street at a green door with a brass knocker wearing the air of impenetrable respectability which is so well known in England -- another instant and an old servant Smith (who with his wife has been in Mr. James's service for 20 years) opened the door and helped us from the carriage. It was a pretty interior -- large enough for elegance, and simple enough to suit the severe taste of a scholar and private gentleman….

Mr. James was intent on the largest hospitality.… We enjoyed our talk together sincerely at luncheon and afterward strolled into the garden. The dominating note was dear Mr. James's pleasure in having a home of his own to which he might ask us….

After we returned to the parlor Mr. James took occasion to tell Sarah how deeply and sincerely he appreciates her work; how he re-reads it with increasing admiration. "It is foolish to ask, I know," he said, "but were you in just such a place as you describe in the 'Pointed Firs'? --" "No," she said, "not precisely; the book was chiefly written before I visited the locality itself --" "And such an island?" he continued. "Not exactly," she said again. "Ah! I thought so," he said musingly; "and the language -- It is so absolutely true -- not a word overdone -- such elegance and exactness." "And Mrs. Dennet* -- how admirable she is," he said again, not waiting for a reply. I need not say they were very much at home together after this….

Notes

Mrs Ernest Hart: Alice Marion Rowland (Mrs. Ernest) Hart, newly widowed in 1898, was an author and philanthropist, providing aid to the Irish poor by supporting local industry in County Donegal. Her husband, Ernest Abraham Hart (1835 - 7 January1898) was an ophthalmic surgeon and medical journalist.

Henry James: Key to Correspondents.

drugget: a coarse woollen fabric.

Dennet: There is no significant character of this name in Jewett's *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896). "Dennett," with the two "t's" is a somewhat frequent name in Jewett's writings, and that name appears twice in *Pointed Firs*. Almost certainly, however, James means to refer to Mrs. Todd, who is the central character of Jewett's novella.

Rose Georgina Kingsley to Annie Adams Fields

Parfelts Farm
Eversley Cross
Linchfield
Monday.
[*12 September 1898*]*

Dearest Mrs Fields

It is beautiful to think of seeing you tomorrow. If it suits now, we (my cousin Miss Vyoyau* & I) will expect you here about 2-45 tomorrow. We are on your way to the Church -- And I will have a carriage ready here to

[*Page 2*]

join yours --& we might divide forces, if that suited you.

The Church is a mile & a half from here, -- & Bramshill, which is part of the parish -- a mile & a half further. I have written to Lady Cope* to ask if we may drive through.

If she is out & does not ask us to tea, I hope you will honour my tiny lodgings by

[*Page 3*]

having tea here on your way home. I really think I have chairs enough! -- if you wont mind very close quarters in a little old farm house.

My Mary* will be sadly envious when she knows you have been here. But she is only returning to London this week -- & is looking after a sick friend, who is I fear rather seriously ill. With much love -- & joyful anticipation -- your most truly affect

Rose Kingsley

Notes

1898: In her diary Fields reports visiting the Kingsley family on 13 September. This letter is on black-bordered stationery.

Miss Vyoyau: This transcription is uncertain and seems improbable, though this is what the name looks like. Of course, this person has not yet been identified. Find a Grave shows no cousins at all for the Kingsleys.

Lady Cope: Bramshill House was in Hampshire. The extensive grounds included woods and formal gardens. The Cope family owned the estate from 1699 to 1935, and it became the family seat. There were several "Sir Anthony Copes"; the one

living in 1898 was the 13th Baronet (1842-1932). I have not found information about Lady Cope.

Mary: Kingsley's younger sister, Mary St. Leger Kingsley Harrison (1852-1931). She was widowed in April 1897.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 7, Item 310, III. Letters to Annie Adams Fields.

Selection from Fields's Diary

Tuesday 13th [*September*]
Left London again before Noon for Eversley, the little village where Charles Kingsley* lived and spent his energies largely for his people….

We found Rose Kingsley in a cottage on Parfitts Farm where she has been passing the summer; sometimes her sister Mrs Harrison is with her and sometimes her cousin Miss Vyrgan.* The last was with her at this time who, although we were sorry not to find Mary, proved a fine sweet woman who is painting away diligently upon the fine subjects which Eversley affords….

[*Rose*] was really rejoiced to see us and when she appeared in her fresh mourning alas! for a dear brother the news of whose death in Australia has only lately reached there, she looked to me younger and less worn than when she was last in America in spite of her sorrow. She is full of the idea of building a pretty brick cottage here in Eversley where she finds the people love her for her father's sake as well as her own and where for a part of the year she and her sister can find shelter and repose and enough work beside, outside themselves to make them happy. She showed us the places and we rejoiced with her that she was able to do this. She has found an acre or two of land in a pretty spot near her father's school and not far from the Rectory and church, the only bit of freehold land in the place, therefore she is very happy indeed about it. We sallied out very soon again to visit the church yard and look into the church: the rectory we could only see from the outside. Kingsley's grave and that of his wife remain as we saw the spot depicted in Mrs. Kingsley's life of her husband….

[*14 September 1898*]
The next morning, instead of rain which there was every reason to expect the day proved exquisite beyond words. We got up early to take a certain train which proved not to be ours, so we took a carriage and enjoyed an incredibly beautiful morning drive through a forest of pines and firs, with glimpses of water here & there and a few small villages until we reached the town where we could take a train for Winchester which we reached soon after dinner…. After a little pause here we started to see the old Council-hall and table of King Arthur,* which if not his exactly is so old that nobody can trace its day of building….

Then we went into the Cathedral and saw the tomb of William Rufus and strange burial boxes containing bones of Canute, Hardycanute,* and others. Chief, however, the wonder of the aisles with their glorious arches and the feeling of Roman Catholicism lingering there, impress one at Winchester. It is an overwhelming place and one to dwell in from time to time, and to see like a ship that passes in the night.

Then we drove about two miles out to visit a home for old men, St. Cross Hospital, one of the endowed charities of hundreds of years ago. Mrs Gaskell has an excellent description of this place in her story called Sylvia's Lovers.* One of the old pensioners showed us through the chapel and into the park where we saw one of the streams where Izaak Walton* fished (we had seen his grave in the Cathedral) and finally the rooms where this particular old man lives….

Thursday
Sarah, Mary & Theodore went to Windsor to pass the day. They saw also Eton and Stoke Poges.* I stayed in London-- went to the National Gallery but rested otherwise. It was still very warm --

Friday
Sarah and Theodore went to Rottingdene near Brighton to pass the day with the Kiplings.* He recited to them a new poem The Bear with a face like a Man (Russia) which S. thought as powerful as anything he had done. It was à propos of the scheme of disarmament lately put forth by the Tsar….

Sunday Morning [*18th*]
We promised to go to Hampstead today to see the Herfords,* but we are all too tired. Sarah has taken cold --

Notes

Charles Kingsley: Charles Kingsley (1819-1875) was a priest of the Church of England, for many years Rector of Eversley in Hampshire, a professor of history at Cambridge University, and a novelist, perhaps best remembered for *The Water Babies* (1863). Jewett read his novel, *Hereward the Wake* (1866), in preparation for her popular history, *The Normans* (1887).

Rose ... Vyrgan: Rose Georgina Kingsley (1845-1925) was the oldest child of Charles Kingsley, a traveler and author. Mary St. Leger Kingsley (1852-1931), her younger sister, was a popular novelist, writing under the name Lucas Malet. Mary Kingsley lived much of her adult life, after separating from her husband William Harrison (d.

1897), Minor Canon of Westminster, with her cousin, the singer and, later, novelist, Gabrielle Vallings (1886-1969). Mary Kingsley, therefore, sometimes is called "Mrs. Harrison."

Their brothers were Maurice (1847-1910) and Grenville (1848-1898).

The name "Vyrgan" seems so distinctive that one would quickly locate any associate of the Kingsleys by that name, but that is not the case. Perhaps the transcription is incorrect, or Fields mistook the name?

Arthur: Fields refers to the legendary top of King Arthur's Round Table, which scholars agree dates from the 13th Century, not the time of King Arthur. This table-top hangs in Winchester Castle.

William Rufus ... Canute, Hardycanute: Buried in mortuary chests in Winchester Cathedral are a number of kings of early England, including William II (Rufus) who ruled 1087-1100, Cnut, who ruled 1016-1035), and Harthacnut, who ruled (1040-1042).

St. Cross Hospital: Wikipedia says: "The Hospital of St Cross and Almshouse of Noble Poverty is a medieval almshouse in Winchester, Hampshire, England, founded between 1132 and 1136. It is the oldest surviving charitable institution in the United Kingdom."

Mrs. Gaskell: Wikipedia says the English writer, Elizabeth Gaskell (1810-1865), published her novel, *Sylvia's Lovers,* in 1863.

Izaak Walton: Wikipedia says Izaak Walton (c. 1593-1683) was an English writer, best remember for *The Compleat Angler* (1653 and after). He is buried in Winchester Cathedral.

Stoke Poges: Eton College is a boarding school for boys in Windsor, Berkshire. Stoke Poges is a village about 6 miles north of Windsor.

Kiplings: Rudyard Kipling and his wife. Key to Correspondents. Kipling is not known to have written a poem of the title, "The Bear with a Face like a Man." However, he did publish in 1898 "The Truce of the Bear," which repeats the phrase "the Bear that walks like a Man," and includes a number of similar phrases, such as "stands like a Man," etc.

The Peace Palace International Law Library website recounts Tsar Nicholas II of Russia's proposal to mitigate a European arms race:

> On 24 August 1898, at their weekly reception at the Foreign Office in St. Petersburg, the ambassadors and ministers of the major nations accredited to the Russian Court were presented a written statement to be forwarded to their respective governments. In it, the Tsar invited the governments to join an international conference on peace and disarmament. According to the Tsar, he thought it would be better for the prosperity and progress of mankind if governments sat down and talked and concluded agreements instead of being divided and hostile towards one another.

Herfords: Reverend Brooke Herford (1830-1903) was a British Unitarian minister and author, who immigrated to the United States, serving in Boston after 1881. In 1892, he returned to England to serve at the Rosslyn Hill Chapel in Hampstead. "Herford's eldest daughter Helen Brooke (1854-1935) was the main founder of the national Unitarian Women‘s League in Britain in 1908."

Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*17 September 1898*]*

Dear Sarah, how I would love to have had you with me at Versailles in this golden autumn, where the Petit Trianon* looks like it is in fairyland. How you would have enjoyed the beauty of this season like no other in my memory, you and your sister and Theodore, too. I have felt you near to me constantly.

[*Page 2*]

The charming Mrs. Joseph Gilder* has come visiting, unfortunately in too much of a hurry, but she spent a good long day with me at La Ferté, at the time when Helen [*unrecognized name*] was visiting, a woman Mrs. Gilder admires -- together, we went into Jouarre.

[*Page 3*]

She came to take care of the children of my little protégé, the one I told you about, or perhaps I told Annie,* and now she no longer is needed.

Mr. Blanc has been very ill with influenza. He is recovered

[*Page 4*]

and asks that I place his deepest devotion at your feet. My son* has had a fine tour in Russia, where the Frenchmen received the best welcome. I have good things to report about the children, and I regret that you haven't seen them lately, Lili* having become quite interesting. Alas, the divorce case

[*Page 5*]

continues and I weep for these innocents who, no matter what, face a difficult future, caught between so many interests and opposing sentiments. The day before yesterday, Mme. Delzant* charged me to remember her to you. She grows increasingly ill.

[*Page 6*]

She is forbidden to go about and lives cloistered and busy, in spite of herself, with caring for the poor body she has overworked immeasurably in her charitable work.

A veil of sadness spreads over Paris. The threats of war, Britain's insolence, aggressive and so brutal, the exciting and sensational melodrama

[*Page 7*]

of this Dreyfus affair* so destructive to common sense and French good taste (because the lower classes have grown used to this spicy scandal, and so we ask ourselves will take its place when a final verdict comes, whatever the outcome is) --

[*Page 8*]

all of this comes together to diminish and degrade France. Our national humiliation cannot be understood by others, especially by those foreigners who think most highly of us, though some individuals continue to think well of us. We uneasily anticipate everything without the ability to predict anything. The political situation is so murky; still I can name a couple individuals in politics whom I would love to see lynched, though, normally, I am not at all bloodthirsty:

[*Cross written down the left side of page 8*]

Rochefort and Drumont.*

And now I embrace you dear Sarah, you and your sister, repeating that your friendship is one of the great treasures nestled in my heart.

ThB

[*Cross written up the left side of page 7*]

I have handed over to Annie a matter that worries me greatly and of which she will speak to you. Please, both of you, help me to straighten this out

Notes

17 September 1898: The Huntington Library dates this letter to 17 November 1898. Mme. Blanc's discussion of the Fashoda Incident (see notes below) confirms the year, but places the month in September or October. Blanc's handwriting is ambiguous, but she appears to have written a capital S followed by a superscript "bre."

Petit Trianon: A chateau on the grounds of the Palace of Versailles, near Paris.

Mrs. Joseph Gilder: Gwendolen Gilder (1865-1949). Joseph Benson Gilder (1858-1936), a member of a prominent American literary family, was a journalist and literary editor. He and his sister, Jeannette Leonard Gilder (1849-1916), were co-founders and editors of *The Critic*.

My son: For Blanc's husband and son, see Mme. Blanc in Key to Correspondents. Though the details of her son's married life are not well known, it seems clear that he and his wife separated at some time before Mme. Blanc's death. In *Memories of a Southern Woman of Letters*, New Orleans author, Grace Elizabeth King (1852-1932), remembers meeting Blanc's son, Édouard, probably in the 1890s. She wrote: "He was a tall man, a giant in frame, but not at all handsome. He talked well, with much of his mother's charm of manner. His apartment was in the story above his mother's. His large salon was filled with bookcases. In a particular case were books bound especially according to his own design, in white parchment, with his monogram on the back. They were all rare and on scientific subjects. He led, we were told, the life of a recluse; he seemed perfectly indifferent to every subject except literature" (139-40).

This passage seems to imply that Édouard Blanc was at this time living alone.

Lili: Lili almost certainly is a nickname for Mme. Blanc's only known granddaughter, Christine, who was born in 1894. See Mme. Blanc in Key to Correspondents.

Delzant: Alidor (1848-1905) and Gabrielle Delzant (1854-1903) resided in Paris and at Parays (Lot-et-Garonne). He was a lawyer, a bibliophile, editor, and author and wrote, among other works, a biography of the brothers Goncourt.

Richard Cary notes that Gabrielle was cited by Violet Paget for the "admirableness of her brains" and her "extraordinary charm of high breeding." Madame Delzant, an aspiring author, compiled extensive memoranda and rough drafts of books on Port Royal and the Princesse de Liancourt but did not live to publish them. Her husband edited *Lettres de Gabrielle Delzant* (1906), for which Mme. Blanc wrote a preface.

See also "Paget in Parays" (1960) by Archille H. Biron.

Dreyfus affair: For the Dreyfus affair, see "Rochefort and Drumont" below.

Mme. Blanc's reference to tensions with England refers to the Fashoda Incident, which came to a crisis point in September and October of 1898. Britain and France both claimed a part of southern Sudan, in Africa, and the British used the threat of superior military power to force the French to surrender the territory.

Rochefort and Drumont: Victor Henri Rochefort (1831-1913) and Édouard Drumont (1844-1917) were prominent anti-Dreyfusard provocateurs in the 12-year scandal over the wrongful conviction of Captain Alfred Dreyfus for treason, known as the Dreyfus Affair. Rochefort, a Nationalist politician, stoked violence, particularly against French author and defender of Dreyfus, Émile Zola (1840-1902). Drumont was a prominent anti-

Semitic journalist, whose newspaper used the Dreyfus affair to illustrate its case that Jews were dangerous to France.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda mss FI 1-5637, Box 5.

Transcription

17 S bre Paris

Chère Sarah, comme j'aurais voulu vous
avoir à Versailles par cet
automne doré qui
faisait du petit Trianon
un décor de féerie!
Comme vous auriez joui
de ces beautés exceptionnelles
d'une saison comme
je n'en ai jamais vue
de semblable, vous, et
votre soeur et Théodore!
Je vous évoquais près de

[*Page 2*]

moi à chaque instant{.}
La charmante Mrs
Joseph Gilder m'est
venue, malheureusement
trop en courant, mais
elle m'avait donné à
La Ferté tout une bonne
journée pendant la
visite que m'a faite
Hélène de [*unrecognized name, looks like Zhukovsky or Mounkovsky ?*]
qu'elle a beaucoup
admirée, nous sommes
allées ensemble à Jouarre

[*Page 3*]

Elle [est venue *?*] pour
avoir soin de ses
enfants ma petite
protégé dont je vous avais parlé à
moins que ce ne fût
à Annie, et qui
maintenant n'a
plus besoin de place.
M. Blanc vient
d'être fort malade de
l'influenza. Il s'est
rétabli et met ses

[*Page 4*]

hommages à vos
pieds. Mon fils fait
un excellent voyage
en Russie où les
[Français *?*] ont reçu
le meilleur accueil.
J'ai de bonnes nouvelles
des enfants et ne
me console pas
que [*deletion*] vous ne
les ayez pas vus
Lili étant devenue
bien intéressante. Hélas
l'affaire du divorce

[*Page 5*]

se poursuit et je pleure ces innocents
qui quoi qu'il arrive
auront une situation
difficile dans l'avenir
entre tant d'intérêts et
de sentiments opposés.
Mme Delzant m'a
chargée avant-hier
soir de la rappeler
à votre souvenir.
Elle est de plus en
plus malade; on lui

[*Page 6*]

défend de sortir;
elle vit cloîtrée et
occupée bien malgré
elle du soin de ce
pauvre petit corps que
par charité elle a
surmené outre mesure.
Un voile de tristesse
est étendu sur Paris.
Les menaces de guerre
l'insolence anglaise
l'agressive et si
brutale, le mélodrame

[*Page 7*]

excitant et sensationnel
qu'est devenue cette
affaire Dreyfus si funeste
au bon sens et au
bon goût français
(car dans les basses
classes on s'est accoutumé *
à ce piment et nous*
nous demandons ce qui
pourra le remplacer
quand un jugement
quelconque sera rendu) --

[** Someone in another hand has written between this line and the next in English: "I cant make out much of the next dozen lines." Noting the absence of the apostrophe, it is likely that Jewett, or perhaps Fields, wrote this note.*

* *nous: This word may have been deleted, but it seems to make better grammatical sense if it is not deleted.*]

[*Page 8*]

tout cela se réunit
pour perdre et avilir
la France. Notre chagrin
patriotique ne peut être
[connu *?*] dans toute son
étendue par personne
[même *?*] par les étrangers
qui nous sont les plus
favorables, en admettant
qu'il y en ait encore
sauf individuellement{.}
Nous [ns *for* nous] attendons à tout
sans pouvoir rien prévoir. C'est
en politique le plus épais
brouillard mais il y a deux individus
que j'aimerais bien à voir lynchés
si peu [*deletion*] sanguinaire que je sois:

[*Cross written down the left side of page 8*]

Rochefort et Drumont.
Là-dessus, je vous embrasse chère
Sarah, vous et votre soeur en vous
répétant que votre amitié est l'un
des grands biens qui me restent au coeur
ThB

[*Cross written up the left side of page 7*]

J'ai remis aux mains d'Annie
une affaire qui me préoccupe
terriblement et dont elle
vous parlera. Aidez-moi
toutes deux à en sorter

Alice Dugdale* to Sarah Orne Jewett

Sept 20
[1898]*

[*Begin letterhead*]
[*This text appears at 45º to the upper left corner.*]
TELEGRAPH STATION,
CASTLE ASHBY.
CASTLE ASHBY,*
NORTHAMPTON
[*End letterhead*]

Dear Miss Jewett

I am so sorry to miss you. -- but I do not return to London yet. -- I hoped to see [you *?*] before I left London. -- But [your *?*] [*unrecognized word*]

[*Page 2*]

plans [sound so pleasant *?*]. I hope the heat wave did not inconvenience you. -- Give dear Mrs. Fields* my love. -- My eldest son is now in America coming back from "round the world." I am not sure if he is able to come to Boston.

[*Page 3*]

as his time is limited, but he currently hopes to do so: his direction is

W.F.S. Dugdale Esq
Bank of British North America
New York City

He has been in Australia, China, Japan, [Corea *so spelled*]. -- It will be delightful to him to see America at this moment of happy victory --*

[*Page 4*]

I am staying in a beautiful old Elizabethan mansion belonging to Lord Northampton. His dear wife is one of my greatest friends -- an angel upon earth. --

My younger boy is to work [up *?*] here in London this winter at a [*unrecognized underlined word*] [of *or* for *?*] diplomacy. I shall be with him to make a home for him. -- We are longing to have our eldest back. Yours ever affectionately

Alice Dugdale

Notes

Alice Dugdale: *The Peerage* says: "Alice Frances Trevelyan was born on 27 May 1843. She was the daughter of Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, 1st Bt. and Hannah More Macaulay. She was baptised on 7 July 1843 at Holy Trinity, Clapham, Surrey, England. She married William Stratford Dugdale [1828-1882], son of William Stratford Dugdale and Harriet Ella Portman, on 14 December 1871.1 She died on 2 January 1902 at age 58."

Her sons were: Sir William Francis Stratford Dugdale (1872-1965) and Edgar Trevelyan Stratford Dugdale (1876-1964).

1898: On 20 September, Jewett and Annie Adams Fields were preparing to take ship for their return to the United States after 5 months in Europe. Fields's diary entry of 23 April indicates that they met Mrs. Dugdale in London at that time. As they were soon to be in Boston, Mrs. Dugdale hoped they would cross paths with her elder son.

Castle Ashby: Castle Ashby is a village in Northamptonshire, UK. Castle Ashby House is one of the seats of the Marquess of Northampton. In 1898, Lord Northampton was William George Spencer Scott Compton, 5th Marquess of Northampton, 5th Earl Compton, 14th Baron Compton, 5th Baron Wilmington (1851-1913). A diplomat and politician, he married Mary Florence Baring (1860-1902).

victory: The Spanish-American War ended on 13 August 1898. Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743.1 (25) Dugdale, Alice. 1 letter; [1898], This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 4, Folder 159, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Selection from Fields's Diary

Monday [*19th*]
Packed, bade adieu to London and dear Jessie* and went to Riversvale, Ashton under Lyne -- near Manchester. Here we found a carriage waiting for us and a little later the dearly beloved household on the doorstep -- how comfortable it was to find a home and to know that our long journeys on land were at last ended. There was my room and there was Sarah's opposite with lovely flowers and time enough to dress for dinner where we met the whole family circle again well and happy. Mr. and Mrs Bradbury,* & Mrs Griffith, "Katie," and Mr. Davis who draws Egyptian things for them. On the table were exquisite grapes and flowers again which Katie had gathered & arranged. They have found that Miss Paget* could do other work but not the copying of those strange E. inscriptions. It is very rare to find anyone to do this. Such accuracy is required….

[*Sept 21*]
How sorry we were to say good night -- and the next day how sorry to say farewell! Katie overwhelmed us with every possible thing we might need for the voyage and among the blessings of these dear friends we left after luncheon and found ourselves in smoky damp Liverpool before night. Our ship was to sail the next day and we were to meet Theodore and Mary at the hotel. I was very tired and went at once to bed not to rise until the next morning.

Sept 22
It was a fair day, not at all cold, but refreshing. We walked to Bold St. to look for a few last things, and then took a cab and drove to see the palm house* given to the people of Liverpool by Mr. Yates Thompson. It was a lovely place -- Back to the hotel, luncheon and to the good ship New England* where I have written these last words --

Notes

Jessie: Jessie Cochrane. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. and Mrs Bradbury: Kate Bradbury (1854-1902) lived at Riversvale Hall near Ashton-Under-Lyne in Great Britain. She married Francis Llewellyn Griffith (1862-1934) in 1896. Both were Egyptologists. See also *Riversvale Hall: The Story of a Victorian Country House*.

Kate Bradbury's father was Charles Timothy Bradbury, her mother Elizabeth Ann Tomlins. Mr. Davis, the artist, has not yet been identified.

Miss Paget: Rosalind Frances Emily Paget (1844-1925) was a British artist who provided drawings to supplement the work of several Egyptologists, including Bradbury and Griffith.

palm house: Wikipedia says: the Palm House, in Sefton Park, Liverpool, is a three-tier domed conservatory, given to the city by the Liverpool millionaire, Henry Yates Thompson (1838-1928). The conservatory and grounds are distinguished in part by a number of statues of explorers, scientists and others.

New England: The S.S. *New England* arrived in Boston on 30 September 1898, after a 6.5 day crossing.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

Sunday night
[*October 1898*]*

Darling. Just one little word to say once more how different this air tastes with you at home! I have missed you so much, and now that's over, and I have just had a little midnight celebration of the fact by making

[*Page 2*]

myself [fine *?*] in my new ornament of brilliants for just myself & me. & [rather *?*] remarkably impressive I was as you shall see sometime too. I needed [just some such *?*] support to [*unrecognized word*] the Arch-[Arbor *?*] with: for in the morning you must know William Robert Ware* is a-going to appear, and sit upon the Window, now stood up to meet his Awful Eye. I have nothing to say: and I shall hope to be [mercifully *?*] sustained -- for whatever he says it cannot be altered now till after it has been put in, & hauled

[*Page 3*]

out again if there is no escape.

But pr'aps you will think of me.

And I am your ever grateful
Sw

Notes

October 1898: This speculative date is based on Whitman's reference to Jewett having been away for a long period. Probably she refers to the trip Jewett and Fields made to Europe in April through September of 1898, placing this letter in October.

During this time Whitman was very busy working on several windows. The main project was the "Brimmer Window" in Harvard University's Memorial Hall, which was dedicated in July of 1898.

The Boston architectural firm of Ware & Brunt designed Harvard's Memorial Hall (1878). William Robert Ware (1832-1915) and his partner, Henry Van Brunt, were the architects. Whitman eventually designed and built two stained-glass windows for the building, the "Brimmer" window (1898) and the "Honor and Peace" window of 1900. The Brimmer window was the larger and more elaborate project, with a rose window, five major panels, and a number of smaller parts.

In 1900 Whitman completed a second smaller window for Memorial Hall: "Honor and Peace" in Annenberg Hall. It depicts "on the left, a young man in armor with a spear and shield standing in front of an angel. On the right, a young man in armor kneels in front of an angel." It seems likely that Whitman was expecting Mr. Ware to view the "Honor and Peace" window or a design for it.

It should be noted that a case could be made for placing this letter in late 1897 or early 1898, when Ware could have judged the Brimmer window, which presented more complex problems for installation.

There is an envelope that may be connected with this letter, appearing with it in the folder. Without postage, it is addressed to Jewett at 148 Charles Street, Boston. On the back are penciled notes in an unidentified hand:

> [*Unrecognized word that has been corrected*] W says [grief never *?*] goes away. She was full of sorrow & affection but I think that she does not love my son as I loved his father It was not the first time that the heavy hand of war had been laid on this little town

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904. 92 letters; [1884]-[1903] & [n.d.] Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1:107.

Yetta Blaze de Bury to Sarah Orne Jewett

St [Leonard *corrected*]
college for Ladies
[St *corrected*] Andrews University*
[*Autumn 1898*]*

Dear Miss Jewett

I would be very culpable if I had [remained *?*] so long without thanking you de tout coeur* for the generous warm help you were good enough to give me about [Messrs *?*] Houghton Mifflin. Most certainly they should never

[*Page 2*]

have taken the little book* if it was not for your kind [offices *?*] The [adress *?*] on this note, will show you that I am still lecturing ^here^ and was getting in the railway toward the Scotch universities the very day I received your most kind letter.

^ that must be my excuse !! ^

I certainly subscribe to your suggestion about

[*Page 3*]

the title and will be only too ready to take any title you would be good enough to suggest. Would it be indiscreet on my part if I begged of you dear Miss Jewett to be generous enough to send me your last books {?} I would so wish to see them [and *? corrected*] Madame Blanc our dear mutual friend, has given me accounts of them of [so very tempting *?*]

[*Page 4*]

a nature. Hoping you will not be displeased at my prayer and sending you so many many beautiful thanks and sincere assurances of admiration, I remain de tout coeur [dear *?*] Miss Jewett your very grateful and obliged admirer

Yetta Blaze de Bury

Pray excuse this too short note [but *?*] it is not my fault [having much *?*] work on hand and only a very short time to do this!

Notes

university: This address is confusing. In the late 19th century, St. Leonard's College for Ladies was located in Chelsea, London. However, Blaze de Bury seems to indicate that she writes from Scotland. Perhaps she was lecturing at what is now St. Leonard's School and/or at University of St. Andrews in Scotland. See "St. Leonard's School" and "University of St. Andrews" in Wikipedia.

Autumn 1898: This date is supported by Blaze de Bury mentioning the Houghton Mifflin publication of her book, which was *French Literature Today* (1898).

While this is by no means certain, it seems likely that Blaze de Bury wrote after Jewett had returned home from her April through September 1898 tour with Annie Adams Fields of France and England. In her diary of this trip, Fields mentions being introduced by Madame Blanc to Blaze de Bury in Paris in early May of 1898.

de tout coeur: French: heartily.

your books: By 1898, Jewett was at the height of her career and had published many books, most recently, *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Blaze de Bury, Yetta. 1 letter; [n.d.], bMS Am 1743 (24). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment

Thursday, 6 *October*, [*1898*].*

Here I am at the desk again, all as natural as can be and writing a first letter to you with so much love, and remembering that this is the first morning in more than seven months that I have haven't waked up to hear your dear voice and see your dear face. I do miss it very much, but I look forward to no long separation, which is a comfort. It was lovely in the old house and I did so wish you had come down, too, it was all so sweet and full of welcome, and Hannah and Annie and John and Hillborn and Lizzie Pray* all in such a state because I had got home!

Notes

6 October 1898: Fields places this letter in 1882, but that is unlikely to be correct, as Fields and Jewett were in France and England together until 25 October of 1882. That Jewett says she and Annie have been together for seven consecutive months indicates that this letter follows their longest stay in Europe in 1898.

Hannah and Annie and John and Hillborn and Lizzie Pray: The Pray family were Jewett employees. See Silverthorne, *Sarah Orne Jewett: A Writer's Life*, p. 102. For Hannah Driscoll and Annie Collins and John Tucker, see Key to Correspondents. However, the identification of Hannah is somewhat problematic. The scant information so far discovered places Hannah Driscoll's death in the mid-1890s.

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Katharine Peabody Loring

Sunday 9th October
[*1898*]*

[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick Maine
[*End letterhead*]

My dear Katharine

I was delighted to get your most kind little letter of welcome! Thank you so much; and indeed I wish that I could see you and talk over my charming day at Rye. I look back to it with a huge sort of pleasure. The house was so so nice and so quaint and you know very well

[*Page 2*]

what a delightful host we had. And besides Rye we made a tour to Winshelsea across the marshes,* and then to Hastings by train* where we departed from Mr. James in late and dark evening -- it was really a good little visit, and I look back to it with not only the pleasure I wrote on my first page but something more than that! We spoke of you

[*Page 3*]

I need not say, and you made one of us truly.

I doubt if I get to the shore* this autumn -- perhaps for a night at Mrs. Howe's* -- but I shall be sure to see you later when I shall be coming and going from town.

We have come home to good autumn weather and Berwick never looked more lovely to me.

Give my love to

[*Page 4*]

your dear sister and believe me always

Yours very affectionately
Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

1898: Jewett and Annie Fields visited Henry James at his home in Rye, during their spring and summer 1898 trip to England, France and elsewhere in Europe. Since the visit with James took place in early September, the welcome for which Jewett thanks Loring is likely a "welcome home" after their travels.

Hastings: Winchelsea is about 3 miles south of Rye, on the southeast coast of England; Hastings, also on the coast, is another 28 miles southwest of Winchelsea.

the shore: Presumably Jewett means that she and Annie Fields will not be returning this autumn to the Fields house in Manchester-by-the-Sea, MA, where they routinely spent their summers. There, they could easily visit the Lorings in nearby Beverly, MA.

Mrs. Howe's: Probably this is Alice Greenwood (Mrs. George Dudley) Howe, who also maintained a home in Manchester-by-the-Sea, MA. See Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Beverly MA Historical Society in the Loring Family Papers (1833-1943), MSS: #002, Series I. Letters to Katharine Peabody Loring (1849-1943), Box 1, Folder 1, Undated Letters, A-Z.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett
Fragment

October 17, 1898.

To-day the sea has been a deep lapis lazuli: the sky clear, and the wind one rush across the earth, and it has not seemed to me one minute's distance to the Mountains where these friends have held the air in fee. So I have had companionship and have gathered some fresh impulses and in some brief intervals have hammered out a bit of work.

Note

This transcription appears in *Letters*, Sarah Wyman Whitman. Cambridge, MA: Riverside Press, 1907, "Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett: 1882-1903," pp. 61-109.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*22 October 1898*]*

When I [*deleted word*] make a plain statement dear & dear friend, you will see how it is. -- I [move *?*] on Friday & on Saturday [Mr. Whitman *?*] appears. And on neither Saturday or Sunday does

[*Page 2*]

it seem to me possible to leap the domestic guns: as when I first get to the Shore they [need *?*] to be continuously [manned *?*], as it were. This afflicts me: for I think it to be Susan Travers;* and I have a terrible desire to see her hostesses beside.

Its love & thanks I'm

[*Page 3*]

sending though -- beside complaint

Yours

SW

[*Page 4*]*

Letter No. 2.

After sending a message saying I couldn't, I think owing to a [last *?*] circumstance I can. So the two letters will arrive together & this one is the real one. On Sun-

[*Page 5*]

day at 7:30 if allowed!

SW

Notes

22 October 1898: The envelope associated with this letter was cancelled on 22 October 1898, addressed to Jewett in South Berwick.

Susan Travers: Key to Correspondents.

Page 4: Whitman seems to indicate that she sent the following pages with those above in the same envelope.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904. 92 letters; [1884]-[1903] & [n.d.] Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1:107.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

Saturday morning
[*29 October 1898*]*
[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick, Maine
[*End letterhead*]

I send back the letters dear with a thousand thanks -- they open their white doors into three lives; lives too, not dull existences! I cannot say what a pleasure and real possession it is to read Mrs Wister's. I see now the gift that has made her short bits of writing (and very long thoughts for me!) all these years in the Atlantic. It is

[*Page 2*]

a most shining gift with Greatness in the heart and mind behind it. All these clear unforgettable sentences; the exactness of truth -- the gold one always finds in the grand bed under the clear stream of writing --- but this comparison [is *?*] of the Klondike.* Which makes me remember a story that was told lately of a boy who started off with his collie dog last year and

[*Page 3*]

they had together toiled across the mountains with a little sledge and kept each other from freezing at night, and are there now ^at Klondike^. I hope the doggy had a good collar made out of the first nugget.

But as for the letters. I stop to thank you again for I was having a poky day with a Great Cold and was sitting very mournful by the fire when I saw your dear writing as if you had come yourself. You do not know what

[*Page 4*]

beloved company I found you -- you and the letters. God bless you dear. I think of you every

day oh many and many a time! but that you know -- Do try to get a painting day over [Ipswich *?*] way this year. I shall be wishing you there until I know you have managed to go. It is coming good weather now, again.

Yours ever S.O.J.

Notes

29 October 1898: The envelope accompanying this letter is postmarked 29 October. This date fell on a Saturday in 1898 during the years of the Klondike gold rush, making this a likely composition date.

Mrs Wister's: The person of whom Jewett writes is not yet identified, and the puzzle is complicated by the uncertainty of the transcription. There are at least three strong candidates, but none is known to have published in *Atlantic Monthly* as Jewett implies this person has done. Indeed, the only person named "Wister" to publish in *Atlantic* in Jewett's lifetime, was Owen Wister, whom Jewett knew and admired. Mr. Wister's wife and cousin, Mary Channing Wister, a translator of French poetry, is one candidate. Key to Correspondents.

A second candidate is Sarah Butler Wister (1835-1908), daughter of the actress Frances Anne Kemble, both friends of Henry James. Sarah Wister was the mother of Owen Wister.

The third is Annis Lee Furness Wister (1830-1908), who was an American translator, mainly of German fiction. A daughter of the Rev. William Henry Furness, she married Dr. Caspar Wister, who was the brother of Mary Channing Wister.

Klondike: The Klondike region is in north-western Canada. Gold was discovered there in 1896, triggering the "Klondike Gold Rush" which lasted until about 1899. The story Jewett relates of the boy and his collie has not yet been found in print.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge. MA: Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904, recipient. 25 letters; 1892-[1900] & [n.d.]. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (126).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Ernest Dressel North

4 November 1898
[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick.
Maine.
[*End letterhead*]

My dear Mr North

I am at a little loss to know whether you mean my favorite book in general or my favorite book in particular: that is to say, my favorite among the books that I have written. I should say in answer to this last (at least at this moment!) that ~~the la~~ it would be

[*Page 2*]

The Country of the Pointed Firs.* And I should be very glad to write my name in a copy if it would give you pleasure.

- I do not know how I should answer your question if you meant it 'in general{.}'

Believe me your very sincerely.

S. O. Jewett

Notes

Pointed Firs: Jewett's *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896).

The manuscript of this letter is held in the W. Hugh Peal manuscript collection: 1997ms474: University of Kentucky Special Collections Research Center.

Julia Ward Howe to Sarah Orne Jewett

241 Beacon St.
Nov. 11th 1898.

My dear Sarah,

You probably knew some time since that the proposed lecture in Somersworth did not take place, Mifs Quimby's letter regarding it having failed to

[*Page 2*]

reach me. There seems now to be a probability of my giving the lecture there on Saturday 19th, or possibly on Dec. [9th *?*]. In case of either date, would your lamps still hold out to burn for me?

[*Page 3*]

I hope that you enjoyed your summer outing greatly.

Always your affect'

Julia W. Howe.

[Ps. *?*] I think it will be on the 19th

Notes

Quimby: The Quimby / Quinby family was prominent in Somersworth, NH, near South Berwick, ME. It is not yet known which Mrs. Quimby Howe meant.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Miller Library, Special Collections, Colby College, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Thomas Bailey Aldrich

South-Berwick
15 November
[*1898*]*

My dear friend

A.F. will send you a letter from Madame Blanc which holds a message for you. I am proudly flattered by the request but I do not know exactly what to say particularly as I have nothing ready to send -- I wish you would be kind enough to give me a word of advice for I should like to know

[*Page 2*]

whether it would be possible to do what the ^editor^ asks: have a story printed there, and afterward in this country.* Would the Atlantic say that it took no second-hand stories? I should like to have Mme Blanc's [*deleted word*] letter again as soon as you have read it. How very kind she has been about my sketches!

And so you have had

[*Page 3*]

another birthday! I wished you the best of good wishes and I am so glad that I can be perfectly certain that you will never grow old and that this world's way of reckoning is of no account in some people's lives. I should as soon be afraid of your going backward and forgetting how to talk and being a too-young child again, as of the other thing. Neither state is possible to

[*Page 4*]

you dear friend -- the only trouble is that I dont see you and Lilian half enough but this is my off-year, and no matter if the French magazines do say they must have stories. I am going to be very lazy and breakfast at 59 Mt. Vernon St. several mornings every week --

Yours most affectionately
S. O. J.

Notes

1898: Though I have placed this letter with those of 1898, it is quite possible it is from 1899, 1900, or 1901. Though it could have been written almost anytime after about 1892, when Jewett, Fields and Blanc met in Paris, it seems more likely that Blanc would convey such an invitation to Jewett after their extended time together when Jewett and Fields again visited Blanc in France in 1898, and when Jewett's reputation was at its peak. By November 1902, Jewett was no longer writing for publication.

In short, 1898 is a guess, but it "feels" right.

One argument against this guess could be that at this time, Aldrich was no longer editor of *Atlantic*, but it seems unlikely that this letter belongs to the 1880s, when Blanc and Jewett had not yet met, and that Aldrich was no longer editor could have made Jewett feel more comfortable asking his advice on this topic.

country: Jewett's bibliography as yet lists no stories that were published originally in France.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Baily Aldrich Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Frances Fisk Perry Dudley to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*23 November 1898*]*

Dearest Sarah --

If you have a visitor coming on the 28th for 2 days I don't think I ought to come that week at all -- but if you think otherwise I could run up on Friday the 2d for the night -- but, do

[*Page 2*]

put me off if you don't feel rested after Thanksgiving and all the rest --

We are going to have the Class fair* on the 8th so that week would not be very practicable for me I fear -- though after all I wonder if I [couldn't *corrected*] get away for a night on the Monday before the 8th ? At any rate I will keep these two dates with a question mark!

Even the small part of her life that has come on me makes me feel sometimes like Hercules* when Atlas asked him to hold up the sky for a [little *corrected*] ! How wonderful was her power with its depths and its heights -- and its all-embracing hospitality of soul & [readiness *?*] of spirit --

[*Page 3*]

It was a joy to see your sister -- almost like seeing you --

Your loving
Francis P --

Nov 23 --

Notes

1898: This date is a guess with some foundation. It seems probable that in the final paragraph of page 2, Dudley refers to her mother, Lucretia Fisk Perry, who died in 1896. 1898 is the first year after 1896 in which the dates line up well with those in this letter. Thanksgiving fell on 24 November that year, and 2 December fell on a Friday, and 28 November fell on Monday of the same week. Key to Correspondents.

Class fair: Probably a fund-raising fair organized by Dudley's Sunday-school class. Such funds usually were used for Christmas season charities.

Hercules: In Greek mythology, the hero Heracles/Hercules, during his famous twelve labors, relieved Atlas from his task of holding up the sky, in order to secure his help in obtaining some golden apples.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection, Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Box 1 Folder 036.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment

[*Autumn 1898*]*

My mind is full this morning of that day we went to the Pont du Gard* -- the old Chateau asleep in the sun and the smell of thyme as we drove over the [bare *corrected*] hills with that Italian-looking dusty little town up on the height -- I cant help living it over again, & with such joy!

Notes

Autumn 1898: Jewett recalls as a recent event the day she and Fields visited the Pont du Gard in France. They returned home from that trip to Europe in September 1898. See her letter to Sarah Wyman Whitman of 20 May [1898].

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

[*7 December 1898*]

Dearest Mrs. Fields:

I know no word of Spanish, nor do I remember anyone in my world who does, save Mr. Dole, and my very dear Mrs. Mary Blake,* whom you will remember. I am sorry. I have just begun again at the Gymnasium, and miss you much! I cannot keep on there for long as I am well now (i.e., neither noisy nor tearful any more!) and on the lookout for CHORES. Having failed signally in trying to get two others which I know I could do more intelligently, I wrote this week to Mr. Putnam,* reminding him of your kindliest suggestion; and the answer must come ere long.

We are much as usual here, and rather look

[*Page 2*]

for Mr. Francis Garrison* this sunny afternoon; he is house-hunting, and actually wishes to include this wigwam in his inspection-tour.

Love always to dear Miss Jewett.

Yours devotedly
L. I. Guiney

7th Dec., 1898. Auburndale.

Notes

Mr. Dole ... Mrs. Mary Blake: Nathan Haskell Dole (1852-1935) was an American translator of Russian, Spanish, French and Italian texts. Probably, Guiney refers to Irish-American poet Mary Elizabeth McGrath Blake (1840-1907).

Mr. Putnam: George Haven Putnam. Key to Correspondents.

Francis Garrison: Francis Jackson Garrison. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 26: mss FI 1618.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

[*13 December 1898*]*

Dearest Mrs. Fields:

I think you will be pleased to hear that Mr. Putnam* has provided me with an especially nice chore, something I dared not dream of, to wit: a big piece of [cataloguing *corrected*] on a private collection, (Judge Chamberlain's holographs,)* and an all-aloney desk, with hours more or less of my own choosing! I shall begin directly after New Year's. Aren't you good to me, now? and then? and always?

Yours affectionately,
Louise I. Guiney

13 Dec.

Notes

1898: This date is supported by Guiney to Fields of 7 December 1898, in which Guiney says she has contacted George Haven Putnam (see Key to Correspondents) to inquire about a "chore."

Judge Chamberlain's holographs: Mellen Chamberlain. Key to Correspondents. During his long career in law, politics, the judiciary, and as chief librarian of the Boston Public Library Chamberlain would have produced many manuscripts in addition to his published historical works.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James

T. Fields collection Box 26: mss FI 1578.

William Gilman Perry to Sarah Orne Jewett

Exeter New Hampshire
December 23d 1898*

My dear Sarah,

I have delayed writing you since your letter and the book came, because I wanted to finish reading it and after having commenced it I [want *meaning* wasn't] fit for much else till I had finished it. [Waal *meaning* well] as David would say was there not a good deal of "fodder" in it, and his illustration from the [horses *?*] were they not good and pertinent. And there was so much good sense &

[*Page 2*]

common sense at the bottom of it all. I thought his account of his visit and conversation with the poor widow and the release from all her money embarrassments was capital and pathetic. The first part with the account of the horse trade with the deacon was most laughable. And the book all through was full of fun and good philosophy. I have lent it to Mary Bell* as Frances did not wish to commence it just now, Christmas adding

[*Page 3*]

somewhat to her many cares. William says he is going to hang up his stocking Saturday night for books and Sunday night for toys, he is very pious. I asked him what he wanted for Christmas and he said the Life of Farragut,* so it is got for him. He is to have a tree {--} he & his father have been to ^the^ woods this forenoon and cut one. There is nothing new here to tell you, the baby is growing well &

[*Page 4*]

is considered a fine specimen. I think I shall start on my tour the middle of next week, Gardner* started and got as far as New York & Cousin Mary* came down with the influenza which compelled their stay there 3 or 4 days, but ^by^ the last letter, she had come down to dinner & was getting better. I do not know whether you are in Berwick or not but shall direct my letter there. Thanking you for the book, and with love & Christmas greetings to Mary & yourself

Yrs affly Wm G Perry

Notes

1898: Penciled in another hand in the upper left corner: Uncle Will reads David Harum.

American banker and author Edward Noyes Westcott (1846-1898) completed his best-selling novel, *David Harum*, shortly before his death, and it was published posthumously in 1898. Wikipedia says: "Although the book contains the mandatory love story, the character and philosophy of the title character, small town banker and horse trader David Harum, expressed in the dialect of 19th-century rural central New York is the focus of the book."

Mary Bell: Identifying members of the Perry and Gilman families, among Jewett's relatives, remains a complicated matter. For Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell Key to Correspondents.

Other family members mentioned in this letter are:

Frances, probably Frances Perry Dudley.

William (child): Frances Dudley's son, born in 1891. The baby is likely to be Frances's son, Gardner, who died in childhood. See Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry in Key to Correspondents.

Gardner and Cousin Mary: These *may* be: Gardner Blanchard Perry (1829-1899) and his wife, Mary.

Life of Farragut: David Glasgow Farragut (1801-1870) was a United States naval officer during the American Civil War. Wikipedia says: "He is remembered for his order at the Battle of Mobile Bay usually paraphrased as 'Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead' in U.S. Navy tradition."

There were several books available for young William to receive for Christmas in 1898. Among the likely titles were:

Loyall Farragut, *The life of David Glasgow Farragut* (1879),

Alfred Thayer Mahan, *Admiral Farragut* (1892),

John McElroy, *Life of Farragut* (1896).

Presumably the third is the more likely, being most recent and the exact title.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection, Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Box 1 Folder 034.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Isabella Stewart Gardner

[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick, Maine
[*End letterhead*]

1898
28th December

My dear Mrs. Gardner

I have been wishing to send you one word to say how sorry I have been for your great sorrow.*

The thought of a friend in trouble comes with double pain now when one can easily make pleasure and be happy oneself over both little and great things.

[*Page 2*]

-- but it is through great sorrows that we are lifted highest, and given our most shining hopes -- I have had too many sorrows myself not to know that! -- I shall be often thinking of you in these winter days.

I wished to write to you sooner, but I have

[*Page 3*]

been ill: Not that one can say much, but I just wished to write me always

Your affectionate friend
S. O. Jewett

Notes

great sorrow: John (Jack) Lowell Gardner II, spouse of Isabella Stewart Gardner, died on 10 December 1898.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Boston, MA.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

[*28 December 1898*]

Dearest Mrs. Fields:

You knew what I liked, when you sent me that very attractive red bookie, wherein Arnold and Pater* are harnessed in tandem. Such a pair! I would we had not lost them from the highway forever . . My ever affectionate thanks to you, and a return, thousand-fold, of the New Year wishes. Your mention of Mr. Boutet de Monvel* gave me curiously keen pleasure, for I have loved his work, very intimately for about eight years, and have pored over nearly all of it, ^being^ especially fond of Xavière and Jeanne d'Arc. (I do

[*Page 2*]

not know whether the name of Agnes Lee* has any association for you, but she is a dear friend of mine, and Miss Jewett* was once greatly pleased with a poem of hers, (in the Transcript) on Edgartown. Her little Peggy has been brought up by a French bonne,* and is now five years old, and beginning to read; and this Christmas she had 'Civilité Puérile et Honnête' in her stocking; and a more delighted small child you never, never saw! Her sense of humor is exquisitely fine by nature: as fine as M. Bontet de Monvel's own.)

Well, I go into the Library on Monday, to begin upon the cataloguing of the [Chamberlin *so spelled*] manuscripts.* I do not remem-

[*Page 3*]

ber whether I told you that I have a little gallery cell quite to myself, away from faces and voices. Another very agreeable circumstance is that I shall be able, by a gentle 'crowding' on other days, to give my usual two hours a week to the gymnasium. This will surely keep me fresh. I go to the Mon. and Thurs. afternoon class this year, which is small and lively; and we get on famously. I send love and all manner of good wishes for her quick recovery to dear Miss Jewett. Your ever grateful and devoted

Louise.

28 De. 1898.
Auburndale, Mass[tts]

Notes

Arnold and Pater: Almost certainly, Fields has given Guiney an 1896 MacMillan Company volume containing a pair of essays by British authors Matthew Arnold (1822-1888), "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," and Walter Pater (1839-1893), "An Essay on Style."

Boutet de Monvel: Louis-Maurice Boutet de Monvel (1850-1913) was a French painter and illustrator remembered for his watercolor illustrations for children's books. He illustrated *La Civilité Puérile et Honnête expliquée par l'Oncle Eugène* [*Childish and Honest Civility*, *explained by Uncle Eugene*] (1887), *Xavière* (1890) and *Jeanne d'Arc*. (1895).

Agnes Lee: Martha Agnes Rand Lee (1868-1939) was an American poet and translator. Her poem about Edgartown, MA, "The Spirit of the Old House," appeared in *Peterson Magazine* 109-10 (1896) p. 484, though, as Guiney says, it may have appeared as well in the Boston *Evening Transcript*.

bonne: French: female servant.

Chamberlin manuscripts: Mellen Chamberlain. See Key to Correspondents and Guiney to Fields of 13 December 1898.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 26: mss FI 1619.